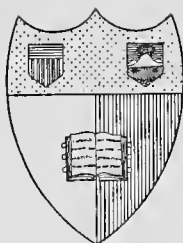




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FROM THE FLEET  
IN THE FIFTIES







H.M.S. QUEEN.

FROM A DRAWING BY LADY WOOD, 1853.







# From the Fleet in the Fifties

A HISTORY OF THE CRIMEAN WAR

BY

MRS. TOM KELLY

*With which is incorporated Letters written in 1854-5-6*

BY

THE REVEREND S. KELSON STOTHERT, M.A., LL.D.  
CHAPLAIN TO THE NAVAL BRIGADE

*ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I.  
PORTRAITS, ET CETERA*

PREFACE BY VICE-ADMIRAL POWLETT

LONDON

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1902

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DEDICATED  
TO  
THE ROYAL NAVY,

“Whereon,  
under the good  
Providence of God, the  
wealth and safety  
of this *Empire*  
do chiefly depend.”



## P R E F A C E .

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I HAVE confidence that "From the Fleet in the Fifties" will be heartily welcomed both by eye-witnesses of

## ERRATA.

On page 241, tenth line from bottom of page,  
read "proves the last," instead of  
"proved the last."

On page 234, eighth line from bottom of page,  
read "pressed for," instead of "harassed  
the."

On third line from bottom, read "grievously harassed," instead of "grievously pressed."

the disposal of the property of the "SICK MAN, should he succumb, a movement of the British and French Fleets, from Besika Bay to the Bosphorus, soon followed. The British were so ill provided with steam





## *P R E F A C E .*

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I HAVE confidence that "From the Fleet in the Fifties" will be heartily welcomed, both by eye-witnesses of the scenes therein depicted, as also by students of contemporary history.

The letters of the Chaplain to the Naval Brigade, which have been largely indented upon, though evidently written only for family perusal, contain much that is of public value, their original destination enhancing their worth.

"From the Fleet in the Fifties" not only, however, records events that occurred in the Fleet and Naval Brigade on shore, but the author has recalled to recollection many of the stirring incidents of a military character.

The careful observer cannot fail to be struck with the want of preparation for war that this account brings to light in both Services. It would be idle now to ask, "Was the Russian war necessary?" But what does immediately concern us is the question suggested by this work. Are our Army and Navy in a better state of preparation for war now than in the Fifties?

When the Tsar Nicholas expressed his anxiety as to the disposal of the property of the "Sick Man," should he succumb, a movement of the British and French Fleets, from Besika Bay to the Bosphorus, soon followed. The British were so ill provided with steam

power that their line-of-battle ships with difficulty got through the Dardanelles. The French, on the other hand, were able to obey the summons with promptitude.

At the bombardment of Kimburn in October, 1855, the French alone were able to oppose armoured vessels (floating batteries) to the Russian forts. And throughout the Black Sea campaign there was not that predominance of the British Navy that we now feel is necessary to our national existence.

Some years afterwards, when rumours of war were not in the air, a statesman, who was largely responsible for the efficiency of the Navy, from his place in Parliament, averred all was so perfect that had he more money placed at his disposal for the Navy, he should not know how to lay it out. This may, of course, be read in more ways than one.

Later, there was an International gathering of Fleets at Barcelona. Here the British Fleet cut but a poor figure in comparison with either that of France or Italy.

There has, however, in recent years been a great awakening—a national outcry for a powerful Navy. This demand emanated from the people rather than as a consequence of any statesman's act. There is probably no individual to whom we owe so much for showing us our needs as to Captain Mahan, who, with his facile pen, in "The Influence of Sea Power" and other works, exhibits, in glowing sentences, what is absolutely essential for us.

But there has always been an official hesitancy: we have not led the way, either in the adoption of improved offensive weapons or in defensive armour. The most recent illustration was the attitude of the Admiralty with regard to "Submarines." The dictum, "*Si vis*

*pacem, para bellum,*” meets with but scant respect : “ In time of danger, not before,” it must be admitted, is our way. Fortunate are we not to have more severely suffered for our procrastination.

If it be permissible, without calling forth such epithets as “ amateur strategist ” or “ armchair tactician,” to glance for a moment at our military progress in fifty years : what has it been ? Are we more ready now to meet our enemies—and they are legion—in the gate, than we were fifty years ago ? Have the events of the Boer war shown this to be the case ?

Those who are old enough may remember the loud outcry for reform during the pinch of war in the Fifties, but with what result ? After the Peace, the Control Department was established, which led a stormy existence of but a few years before it was abolished as unworkable. No real reform resulted. Have we not to look deeper for it than to some departmental tinkering whether of “ Remounts,” or other detail ?

Whilst recognising the gallant spirit and determined courage that pervades all branches and ranks of the Service, now as ever, must it not be confessed that there is a canker at the root ?

“ Oh ! I suppose we shall fight the Boers in the morning, and play Polo after luncheon,” are words put into the mouth of an officer by a humorist ; do they not portray but too well the spirit of a large number with whom sport holds the first place ? This is, however, a subject that the country should critically examine, so that professional proficiency may be paramount in both Services.

ARMAND T. POWLETT.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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PREVIOUS to 1854, history has no record of any important conflict in which the forces of Britain were pitted against those of Russia, for the presence of an English Fleet in the Baltic in 1719, was a coercive measure to frustrate Peter the Great's designs for the subjugation of Sweden.

The reasonableness of maintaining friendship between the two most powerful nations of Europe does not appear at any time to have been appreciated by either of their Governments. Diplomacy never aimed at effecting that lasting alliance which might have promoted an incalculably strong influence upon European affairs. Nor was the benefit to accrue to British interests from a successful war against Russia defined before the doubtful struggle of the Fifties was begun.

Although hostilities on the part of Russia, were prompted by causes that reached far into the past, in the balance of motive, as well as in the final judgment, one factor should not be forgotten: the motive which impelled Russia to make war was quite independent of any direct animosity towards Britain. In times of truce there was no vindictive feeling displayed. "You are such grand, clean men," said a Muscovite officer to an English subaltern on one of these occasions, "we are very sorry indeed that we have to kill you."

At the outset I must confess that my knowledge of

the Crimean War is the result of recent research. Even if I had given myself no wider task than to make selections for publication from the correspondence of the Chaplain to the Naval Brigade, serious study of the subject would have been imperative. Out of the obvious necessity, however, of linking his letters together by a continuous account of the operations they, in part, describe, grew the purpose of writing a history of the campaign.

Of my own shortcomings in this book I am too well aware. Not finding in my research, as I had hoped, sufficient material for an absolutely naval point of view, and proficiency in military science, with its technical equipment, being beyond my skill, an accurate and sympathetic outline of the struggle was all I dared to attempt.

Kelson Stothert lived double the number of years he had attained when these unpretentious letters from the Crimea were hurriedly written. Had he edited them himself, probably emendations would have been made ; for, in the Fifties, he was always much more concerned about what he had to say than about his manner of saying it. Although revision, doubtless, would have given them more of Dr. Stothert's later literary style, it might also have violated a certain direct simplicity which better accords with the circumstance of war and the ardent expression of chivalrous sentiment.

I hope it will be found that time has not dulled interest in his subject, and, in the fact that he was a keen observer of the happenings of a great national event, adequate reason for not treating his correspondence as mere private property.

I am much indebted to many other authorities,

upon whose information I have based certain statements on naval and military matters, as well as to those authors to whom I have so frequently referred. My gratitude is also due for varied help to Sir Evelyn Wood, Admiral Powlett, Mr. W. H. Pennington, and to the late Mr. William Simpson, whose last bit of exquisite work was the unfinished etching of Major Peel, upon which he was engaged a few hours before his earnest and kindly spirit passed away.



# FROM THE FLEET IN THE FIFTIES.

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## CHAPTER I.

It is doubtless expedient that all personal accounts of the Crimean Invasion not destined to obscurity should be published while there are still living some of the participators in that protracted struggle. Although the subject has suggested to different writers special, not to say untenable, theories concerning the manner in which the campaign should have been conducted, others compel a more universal interest by their fresh points of view, and by bringing to light circumstances and motives which influenced the course of events. Happily each work in its turn serves to provoke the kind of argument which generally elicits accuracy. But the attention most of these books excite is significant of the inference that the salient factors in the causes and operations, no less than in the defined results of that pregnant episode, have not all yet become matters of irrefragable history.

It can never be considered that the last word has been said about any important event till time, the discloser of secrets, has yielded up the irresponsible popular opinions and the varied influences which more or less swayed the Governments of the period.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged blundering, there have been many astute efforts made to demonstrate the good resulting from the prolonged conflict with Russia, and indeed by every war which has taken place during

the last century. Equivocal indeed must be the benefit to mankind, however, which forces on the world the barbaric paradox, that, notwithstanding comprehensive treaties signed by "high contracting parties," it is only by arming to the teeth that the Christian nations of Europe maintain their existence in peace.

It is well known now that neither the British Navy nor Army was prepared for a campaign of such magnitude as to last two long years and cost more than a million lives. To authors who have given indelible pictures of its passing events, and vivid portraits of the men who heroically bore the brunt of the day, we are also indebted for certain blunt and unavoidable judgments upon the counsels that precipitated such a war. It is a curious fact that these judgments, contained in the simply-confessed opinions of the sufferers, in letters and diaries written during the struggle, though offered to the public only after the lapse of many years, were, in reality, prophetic of the verdicts of a new generation possessing a more unprejudiced and abundant knowledge. In the impact of races essentially differing in creed and custom, was found the solution of many bewildering problems which had vexed their Governments hundreds of leagues distant from the individuals most concerned.

In 1833, when the aid of Russia had enabled the Sultan to defeat the Egyptian invader, he agreed to violate the centuries-old Ottoman right of way into the Euxine, and to exclude all ships of war from the Dardanelles, save his own and those of the Tsar. This agreement was modified in 1841 by an International treaty, which closed the Straits to the other Powers as long as Turkey remained at peace. Twelve years later, in order to bring pressure to bear upon Turkey, while negotiations of far-reaching import between the Great Powers were in progress, the Russian military occupation of the Principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia was effected, and, in the former province, an



attempt was made to incorporate the native militia with the troops of the Tsar.

In October, 1853, the Porte demanded the evacuation of the provinces within fifteen days, with the alternative of a declaration of war. But, notwithstanding the uneasiness of Austria, resulting from the proximity of the Russian legions, the Tsar deemed this occupation a necessary menace which could not fail to emphasise the "reasonableness" of the measures upon which, at that time, he was insisting. Omar Pasha and his brave troops harassed the invaders by a strenuous resistance,\* but the skill of diplomatists was sorely exercised to evade the Tsar's demands, which would have been much less aggressive had he believed that a speedy war could be seriously contemplated by the Western Powers. The policy of England had undergone a radical change; now realising that by aiding Russian aggrandisement (in order to keep the balance of European power out of the hands of France) she was supporting a preponderance equally, if not more, inimical to her own interests, she had become suspicious.

The true causes of the great conflict of 1854-5 had, however, long existed before hostilities actually began on the Lower Danube, and may be materially traced to the Romanoff hereditary and ever-increasing ambition to obtain possession of Constantinople. To hold that fair city, to gain a free and spacious maritime outlet for her vast internal resources—a road for her navy and mercantile fleet, which her flag in command of the Bosphorus alone could yield—was Russia's dream, and the family tradition of her Sovereigns. Catherine the Great had left a frank confession of this ambition when, on the quarter of Kieff next to Constantinople, she had inscribed in Greek characters the words:

\* Before the evacuation actually took place the Russian losses (including those of Rustchuk and Silistria) were acknowledged to amount to 35,000 men—"Coldstream Guards in the Crimea," page 13.—Lieut.-Col. Ross-of-Brandenburg.

“Through this gate lies the road to Byzantium.” The fortifications of Sevastopol were also designed by the same dominant idea, for the utility of such a protected harbour to Russia in the event of her navy pushing its way forcibly into the high seas, was doubtless apparent to that sagacious monarch, whilst the almost impregnable position of its fortresses must have been also apparent to all who might in turn become her enemies. The Crimean invasion proved this great naval arsenal almost unassailable.

During the period of national unrest about the encroachments of Russia, Lord Salisbury once advised the timorous to procure “large maps,” but had he recommended the comparison of Russian maps at certain intervals for the last two centuries, there might have been found in them suggestion of solid precedent on which to ground a greater dread, for, with some slight checks and interruptions, the increase of Imperial territory has gone on rapidly since the reign of Ivan the Terrible.

The Tsar Nicholas Romanoff possessed all the boundless ambition of his ancestors, with an absolute belief in his own God-appointed sovereignty. Succeeding to an autocracy powerful enough to quell internal dispute, and old enough to inspire that fear which is often mis-named reverence, his inherent capacity for originating despotic methods to give effect to his purposes, might well have won applause from even Catherine herself.

History is scarcely less prone than tradition to attribute the faults and failures of a government to the personal qualities of the individual who wears the crown, and does not always give adequate prominence to those constitutional conditions of which he may have been the victim. The weaker traits of Nicholas Romanoff have been amply dealt with by innumerable writers, but until 1853 he had not forfeited the deference of Europe by any flagrant act of international faithless-

ness. To Austria, at one period, he had proved himself even chivalrous, in making no claim after having come to her aid to suppress the Hungarian insurrection which might have ended in a revolution. But the experience of the Great Powers had inspired watchfulness, for there were valid enough reasons for suspicion regarding the Tsar's attitude towards the Turkish dominions.

The protracted quarrel between the Greek and the Latin churches for the care of the sacred shrines in Palestine, doubtless precipitated the European rupture, and certain Cabinets became more and more alert and expectant. The Emperor of the French had potent motives for urging any pretext to divert the attention of his people from their own internal dissatisfaction. Having flung off the yoke of democracy they were beginning to find the fetters of Imperialism equally galling. The Napoleonic dynasty having been founded on the idea of a permanent military system, the promise of a glorious war would, he knew well, prove the bait to a welcome distraction. Under the guise of pious ardour for the Latin Church in the East, he made certain demands which the Tsar, as defender of the followers of his own faith, resisted, displaying meanwhile much pretended desire to avert an open rupture, so that upon Turkey or France might rest the responsibility of any ultimate disagreement affecting the peace of Europe.

At length Prince Mentschikoff was sent to Constantinople as the Tsar's envoy to the Sultan, but it was quickly discovered that his intent was not pacific. He greatly retarded negotiations by insulting the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The purport of every Russian suggestion in the conference between the ambassadors invariably contained some unpermissible advantage for the Tsar over the other Powers. But when the Protectorate of the followers of the Greek Church in Turkey, who numbered from ten to fourteen millions,\*

\* Kingslake, Vol. I., pages 108—110.

1853 was demanded, through the dim guise of religious fervour the true dominant motive was perceived. Doubtless most of the Tsar's subjects ignorantly believed that a holy zeal prompted him to arrogate to himself the temporal power implied in the title, "Defender of the followers of the Cross," and that all of the Faith who lived under the Ottoman rule were thankfully looking to him as their great deliverer.

The ministers of the Sultan were not blind to the issues such a concession would have involved. With a singular and futile attempt at secrecy the Protectorate was urged upon the Porte, and the bribe offered of a secret treaty to be made between Russia and Turkey, which would have put a fleet and an army at the disposal of the Sultan in the event of war with either of the Western Powers. The ambassadors were informed of the proposals almost as soon as they were made. Prince Mentschikoff, who was not by any means a prince of diplomatists, had to encounter one who was this by nature and experience, for Lord Stratford de Redcliffe could anticipate and ward off every thrust of the Russian duel. His instructions had given him a free hand. The French Emperor had cast so great a spell over the Ministers of the English Cabinet that they were willing to undertake even the responsibility of accepting him as an Ally in the defence of the Turkish dominions. Our ambassador's moral support to the Sultan included the promise of armed protection if his rights were not held inviolate.

In England the peace party was in the ascendant, and the old warlike spirit which had braved the rest of Europe for centuries seemed to be almost effete, though in any suggested change affecting the rights of the Porte, Britain had never failed to be wary. She was jealous lest her own great maritime interests in the East should be jeopardised, and her oft-times coveted highway to India become disputed waters whereon alien fleets might ride at will. The flag of the Sultan in

command of the Bosphorus being the guarantee of the due maintenance of her privileges there, she was willing to uphold it valorously; but in 1853 her army and navy were in no condition to enter upon a prolonged struggle. A perilously peaceful interval had succeeded the years of dread of French invasion inspired by Napoleon, and it is somewhat curious that to his nephew must be attributed the alliance which resulted in a combined defence of the Sublime Porte. 1853

Notwithstanding the parochial economy that had led to the deplorable state of unreadiness, the Duke of Northumberland had recently succeeded in making an addition of five thousand men to the navy, as well as in augmenting the number of warships in commission.\* Sir James Graham, his successor at the Admiralty, experienced the benefit of these wise measures when, subsequently, the Mediterranean and Baltic fleets presented a problem of infinite perplexity to the Administration.

On November 30th occurred the disaster of Sinope, when the brave little Turkish squadron, with flags flying, refusing to surrender, was destroyed by six Russian sail of the line. Report said that of four thousand Turks but a few hundred wounded prisoners survived. The Allied Fleets could have easily been moved up from Besika Bay to their defence, but through no fault of the English or French fighting men, war not having been declared by the Allies, the appeal of the Turkish admiral for help was overlooked at Constantinople. It may have been that too much security was placed on the honour of Russia, as neither had she yet made a formal declaration of war, but probably the grave blunder was caused by a misunderstanding of the naval discretionary powers. It is related that when the captain of the only vessel that escaped described the calamity at Constantinople, the Grand Vizier, in scorn and anger, spat in the speaker's

\* "Naval Administration," page 103.—Sir John Henry Briggs.

1853 face. Doubtless, the Tsar had seen that to wait until the Allied Fleets were in the Black Sea, was to be idle till his maritime supremacy there was at an end. He well knew that, with their presence, his war ships would be driven off the high seas into port, and Russia as a naval power for practical purposes would cease to exist.

The Emperor of the French used the indignation of France and England, consequent on the tidings of the Sinope catastrophe, as a lever to thwart the diplomacy which aimed at averting hostilities.

The passionless judgment of to-day, which can calmly review the events of the fifties, was not a factor in the councils of the British public at that juncture, and, although negotiations for peace might, even as late as the commencement of January, 1854, have been carried to a successful issue (for a war three thousand miles away could hardly have been an attractive prospect), the Western Powers intimated to the Tsar that his ships must remain in port, or be "constrained to return to Sevastopol."

On January 4th, the Fleets of England and France moved up into the great dreary sea, whose ancient name, Axine, or inhospitable, was changed by the Greeks into Euxine, or hospitable. It was the Turks who, used to the numerous ports and sheltering harbours of the Archipelago, hating its stormy waters and long stretches of seaboard without havens, gave to it the modern designation of Black Sea.

The impression made upon the minds of the men who saw the magnificent Armada, was deep and lasting, for it held its own bravely under all plain sail, with only a slight breeze, against the strong current running from the Black Sea through the Bosphorus. The grandeur of that vast array of line-of-battle ships, transports and frigates, was not lessened even by the presence of the fussy steamers, which proved useful enough when towing was required. The stupendous naval architec-



THE ALLIED FLEETS IN BEICOS BAY, 1854.





ture of to-day invariably suggests strength and power, but, from a picturesque point of view, wheels seem to have taken the place of wings, and clumsiness and bulk the stately lines of naval sailing vessels. No longer does a ship of war ride with the old grace in the calm and the storm, going with the winds as if swayed by the same spirit, but holding her own in tempest-tossed seas, as if her course were kept by inherent sympathy, instead of by Titanic mechanical force. 1854

The presence of the Allied Fleets in Besika Bay had been no affront to the Tsar, but now the comforting material assurance given to Turkish diplomacy proved also a menace to Russia, whose importance she did not underestimate.

The *Queen* (3,100 tons, carrying 116 guns, mostly 32-pounders), in which the majority of the letters in this book were written, was a beautiful three-decker, the first launched after Her Majesty's accession.\* The admiral signalled: "The ships and territories of Turkey throughout the Black Sea are to be protected under all circumstances from aggression." †

The following day the *Queen* is at Sinope, alas! another instance of "Up the English came too late," for Admiral Nackimoff and his Russian squadron are by this time safely under the shelter of the forts of Sevastopol.

\* "Life of Vice-Admiral Lord Lyons, G.C.B.," page 140.—Captain Eardley Wilmot, R.N.

† Log of the *Queen*.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE is an unwritten law which is specially binding on those who accept the responsibility of rescuing correspondence from oblivion : undoubted historical, literary, or biographical interest should always justify posthumous publication. When a writer can no longer suppress nor explain what may have been penned impulsively, with no thought of the hurried words being seen by any but the loving and lenient eyes of home, and, as were the following letters, often scribbled midst the din and confusion of warfare, it is with diffidence that an attempt is made to select from a mass of correspondence that which shall prove most acceptable to the public.

Skilful experts in strategy, tactics and command, some of whom either visited or served in the camps, have well described the military aspects of the campaign in the Crimea, but of the work done by the Navy in the Black Sea many of these writers speak only incidentally ; and yet the Fleet was inevitably the base of the operations. Its readiness at all times to take an active part in the most serious business of the Expedition, its invaluable hospital transport accommodation, and its necessarily deterring presence, have not yet been as adequately commented on, as has the arduous work effected by the sister Service. The vital and exhaustless strength of the invaders was their maritime resources, for, while Russia lost unnumbered thousands on the march long before they reached their

destinations, the Allies had a clear highway by sea for reinforcements from their military centres in the west of Europe.

The letters of the Reverend S. Kelson Stothert, Chaplain to the Naval Brigade, though mere private records, contain opinions, based on observation, for which his duties afforded no slight opportunity. From a distinctly naval point of view, he seriously recognised the timidity of the policy which hesitated to take immediate advantage of the forces at the command of the Allies; but it must be borne in mind that the information supplied to the ships was often meagre, not always accurate, and frequently delayed through stress of weather.

Naturally even the barest statement of historic facts possesses attraction for the earnest student, but a sympathetic onlooker's account of noble deeds and exciting scenes arouses a more human interest. This is materially increased if the narrator has been unable to hide, as in Kelson Stothert's case, that he frequently outstepped duty to meet the needs of the hour.

Samuel Kelson Stothert was a descendant of the Stotherts of Cargen; he was born on the 31st of March, 1827. Of a large family two only were sons, of whom Kelson was the elder. He went to Worcester College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1850, proceeded to his Masters' in 1856, and two years after gained the LL.D. of Glasgow University. At Oxford he was the leader, on the Conservative side, of the Union Debating Club, and had for his chief opponent the young politician who, later, became Marquis of Salisbury.

Having chosen the Church as his profession, he was ordained deacon in 1851, and priest by the Bishop of Oxford twelve months after; henceforward his life was consecrated to duty. The sphere of Naval Chaplain then appeared to offer more scope for his energies than that of an English parish. Stout-hearted and fearless

he was eager for adventure, and in the early years of the fifties, when the equilibrium of Europe was oscillating between peace and war, it was probable that he foresaw a life of less monotony in the service of his Sovereign, than that which he then dreaded in the ordinary routine of his calling.

The union of two distinct individualities in his nature rendered him singularly strong and self-reliant. Although the priest was dominant, the spirit of the soldier never forsook him. The cassock has often concealed the warrior, and the tonsure appeared where a helmet might well have been worn ; but it is rare to find a son of the Church writing so freely of naval and military matters, while disclaiming any rôle but that of non-combatant.

His sympathies touched human effort at such varied points, it was well that he obtained the opportunity to mix with men of action which a Naval Chaplaincy, in 1853, presented. Although endowed with intellectual tastes, his lot for many years was not cast among kindred minds. The love of learning for its own sake is not a common attribute of officers of the naval service ; though here and there we read of a meteor crossing his orbit and illuming his way ; and the excitement of war made up to him, in some degree, for the lack of literary comradeship. He had occasional despondent moods, for his devotion to study increased as time went on, and he found great difficulty in procuring any kind of books in Constantinople. It was evident that he made the best even of deprivation, and hailed with gladness the occurrence of the few rare opportunities of intercourse with congenial men ; his fine instinct of courtesy must have always prevented any appearance of dissatisfaction with his daily companions.

Home and University life comprised all he knew of the world when he sailed for the East, and those with whom he had hitherto come in contact had been



KELSON STOTHERT'S HOME, BATH.

FROM A DRAWING BY HIS SON, J. KENDAL STOTHERT.



invariably attracted by his intelligence and manliness, as well as by the ready kindness which was characteristic of him to the end of his life. His habitual temper of mind when he joined the Navy appears to have been an eagerness to be where there was most work to be done. He chafed at delay, and the patience he manifested was an acquired quality, for his inherent spirit was of a more alert and mettlesome nature.

Though reserved and often fearful of his own power,—lest he should fail in duty to God or man—he possessed no small degree of personal daring, and a grim courage he frequently disparaged in words, that was amply proved by his stalwart deeds. The involuntary repugnance he frequently expressed to the revolting scenes into which his duty led, and where he was invariably so ready to press, resulted from that delicate physical sensibility over which complete control is not always possible. While appreciating to the full that sympathy which is the outcome of kinship in dread and suffering, he was very intolerant of his own weakness if tempted to complain,

Strong convictions in early life often indicate mental power of that ruling and independent order exigency assails in vain, and to which the serviceableness of temporising does not appeal. Experience may bring wisdom and forbearance, but calm judgment is the fruit natural only to later years. Partisanship and zealous outcry against injustice are the wild, though fragrant weeds that flourish best in the garden of youth. If, in the following pages, Kelson Stothert's opinions sometimes appear to be expressed in an arbitrary manner, it must not be forgotten that they were written for the home circle alone, and that the long war had terminated before he had attained the age of thirty.

While not lacking a sense of humour, he took life altogether too seriously, was embarked on too grave an enterprise to be very ardently cheerful, and was so constituted, that while disease and death were round

him on every side, he did not greatly concern himself to cultivate undue hopefulness of spirit, as some were wont to do at that time. The facts were so significant, the blundering so apparent, the end so out of reckoning, that he was often goaded to bitter invective against the tardiness which appeared to imply expression of weakness and irresolution to the enemy. His strongly worded verdicts upon certain momentous acts possess at least the ring of that absolute sincerity which has a tendency to inspire confidence.

In his records of local details and temporary conditions, we are constantly brought in touch with men who were, by turns, the victors and the vanquished, and can discern hints of that intuition which developed in later years, into a swift and sure power of reading men and motive alike.

As time went on Kelson Stothert's intellectual outlook widened, and he formed many firm and lasting friendships with men of great ability and renown; the late Bishop of Oxford and Lord Lytton among others. His varied knowledge and high personal character won for him both esteem and affection. Russell Lowell quaintly says that "a letter which is not mainly about the writer loses its prime flavour," but the chief element of egotism in the following correspondence is only an occasional unconscious betrayal of a courage keen, and infectious enough, to create in the mind of the reader a sense of personal participation. Sympathy is a primitive and universal emotion, and it is well known that individual complaints were only echoes of the general invective of the period against the continual tardiness displayed by all the responsible departments, especially against those which ought to have expedited the removal of the Allied forces from cholera and fever-stricken Varna, where so many thousands of lives were so uselessly sacrificed. In the Fleet no excuse could be found for the avertible evils that were rife during the campaign, and when the "pestilence that walketh at noonday"



was rivalling the enemy in the number of victims it claimed, words were uttered, with a simple directness of meaning, which did not ill-become men who were looking Death hourly in the face. Those evils, which continued so long, may well perplex posterity as they did the sufferers themselves, who have been rightly named pieces of the big game that was played for European stakes; but, on the arena, the weakness of the moves could be more readily detected, and frequently the failure and disaster that ensued had there been foretold.

Kelson Stothert believed that he would find congenial work in the Navy, and doubtless hoped for unexpected developments, but he could not then foresee that, to the end of his life, the effects of the hardships and exposure during the war would make him liable at intervals to attacks of acute physical suffering. No one either in the Fleet or in the Army could have conjectured the vortex of misery to which they were all hastening; could it have been predicted, the stoutest courage might well have quailed.

When the long struggle had wearied our sailors and soldiers of Turks, Frenchmen, and of the wild alien horde of every nation, and of no nation—those human vultures the tocsin of battle brings from the foul and secret places of the earth—when his comrades were indifferent about everything except the voyage home and the promotions and rewards, which many, alas! never received, Kelson Stothert was strenuously labouring to realise a great purpose. He had long been devising how the first English church in Turkey could be built and endowed. It was at length erected at Ortaquoi, a suburb of Constantinople, through his sole instrumentality; and, considering how difficult an undertaking it was, under the adverse circumstances his letters describe, he might well rejoice in such a memorial of his hard campaign. Being a true member of the Church militant, he was proud of having seen

service, and wore his Turkish, Crimean and Baltic medals, on all occasions of ceremony.

He was chaplain to the following ships of the Royal Navy : *La Hogue, Galatea, Edinburgh, Liffey, Queen, Victoria, Diamond, Britannia, Revenge* and *St. Vincent*, either in the Baltic, the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, or the Home stations.

He was also Chaplain to the *Caledonia*, Flag-ship of Lord Clarence Paget, and on retiring from the Navy in 1869, became Incumbent of Holy Trinity Church, Malta, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Gibraltar. He was chosen to accompany a Special Embassy to Egypt, of which Lord Clarence Paget was chief, the object being to invest the Viceroy with the Order of the Bath.



THE REVEREND S. KELSON STOTHERT, M.A., LL.D.,  
CHAPLAIN TO THE NAVAL BRIGADE.



## CHAPTER III.

GEOGRAPHICAL details and formal statements appear to have been inevitable in all the home letters of those voyagers to foreign shores before and during the fifties. The increase of travel having been greater during the last forty years than at any other period, the reader is now frequently able to fill in from his own personal impressions special items that may have missed the observation of those writers. We find that when Kelson Stothert wishes to give his correspondents an accurate idea of certain scenes that were new to him, he occasionally refers to his birthplace for illustration. The varied beauty of Bath lends itself readily to comparison, and, in his mind, it was doubtless often pitted satisfactorily against that of cities more renowned. These allusions gave his descriptions a familiar meaning, and probably brought those to whom they were addressed more in touch with his actual surroundings.

## TO HIS MOTHER.

At sea, off Holyhead,  
7th March, 1854.

I commence to write you as I promised, but the jerking of the screw and the rolling of the ship will, I fear, make my letter somewhat illegible.

We sailed at one o'clock to-day from Liverpool with a heavy cargo and four passengers. I have come to the conclusion that the "modern intelligence" of which people speak so highly as the peculiar characteristic of the day, as far as the mercantile classes are concerned, is only a peculiar ability to "do" their fellow creatures. Although told on Saturday that

1854 I should have a cabin to myself, it turns out that there are three others to share it. There are, I believe, six cabins in the ship, but all except the one we occupy are filled with cargo. Two of my fellow-martyrs are young merchants going to Constantinople; the third is a foreigner and a traveller who has been all over the East, and is now on his way to investigate the Greek insurrection and the Fleet in the Black Sea. He is a very clever linguist and a great scholar, speaking English much more finely than you or I. His name I do not know. He may be a German savant. I fervently hope he will not prove to be a Jew.

It is fearfully uncomfortable four people living in a confined space.

It is blowing hard right in our teeth, and I am going to bed. Good night.

*Friday.*—Ever since we started it has been blowing hard, and you cannot imagine the needless discomfort in which we find ourselves. Four of us in a small cabin with one washing-stand between the lot! If I thought it possible to make the owners of the steamer pay, I would certainly stop at Malta and go on by an Austrian Lloyd boat. We are now a good bit to the westward, having stood out here to get a fair wind. We hope to sight Spain in two days, and, in four, to be at Gibraltar for twelve hours. No possibility of landing, however, for the Spaniards, from inscrutable reasons of their own, insist upon considering England a plague-stricken country, and the Governor gives way to them.

*Saturday night.*—This is the time at sea consecrated to "Sweethearts and wives"; I have neither, so, Dear, I write to you.

We have seen two ships to-day, and that is all. We are nearly abreast of Cape Finisterre, about a thousand miles off the coast. It is now blowing very hard indeed, and we expect a rough night. The worst of it is we are going further and further out of our course. When I come home, unless in a man-of-war, I will not adventure this voyage in a merchant ship, but will return through Vienna and Paris. I have really nothing to say, except to report the weather. My journal is equally barren.

*Sunday.*—We have had a finish sort of day, but as usual the wind dead in our teeth. I had service on deck, and could not

help thinking, as I read the Litany, how many at home were joining fervently in our prayer for all who travel by land and by water. My congregation did not seem much edified! The savant, who is a Hungarian,\* was my clerk, and is a devout Protestant of the Broad Church party. 1854

TO HIS FATHER.

At Sea,  
St. Patrick's Day, 17th March, 1854.  
In the evening.

We hope to reach Malta in two or three days at the latest. The weather has been beautiful from Cape Spartel. We left Gibraltar at "gun fire" on Wednesday evening, and in half-an-hour the sunlight had faded from the mountains and the rocks; the hills rapidly became purple; at last, night covered all with her dark wings, and we went on our way. By dawn next morning we were miles away, and all the day were coasting the shores of Granada. No contrast could be greater than our progress now, compared with that in the rolling gales we encountered in "Biscay's Sleepless Bay." The coast of Granada is of the same geological appearance as that of Andalusia, but even yet more imposing and grand. The cliffs near the sea have been washed into long ridges, and at the back of the sea cliffs, in an easterly direction, are the chain of Sierra Nevada, snow-capped hills, as their name implies. Behind these lies the archiepiscopal city of Granada. We are about twenty miles off the land, and fifty from the Sierra Nevada hills. The air is so clear that they do not look more distant than London from Bathwick Hill, and are 11,600 feet high, although to all appearance they are not so lofty as Hampton rocks from the canal side-walk. Our glasses bring to light many a romantic town and village halfway down the hills, and looks so near we could almost fancy in the evening that we ought to have been invited to a gay "tertulia," to dance the "bolero" with the fair señoritas. From the many chimneys we see (apparently for mining pur-

\* This Hungarian was Eber, who afterwards became a most congenial and intimate friend to Kelson Stothert. Russell wrote of him:—

"A Hungarian who had been a patriot in '48, who was a correspondent in '54, now with the Turks, afterwards General under Garibaldi. Member of Hungarian Diet and of the mixed Committee of Austro-Hungarian Dual Government, on military business—querulous, sarcastic, capable and despondent, though brave as a lion."

1854 poses) more than one large town must skirt the sea. It was very hot yesterday, more than eighty degrees in the shade, yet we did not feel oppressed; the air is so pure and exhilarating, and oh, the nights! The moon and stars seem to scintillate light. The water is very phosphorescent, and we watch with interest the gambols of the porpoises and dogfish close under our bows.

To-day we saw a good part of the African coast, somewhere about Algiers, but it was too far off to inspect. We amused ourselves for hours shooting at turtle, which, allured by the heat of the sun, in great numbers floated by us asleep. We did not succeed in bagging any, although sincerely desirous of change from Calipash and Calipee. The sleeping beauties were more than once, however, rudely awakened by a musket ball bouncing upon their backs at short range. Their shells are so hard that a round ball glances off. It was very disappointing to see the creatures dive below as if they were shot. Afterwards, having made a rude mould with a knife and a piece of chalk, we cast a conical ball, like that of a Minié rifle; but a breeze sprung up and our friends cut their stick. I am convinced that the conical ball would have finished some of them, and we intend to try to-morrow if we have the chance. We live on deck under an awning, reading, talking and eating oranges, of which we purchased a large number in Gibraltar at 1s. 6d. a hundred.

If you want a good speculation, send out coal to Gibraltar and Malta. The freight alone is 45s. per ton, and the cost at these places is enormous.

*Saturday.*—The sea is all in a bubble as we are passing across the Gulf of Lyons, and I shall not write to-day. A robin was blown on the deck, perhaps from England; he would not stay, small blame to him.

*Monday.*—Yesterday we had evening service on board, and I gave my congregation a short sermon from the Epistle of the day. In the evening we passed the barren rock of Galita, and saw the spot where H.M.S. *Avenger* was lost many years ago with five hundred men. She struck on some rocks called Sorelle, and went down in a moment.

To-day we have seen Pantellaria, a Sicilian island, containing one town and a fortress. We miss very much the beautiful scenery of the Spanish coast.



Towards evening we expect a distant view of Etna, and to-night hope to anchor at Valetta. We shall stay in Malta twenty-four hours. I have some letters of introduction there. 1854

TO HIS MOTHER.

Messirie's Hotel,  
Constantinople.

March 28th, 1854.

We arrived here safely about noon yesterday, rather tired. I wrote home from Malta, and doubtless by this time you have received my letter.

We saw all the lions in Malta, except the Convent of the Capuchins, where they dry and bake the bodies of the deceased members of their fraternity; but for this none of us recollected to enquire. We went over the Grand Master's Palace, the Church of St. John the Baptist (the former Church of the Knights), and thence off in the train to Civita Vecchia, formerly called Notabile, a most interesting city. We left Malta after a sojourn of a few days, and took in forty or fifty passengers, thirty of them in the cabin.

The next day we passed the island of Cytheria, now called Cerigo, where I believe Venus is said to have risen from the sea!

At daylight (two days after we left Melita) we sighted Cape Matapan. From this point we sailed N.N.E. Next morning we found ourselves at anchor in the roadstead of Syra, of no notoriety in ancient times as far as I can recollect, but now the most important place for commerce in the whole of modern Greece.

Here we landed and walked up and down. There are 25,000 people, but not a name to a street; no drains, cleanliness, pavements, nor any mark of civilisation whatever. We dined at the Hotel d'Angleterre, the first in the town, which we found some degrees below the dignity of the lowest public-house in Bath. We had, however, excellent red wine, made on the island, and similar in quality to the vin du pays we obtain here. The vin du pays is the best thing in Greece, the Greek Church not excepted. We went into two or three of the churches in Syra; one of them (unfinished) is of Parian marble. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas; perhaps the Emperor of Russia—who knows? At all events, he is paying for it.

We had a chat with the "papas," as the priests are called. Many persons were in the church, crossing themselves as they

1854 stared at us, and rubbing the knees of pictures with bits of coffee, which they afterward devoured with great gusto.

While we were talking to the priests they began to howl ; during the rapid reiteration of some part of the service, a man came in wearing a round hat. He winked and nodded to the priest, and the priest returned the salutation.

While they were "nid, nid, nodding," to one another in the House of God we departed and left them to their profanations. The priests wear no robes, and they have not even the semblance of sanctity. They are evidently of the lowest class, and their countenances are stupid and gross.

The churches are all built in tawdry imitation of the old Byzantine style. Walton church is a modern specimen.

We met some agents of the Greek Government who had come to Syra to stir up the people to insurrection. They spoke English and entered freely into conversation with us, asking what was thought of their question, and whether England would help them? We told them plainly that their movement was sudden and unauthorised, and that England and France would put them down in three months. We also said that in England it was thought to be a movement in favour of Russia. They were very indignant, and we were afterwards told that we had acted indiscreetly in speaking so openly in such a place. There, to my great regret, my Hungarian friend departed for Athens.

If you want a good speculation, send a steamer line to ply between the islands. We left at night, and made for Constantinople, and were at daybreak opposite Scio, formerly Chios, famed in later times, during the recent war of independence in Greece, as the scene of a barbarous massacre, and anciently claimed as the birthplace of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." This is, indeed, historic land. When at Syra we could see close at hand Delos, the birthplace of Apollo-Naipos, on whose account was commenced the Persian invasion of Greece.

On Sunday I was offering up the prayers of our own church, three thousand miles away. At nearly the same hour we both (you and I) were saying the same prayer, and uttering the self-same glorious psalm. But what a difference in the scene ! There we were, floating calmly on the bosom of the blue Ægean, the old Ionia on the right, famed in history both scriptural and profane ; Scio astern of us, and Scobos, the only beautiful Greek island, also on our right. Far to the left, seventy or eighty miles away, a bright cloud, as it were, shone

with its silver lining beneath the sky. That cloud was the Thessalian Olympus, so clear are all distant objects in this transparent air. Still more to the north, and yet more visible, was the promontory of Mount Athos, and Lemnos, whose ancient cruelty gave a name to "Lemnian Horrors." Then soon after service we neared the plains of Troy, studded with cairns and mounds, and evidently the site of old battle-ground. Ida with its dark hills, no longer the haunts of gods, goddesses and deer, and the Trojan Olympus filled up the background. Here we entered the Dardanelles, and at nine o'clock the next day, the harbour of the city of the Sultan. 1854

I think this Constantinople, and its situation, are the finest conceivable things in the world, but the moment you set foot on shore the illusion vanishes. We got through the custom house upon payment to the Pasha of about 2s. 6d. ; he did not trouble himself afterwards about contraband goods ; then we came here. The hotel is very comfortable, and the table d'hôte a good one, but our expenses will cost nearly £1 a day. I cannot get to Varna, where the Fleet is, till Monday next, then I go in the *Retribution*.

The streets have no names here, and have not been mended since the time of Sultan Solyman the First, hundreds of years ago. I assure you, without joking, that there is not one of them the same extent or regularity as Avon Street, Bath. I speak quite within bounds. Of course they are crowded with men, women, porters, dogs, Turks and Greeks.

The Turks are a fine race of men, and far superior to the Greeks. I suppose you know the modern are no relation to the ancient Greeks, but are only a Slavonic tribe who were imported by the old natives as their slaves. Upon the dispersion of their masters they gradually began to occupy the historic seats.

The first thing I did after settling here was to have a Turkish bath, and for this purpose a man of the name of Pachenharn, a captain in some rifle regiment, went with me. We hesitated somewhat before we could make up our minds to go in, having a wholesome dread of the travellers' tales we had heard about the "shampooing" séance. However, at last we entered the building. In the outer court we took off our boots, and were conducted into a room appropriated to "Pashas," which is the brevet Franks receive, or, at least, those who pay. Here we disrobed and descended into a bath-room, clothed in a towel and a pair of wooden clogs. The air of the room was so hot that I could hardly breathe, and

1854 my companion also gasped in despair. We sat upon the floor, but alas! we were not properly prepared for such a position (the barbarians having despoiled us of our clothes), and at last made our way to a cushion, upon which we rolled. Then pipes, and coffee in tiny cups, thick with the grounds and very delicious, were brought us, and under the magic influence of these we surrendered ourselves to the boys. They commenced gently punching us all over, and giving polite tugs at our legs, arms, and fingers, which crack with very little pressure when one is smoking. By this time we were covered with perspiration and puffing like grampusses, not at our pipes, but from the heat. We were soon conducted into a lofty room with a dome-shaped roof and a marble floor, with marble basins of hot and cold water all round. Oh! the heat of that room and of that floor! My eyesight left me for a moment, and I sat, but soon got up again. The bath boy poured some cold water upon one of the blocks of marble, which allowed me to approximate myself thereto.

The next process was to be scrubbed all over with a hair brush, and as if this were not enough, they washed us all over with soft soap, and then drained us with hot water, and then soaped us again, and finally collected as much soap as they could with a sponge made of fibres of the date tree, with which they covered us as if we were twelfth cakes. They then departed, and silence reigned supreme.

When we were left in this dilemma my companion and I consulted what to do. There was no time to lose, we were fast melting away. So we agreed that there could be no harm in washing off the soap, which, indeed, seemed the right thing, for in a few minutes the attendants reappeared, and freed us from such poor remnants of clothing as had been given us, and furnished us with a covering, and wrapping turbans round our heads, made regular Turks of us. We then once more ascended to our "divan," where we found sofas laid and sherbet ready. Oh, the delicious coolness of the room, the garments and the drink, compared with our "baking."

If I were a good Mussulman I should say we were then in the Seventh Heaven. After duly putting away the sherbet we extended ourselves upon the sofas, and were carefully covered from every draught of air, and once again pipes and coffee were brought.

The Oriental experience ended, and it took a long time, we were dressed and allowed to descend, paying about 2s. 6d. We had done nothing for ourselves for two hours, except puff

and swallow, speak, perspire and blow. The Turks spend whole days in bathing. We hope to go again on Friday. 1854

To-day we have been all over the districts of Galata, Pera and Stamboul. We have seen the bazaars, which my companion says are not comparable to those of India, and I must confess, although I thought them interesting, they are not equal to what I had heard of them. Then we walked round the mosques of Sultans Mahmoud, Solyman and Bajazet, and also saw what Byzantine remains there are. These consist of a subterranean reservoir, containing one thousand columns; and in the Hippodrome is a bronze column of three snakes. This is the celebrated column of which so much has been said; the heads are gone and the column broken. Beside this is a monument erected by the Emperor Theodosius; some walls also remain. To-morrow we see the mosques, and have obtained a firman for that purpose. This costs £20, but a number have clubbed together, as one firman will admit any number, so that the expense is thus lessened.

The cannon foundry is a fine place, fitted up with English machinery. There was a Nasmyth's hammer, and when it was first put up they sent for the Sultan to see it work. His Majesty arrived, and they beat away at an anchor and broke the machine! The Sultan cried, "Mashallah!" and departed, and the hammer still remains. This was three years ago. Fires are very frequent here, and there are two watch towers, one at Galata and the other at Stamboul, to give notice of conflagrations. We ascended the Great Tower at Stamboul, and had coffee at the top. The view (of the Golden Horn, the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus) is very fine, indeed.

There is a report here that 15,000 Russians have crossed the Danube. They have deserted Circassia, and retreated to Sevastopol. The weather is very cold, although we are thirteen degrees south of you, or thereabouts. I must now say good-bye, with best love to all.

P.S.—Tell my father that an order goes this mail by the British ambassador for 30,000 ten-inch shells. Zohrab doubtless will have a finger in the pie. I learn from a dragoman of the Embassy they might be got for Curucelyn if a handsome commission were offered! They will, however, arrive here too late. In six months Constantinople will be in ruins. 300,000 Russians are on the march, at least Lord Stratford has sent word home. I have written this letter in a great hurry, and am afraid you will not be able to read it. If I can, I will write from Varna.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE "Eastern Question" had long been a many-sided, vexed problem, and during the autumn of 1853 European statesmen had found diplomacy a hazardous game.

It must have been specially obvious to all other nations at this time that Russia's endeavour, as heretofore, was to create embarrassing situations for the Porte. Week by week the tension increased, while the English Cabinet was acting as if the interests of Britain were identical with those of France, and for this there was scant historical precedent.

The impartial critic is at a loss to justify any alliance which practically ignored the two great Powers, Prussia and Austria. The latter, with an invading army in the provinces close to her borders, had assuredly cognate reasons to be principally considered in all negotiations which aimed at defeating the encroachments of the Tsar. Although war with Russia for some time had appeared not improbable, our Administration had taken only feeble steps, in secret, to make ready, lest the knowledge of what was being done might prejudice the peaceful solution of the international disputes.\*

Although the Foreign Office and the Treasury were not working in harmony, when the tidings

\* "The probability of war with Russia was long foreseen, and we had ample time to make our preparations." "Naval Administration," page 111.—Sir John Henry Briggs.

of the disaster at Sinope arrived, the English people were roused from their apathy and, as well as free expression of anger at the cruelty which had been displayed, there was instant recognition that Russia had abused her prerogative in seeking the surrender of the Turkish Fleet before she had actually declared war. 1854

On the 21st of February all hope of avoiding hostilities came to an end, and the conference of Ambassadors at Constantinople was concluded. The Western Powers were now committed to a struggle that would speedily test to its utmost the capacity of the Services, and especially the power of the British Navy to bear the strain for which the preparation had been so meagre.

The unready condition of both Navy and Army made little difference to the eager spirit which now began to animate all classes. Vast munitions of war were popularly spoken about as if voting for them in Parliament could ensure their instant manufacture.

The following letter gives the impression which the Turk at home made upon the writer, and suggests a certain increasing spirit of incredulity which is sometimes evoked in such a crisis, even before the gains of "a famous victory" are reckoned. The writer, while anxious for the war to begin, appears at the moment to be dubious about the value of the race to be defended.

TO HIS FATHER.

-Constantinople,

April 4th, 1854.

I have only time to-night to write you a short note before going to bed and packing up for my journey to Kavarna to-morrow. Intelligence has just reached us of the Declaration of War by the Western Powers, and all is excitement here. I should have gone to Varna last week by the *Inflexible*, but upon starting for the ship the Douaniers took possession of my boat, and insisted upon looking over all my boxes. The delay was so great that by the time I had got clear of these

1854 vagabonds the steamer was gone. Being an officer in H.B.M.'s service they had no right, I afterwards found, to touch my baggage, but they wanted money. It is all nonsense talking about preserving the integrity of the Ottoman Empire; they never had any, how should they preserve it? The Greeks certainly rank higher than the Turks in corruption, and this is paying the former a high compliment. I have seen some of the speeches in the House upon the Turkish question, and it is amusing on this spot to read the solemn comments upon the "progress of the Ottoman Empire during the last fifty years," "the patriotism of the Turks, and the sacrifices they are making for the sake of their country," etc., etc. You should hear the roars of laughter with which these important facts are communicated to the habitués of Constantinople. I will give you an illustration of Turkish patriotism which will serve as a specimen of all the rest. Three or four weeks ago a certain Pacha had orders to provide Government with a stated quantity of rice. He wrote back word that he would obey the order, and out of the love he bore the Sultan he would omit to charge the cost of transit. He got himself gazetted among the other lovers of their country, and sent down the rice, but totally forgot to pay the carriage. Added to this, he levied a tax upon each family in his Pachalite to pay back to himself the cost of the carriage which he had forgotten! He thus netted, it is said, 16,000 piastres by his patriotic act. This a Turkish *gentleman* told me himself, and laughed heartily and applaudingly at the cleverness of the Pacha. The English public would, I suppose, only hear the best half of the story if the matter were mentioned. The progress the Turks are making is to be accounted for in this way—the despatches home always speak in diplomatic language of each succeeding Governor, or Pacha, or Bey, as being better than the last. This is all diligently repeated by Lord Palmerston and others. *Credat Judæus*, I dare say he whispers to himself, and so the Turkish progress is beautifully demonstrated to the country at large. It is time indeed that they made some progress. They here and there build larger harems, and cheat Franks more than they did; and wear Frank dresses and wash less. But they do not mend their roads, nor reduce their dirt, nor do any work, nor widen their streets, nor love arrack less, and this is all the improvement of which they can boast. As to education, there is no such thing. When a man becomes a Pacha he takes to learning—what do you think? Nothing less than to read and write his



own language. It is a fact that not ten men out of a hundred can read the Turkish characters. Most of the business is transacted by Greeks and Armenians.

The Greeks are all ordered to leave the city in ten days. We expect a disturbance ; on Saturday night an English seaman was stabbed by a Greek without the slightest provocation. The man died on the spot and the Greek walked away. Three or four frigates are gone to Athens, one of them English. I find my Hungarian friend\* whom we left at Syra is the *Times* correspondent in Greece. They give him £60 a month and all his expenses. He is a very able man. One of the sub-editors of the *Times* staying here told me about him. I send you all this hurried news as it may be interesting to you. I long to be in England again, for there is not a soul here to communicate with. Plenty of acquaintances, but for me not one warm loving heart.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

20th April, 1854.

We are just off to Odessa at the distance of about twenty miles, but we shall not attempt to take it, as it is defended by many strong forts and 40,000 men, and the water is too shallow for our larger ships to go in and shell the place. The English consul, whom the Russians attempted to detain, informed us that the *Fury* and the French steamer *Decartes* have been hovering about, and twelve small Russian merchantmen have fallen to their lot. That will probably be all the prize money this war will bring to the Fleet.

We left Baldjik on Monday last, after a pleasant stay in that beautiful (?) Turkish town. Just as we tripped anchor large masses of cavalry lined the heights. We were too far off to distinguish what they were, but as the steamer we left on guard made no sign I suppose it was "all right." The day before we sailed (Sunday) some of the officers and I refreshed ourselves after a week's confinement by a walk on shore. Among other lions we went to see some Tartar prisoners, who had been captured by the Turkish forces. There were five of these heroes, some of them children, but they were shut up in a cage like so many wild beasts, in a corner of the Pacha's stables. As we were leaving the prison the Pacha hailed us ;

\* Mr. Eber.

1854 we could distinguish "Telibouk" and "Cavveh," about the only Turkish words we knew, and some of us entered his dwelling, and in a few minutes were lolling on his divan with a Turkish chibouk in each of our mouths and coffee in long cups by our sides. The old fellow laughed and chatted away to us in Turkish, of which we understood at most one word in ninety. But his coffee was good and his laughter catching, so we spent our time merrily enough. He was engaged in the "administration of justice," as we should call it in England. Many suitors were brought in and were "suited" in no time by the Reis or secretary. The great man talked to us and tossed an orange to the ceiling and caught it again. One fine suppliant was brought in by two "policemen," and told a long and piteous tale. The secretary blew a cloud and the Pacha indulged in a patriotic speech to us, much after the style one talks to a baby in England: "Bim, Bom, Moscof, Ingleesy!" at the same time pointing to our ships. He meant the English are going to "Bim, Bom" the Russians. To this we assented by a nod and a sipping of coffee, which must have impressed the Pacha with a great idea of our English gaiety. In the midst of our discussion upon politics "as aforesaid," we heard a squall, and found that the officials were bundling the suitor down the stairs, and were making many applications of feet to the voluminous unmentionables of the "defendant." My companions and I burst into a hearty laugh, the Court informing us that the unfortunate individual was only a Greek and a Christian! I could not help congratulating myself that I was neither the one nor the other in their acceptance of the terms, which are synonymous to the Turkish mind. In the Mahommedan vernacular a "Christian dog" means a "Greek villain"; and a "Greek villain" means a "Christian dog." Of what religion they consider the English to be I do not know. They hate the "Christians," that is the "Greeks," and with excellent reason too. This is the explanation which may be given, for the great abuse we hear said the Crescent heaps upon the Cross; and sadly fallen from its pristine beauty is *that* symbol of our world-wide creed. When a Turk speaks of a "Christian dog," he does not mean you and me, of whom he knows nothing, but is simply designating a Greek, of whom he knows a great deal too much.

We left the Pacha soon with many profound bows and acknowledgments. I almost fancy I have had a crick in my back ever since from excessive lowliness of deportment upon the occasion.

When this will reach you I do not know, but it is always best to have a letter ready, so I will leave it to remain until some steamer goes. I have, as you see, really nothing to communicate. 1854

Although there was no combined plan between the Allied Fleets in the Black Sea till May, their ships were occupied cruising and watching lest Russian vessels should venture out of port, which they actually did now and again. On the 12th of April the little *Fury* (six guns), under the very nose of the enemy's fortifications, perceiving an adventure, hoisted Austrian colours till she came alongside a Russian ship, when she ran up her own and was nearly cut off by sailing frigates.\*

The *Queen*, Captain Michell,† carrying 960 men, was in Kavarna Bay on Thursday, April 6th, when the *Tiger*, under the flag of the ill-fated Captain Giffard, arrived; and from that ship Kelso Stothert joined the *Queen*.‡ On Sunday, April 9th, her rigging was manned and six cheers given for war being declared. On the following Saturday the *Ville de Paris* fired a salute of twenty-one guns and the *Queen* manned and cheered with our allies "War's declared!" There was unbounded enthusiasm in the Fleet. The chaplain had joined his ship just in time for the actual commencement of hostilities. Anchored off Odessa on Thursday, April 20th, the *Queen* cleared for action and loaded with shot.§ Her log tells of much occupation, but mentions also that the *Arethusa* (fifty guns) weighed, clearing away wardroom, cabins and bulkheads and proceeded to examine an Austrian barque in the offing.

\* It was afterwards said that a certain lieutenant on board sent for his best coat that he might look smart when taken prisoner.

† Afterwards Sir Frederick Michell, whose nephew was then one of his naval cadets, and became in course of time General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

‡ Log of the *Queen*.

§ Log of the *Queen*.

1854 Odessa, which is said to have copied something from almost every city in Europe, has been called a dull town and a brisk port, with its two moles, its bronze statue of the Duke of Richelieu (once Odessa's Governor), its fine position and handsome stone buildings, must have appeared very formidable for attack, and the great risk to neutral merchant vessels in the harbour was a deterrent that could not be ignored.

On the 22nd a lieutenant and fifty rank and file of Royal Marines were sent from the *Queen* to the *Terrible* (twenty-one guns), and at daylight the steamers of the Fleet weighed and proceeded into the Bay.\* Our chaplain describes the naval action to his mother with a curious familiarity and keen appreciation of the art of war.

*Thursday Evening.* — We are at the moment quietly anchored in line of battle about three miles off the batteries of Odessa. We have been in sight of the place all day, and this evening crowds of people have come down to have a look at us. We hoisted our colours about four o'clock, but no answer was made to our flag of defiance. Odessa seems to be a very important place as far as I can make out with a glass, and the prominent buildings are finer than I have seen since I left Liverpool. It is apparently a city of palaces. I should say from its length it must have 100,000 inhabitants. What the intentions of the Admiral may be I do not know. Probably we shall bombard, although why we should do so it is difficult to say, except that we cannot otherwise demolish the fortifications. The French, it is rumoured, have openly expressed their repugnance to such a proceeding, where not the soldiers, but women and children would be the great sufferers. This is indeed a cogent reason for sparing bloodshed, although it is quite contrary to *their* usual custom in war, as was plentifully shown in Algeria and elsewhere. Some whisper that the French are politic enough to practice the well-known aphorism: "Treat your friends as if they would become enemies, and your enemies as if they are likely to become your friends." However, we are fully prepared for all emergencies; every gun in our ship is shotted, and we are equally

\* Log of the *Queen*.

ready for attack or defence. Probably the earlier operations will be confined to cutting out expeditions, of which there is likely to be a sprinkling, several Russian ships being in the harbour under false colours. We have had a steamer cruising in and out among them all the afternoon, but it was impossible to board them in broad daylight, as the guns of the batteries would have spoiled sport. I have just been to look at the place to-night. It is apparently lighted with gas. There is a row of bright lamps some two miles distant, which, I suppose, is the principal street. From all I have seen and heard, the Russians are the first people in Europe for public improvements, not even excepting our neighbours the French. Daylight to-morrow may give us new ideas.

*Sunday Evening.*—We had a quiet day, there being so much swell that no offensive operations could be carried on. On Friday the *Caton*, French steamer, was sent in to the Governor (for I must go back in my narrative), to claim reparation for the insult offered to the English flag of truce in firing on it ten days ago. It was demanded that the Governor should dismiss all French and English vessels, and yield up as prizes all Russian ships in port, with their munitions of war. He was given till sunset to decide, and no answer coming on Saturday morning (yesterday) a detachment of six or seven steamers, aided by fifty marines from other ships, went in to bombard the place. The first shot was fired by the *Sampson* about seven o'clock a.m., and replied to immediately by the Russian batteries. I was struck by the slow sedate way in which the steamers fired shot and shell; not one rattling broad-side, but about four or five a minute, as the guns were brought to bear. They took up a position about two thousand yards from shore. At eleven o'clock the *Vauban*, French steamer, hauled out of action, being disabled by red hot shot from the batteries, of which five or six were now hard at work peppering the French and English steamers. The most annoying of these was a six-gun battery situated on the Imperial shore, under Cardinal Richelieu's monument. This fort was beautifully served, but about ten o'clock three or four of its guns were silenced, probably dismounted, and at dinner time the wood work took fire, and in four or five minutes the fort blew up. I do hope the defenders escaped (as they might easily have done) for they plied their long guns in the most determined style and with great precision, no less than twelve round shot going right through the *Terrible*, doing, however,

1854 little damage,\* only killing a poor fellow and wounding four others, one of them belonging to our own ship. Upon this the steamers crept close in, and the *Sampson* and *Tiger* steamed very near in shore, and seemed as if they could not have enough of it. What their casualties have been I do not know, but I think very trifling. The Russians, it is supposed, suffered severely. I have heard the loss estimated at 1,000 men, but probably ten would be nearer the mark. Among other episodes of Saturday's bombardment I must mention that we had a large number of boats employed in discharging rockets to fire the shipping in the harbour. When the fascine battery I have spoken of exploded, two rocket boats dashed in and fired a small sloop of war, and several other craft, which exploded at intervals during the day and last night. The Russians, who are the most resolute, energetic rascals, immediately brought up three or four field guns with ammunition tumbrils; and while the rocket boats were engaged in destroying the shipping, they suddenly found themselves exposed to a brisk fire, which obliged them to beat a rapid retreat. As they pulled away they gave their new friends a parting salute, which succeeded in exploding one of the tumbrils, and must have done much damage, for no more guns were fired by the horse artillery. The damage done to ships must have been very great. Many of them lie prostrate in the harbour. Four or five have blown up, and we have seen them burning all to-day. The most picturesque part of the proceedings was the attack of the *Arethusa* upon a tormenting mortar battery on the heights to the left of the town. This saucy craft, and she is as saucy as she is beautiful, made up her mind to do something desperate, and being ordered to cruise, coolly stood in for the shore and undauntedly received the enemy's fire until she had come within short range. She then ran up into the wind and rounded to in the most graceful style, and delivered her broadside with the regularity of a Spithead review. I saw no fewer than seven shells in succession burst over the battery, which was in an unfinished trench. The artillerymen ran like lamp-lighters. How many were left behind I do not know, but any loss was soon made up, for, before the *Arethusa* had stood in again to give them another dose, they had shot away the Captain's gig. The frigate gave them two more broadsides

\* According to the log of the *Terrible* the damage done was severe enough to need the loan of eight of the *Queen's* carpenters on the 25th to aid in the work of repair.

in return, and then sailed off as calmly as if nothing had happened. It was certainly a beautiful sight, and delighted Jack in the extreme. After all, a sailor loves the old traditional mode of fighting, and rather distrusts a steamer with her shell guns, and paddle-box boats, and dirty sails.\* 1854

The signal for recall was made about five o'clock and the ships then came out of action, leaving the *Highflyer* behind to keep things "snug." She reports to-day that the Russians are making batteries all along the beach. Indeed we expect they have received reinforcements, for when summoned to capitulate, the Governor calmly said that he had not heard of the Declaration of War, and begged us to give him till to-day before we began to pull his nose. It seems to be the fashion in Russian high places to lie. I do hope that the Admiral will send us in to-morrow as well as the steamers; we are only just out of range, and there is plenty of water. In fact I think we might throw in a shot even here, for yesterday the shot and shell were cracking and buzzing all about us. It is true his instructions are to retain his line of battle ships until he meets with the Sevastopol squadron, which number equally with ourselves, and which we hourly expect to relieve Odessa: but it is no use doing things by halves. The steamers fired away all their shell yesterday, and it did not effect very much I suspect, except setting fire to the ships and town, and killing a few wretched artillerymen. As we have no troops we cannot hope to take the town, which at present holds 40,000 men, therefore our only course will be to cut it up so that it "will not hold water," and thus be an easy prey when our troops come. It can only be done by a powerful force such as we have now. All the civilians have left the town, and nobody remains but the military. A sharp and thorough movement will, I think, in the end mitigate the horrors of war.

I shall send this by the first opportunity, and if my sheet is filled will give you remaining news by the next mail—if I live to do so. I hardly expect that it will be possible to begin again to-morrow, the sea is so high. It is now nearly two months since I left England, and I have heard from almost everybody but you. How is this?

*Tuesday.*—We are expecting hourly to go to the blockade of Sevastopol, this bombardment of Odessa being but an

\* In the light of after events there was historic romance in Captain Mend's gallant feat in the *Arethusa*, for no British sailing frigate has since that occasion attacked land defences.

1854 "episode" in the history of the war. Our casualties in both English and French ships amounted to one killed and ten wounded. What the Russians lost no one will ever know. This letter goes directly. Best love and remembrances to all dear ones at home.

P.S.—John Adye comes to the East as Brigade-Major of Artillery. This will ensure promotion of some sort for him. I should like to have met him. We have reports of peace.

We find in the ship's log that the *Arethusa* was noted "under all plain sail" bombarding a fort. The incident has been commented upon thus :

"One of the prettiest manœuvres I ever heard of in  
 "my time was done by the old *Arethusa*, a fifty-gun  
 "sailing frigate. She attacked a fort off Odessa, in  
 "the Black Sea. Sailing in she fired first one broad-  
 "side ; in tacking she fired her bow guns ; then she  
 "hove about, and fired her other broadside ; wore  
 "round and fired her stern guns. I do not know how  
 "many times this was repeated ; but it was a fine  
 "display of handling."\*

The steamers and rocket boats were still firing the town, when the Admiral, well knowing that effectually damaging the port included the destruction of neutral ships in the harbour, made the general recall.

In a letter from Admiral Dundas occurs the following brief confirmation of this decision :

"A few days ago we gave Odessa a little of our shot  
 "and shell. It was well done by the steamers, five  
 "English and four French and six rocket boats. I  
 "spared the town, though in a few hours we could  
 "have knocked both it and the Mole, where the neutral  
 "ships were, into a mass of fire. The Fort, Imperial  
 "Mole and Russian shipping were all destroyed. I

\* From "A Middy's Recollections," page 28.—Rear-Admiral the Honble. Victor Alexander Montagu.



“ did, in conjunction with my French colleagues what we considered our duty after the flag of truce had been fired on.”\* 1854

Returning to their stations beside the Fleet, the *Queen* cheers the dauntless *Terrible*, whose name was hardly significant of the fact that the fighting complement of this paddle steamer was only twenty-one guns albeit 68-pounders; † nautical nomenclature in that instance apparently also indicating the valour of the ship's crew—an immeasurable quantity—as well as numerical strength of horse power and munitions of war. ‡

The presence of the troops at Malta not proving sufficient intimidation to Russian diplomatists, the Allies determined to push forward into Turkish territory. Vessel after vessel passed through the Dardanelles to Gallipoli, where the British troops, under Lieutenant-General Sir George Brown, and the French, under General Canrobert, were soon established. Gallipoli purveying arrangements having been extremely scanty, the new comers foraged from each other as best they could; begged, borrowed or ——— from anyone. Our soldiers seem to have had little preparation made for them, but, for the nonce, they were cheerful, and did not take the discomforts too seriously, while official sins were already bearing fruit in scarcity of everything needed for a campaign.

The French here assumed the dictatorship, and

\* History of the War (Cooke Stafford, page 262).

† In 1854 the heaviest gun carried afloat was the 68-pr. of 95 cwt.

‡ On the day of bombardment (Saturday, 22nd April) this frigate's log contains entries at intervals. At 10.50 the following is recorded: “ Let go S.B. in 5½ fms. and stream anchor sprung stbd. broadside to enemy and commenced firing shot and shell.” At 11: “ Observed enemy's shipping on fire.” At 1.45: “ Let go S.B. and stream anchor off the Mole . . . . opened fire on the forts with red hot shot and shell.”

On the 23rd, daylight: “ Observed shipping in Odessa still burning. 7: Down T.G. yards stocked S.B. anchor with spare stock, former one being shot away,” and other casualties.

It was the *Terrible* which took the news of the bombardment to Constantinople on the 27th.

1854 inaugurated a kind of military occupation. While our commissariat was inadequate, both in numbers and powers, they supplemented theirs, which was vastly superior, by obtaining even luxuries, and locust-like cleared the way whenever they were bent on procuring provisions. Their experience as foragers in Africa, their quick and intelligent methods of making themselves understood, and a certain characteristic quality of devil-may-care selfishness, secured to this energetic army the best of everything, and frequently all that was at the moment to be bought or plundered. The resources of Gallipoli becoming sorely taxed, for the port as well as the town was crowded, the *Himalaya* arriving there on the 13th of April with more than 1,700 men on board, was ordered by Sir George Brown on to Scutari where the barrack of Selemnieh had been placed at the disposal of the British. Here also was an hospital which afterwards became the historic Golgotha of suffering—Scutari Hospital, and later, when Miss Nightingale reorganised its management, the welcome refuge of the sick and wounded from the Crimea.

The barracks was now a War Office, divided into departments, where bustle and flurry were the order of the day. The troops, under Sir de Lacy Evans, were encamped on the plain of Haidar Pacha between Scutari and Kadi-koi.\* Transports and troopships, all of which were reported to have sailed with sealed orders, arrived daily.

Novelty has its uses : though the soldiers find more to drink than is good for them, they are hopeful and almost gay ; the grim circumstance of war has not yet actually overtaken them. The women of the Regiments wash their clothes in the Bosphorus, and use the cypress trees of the great cemetery when they want to dry them in this consecrated ground where the pious Mussulman loves to lay his dead, for Asia is to him sacred, and Islam recognises the desire of her sons to be buried here.

\* The place of a Kadi or Judge.

The Osmanli regards the new comers with curious amazement, and is often provoked to mutter the invocation: "Inshallah"! 1854

During March and April Woolwich displays sleepless energy: "Eight batteries of Horse and Field Artillery are despatched to the East in sailing ships. Siege train companies and reserves of munitions of war are sent off also,\* but provisions for sick and wounded are *nil*, and lack of every sort of preparation in the Commissariat Department to keep the troops in health, make disease certain, and suffering sure.

\*"Recollections of a Military Life," page 11.—General Sir John Adye, G.C.B., R.A.

## CHAPTER V.

As the spring of 1854 was ending, it must have been painfully obvious to the Tsar that he was embarked on a gigantic hazard. Although for half a year Nature was his stern and sure ally, the very vastness of his empire now became its disadvantage, offering so many and widely separated vulnerable points of attack. His forces had to be skilfully disposed; the forts of the Baltic and Euxine strengthened; defenceless towns garrisoned; and batteries erected wherever an enemy was likely to penetrate, or foreign ships to bring destruction. He displayed immense energy in every direction, personally inspecting fortifications and superintending both naval and military preparations, while retaining in his own hands the entire and absolute control of the international policy of Russia.

The activity of all the Great Powers was now also incessant; but England did not yet realise the magnitude of the task which confronted her, for its colossal nature was only dimly shadowed forth. Although it appeared to those of our sailors and soldiers already in proximity to the enemy that much valuable time was fruitlessly slipping away, in judging of the conspicuous blundering that has become history, it must not be forgotten that, so far as the Admiralty and War Office were concerned, the arrears of a long period of some condition akin to inertia had now to be hurriedly dealt with by those who had no precedent, in their own experience, to be their guide. It was strange indeed

that circumstances did not produce a Cabinet Minister strong enough to revolutionise a time-worn system. 1854

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

5th May, 1854.

Thank you for your long, kind letter which yesterday brought to me. I am glad to find that you have been enjoying yourself at Sandford. I know of no place I have yet seen which is so fertile, so beautiful in natural scenery as our own land; each village there has points of neatness and even luxury that even many of the first towns of the East seem to me to lack. The famed Greece, as far as I could see it, is at best but a barren land. It is true that ages of uncultivation (if there be such a word) have destroyed its productive qualities. I am speaking of things as they are. Tell Jenner he may back the view from his drawing-room window for beauty against all Arcadia, although I have never seen the latter, yet I can guess its condition, the beauty only of the dead.

We have been here some fourteen days, hovering on and off near this far-famed arsenal, in order that the Russians may come out, if they will. Their ships are comfortably ensconced in the dockyard creek protected by about 1,500 guns, so that no earthly power from seaward can effect an entrance, unless a heavy land force makes a simultaneous attack. The Crimea is covered with snow, and Sevastopol must be a cold place, lying, as it does, at the foot of a lofty hill exposed to the sea breezes. We have not been nearer than three miles, so that I can give you but a faint idea of it, but it seems entirely a military town; nothing but batteries, batteries, batteries. There are about fourteen sail there, as far as we can discover.

I see by the papers that wiseacres at home complain of the inertness of Admiral Dundas. It is all very well to talk so with one's toes on the hob and a glass of hot whiskey toddy not far off, but get opposite a battery with as many rows of guns as a three decker, and all of their shot telling upon your wood and but few of yours telling upon their stone, and then, as the Turks say, "Marshallah, we shall see!" There are, it is said, besides these guns, 120,000 troops concentrated in Sevastopol, and more still will be there, for the Russians are

1854 retiring from Wallachia. We have no troops, and are not likely to have any while those who should be here are "larking" in Paris—aides de camp kissing their mammas, and generals fitting themselves out at their leisure with appropriate toggery. That won't take Sevastopol nor help 40,000 gentlemen of the sword out of Odessa. The Russians are not so strong as they have been represented. A determined effort *now* would win the day, but I plainly see the opportunity will be lost. We have been hugging ourselves too long with the idea that we are the finest nation in the world, and it is taken for granted that the prestige of the English name will (as heretofore) be all-powerful. If you hear anyone give utterance to these sentiments, do pull his nose, for my sake. The Russians evidently anticipate the invasion of the Crimea; they know better what we ought to do than we ourselves. To-day a squadron from this Fleet sails for Anapia, a fortified town on the Circassian or Georgian coast, with instructions, it is said, not to leave it until it is destroyed. Schamyl, a Circassian chief, aids us with troops, and we have sent money, arms and ammunition to him. He has offered to invade the Crimea with his cavalry. This would be just the thing, but no dependence is to be placed upon these fellows, and they have, besides, no artillery. Probably when our force is reduced the Russians will come out and try their strength. There seems to be no news from the Baltic, except the probable loss of the *Amphion* by running aground near Hamburg. What she went there for I cannot see. I think it must be a mistake.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

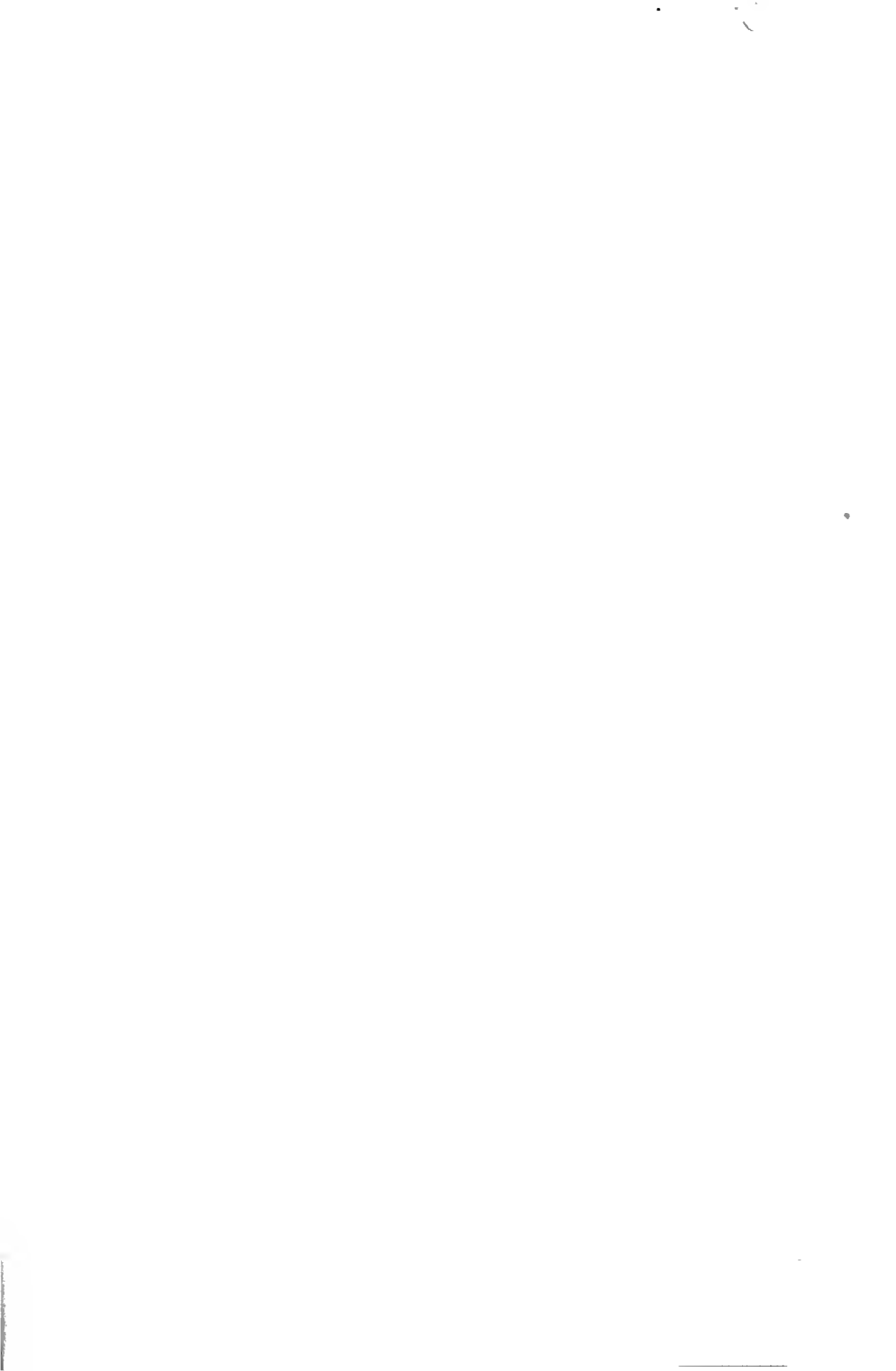
6th May, 1854.

My daily (or almost daily) entries for your benefit have been somewhat interrupted of late by a slight attack of bronchitis which is flying about the ship like an epidemic. No less than forty-seven are on the sick list, chiefly from this cause. It has only proved fatal in one solitary case. I am now all but well, and shall, I hope, be able to execute my Sunday office (which was obliged to be omitted last week). I received two packets of letters from home yesterday which appear to have been posted at separate times; the last, it seems, was posted 14th April and reached Stamboul the 2nd May and this place 5th May. I am glad to find all well, and even that Dick is in life and likely to recover is much



H.M.S. AGAMEMNON.

A QUIET PEEP AT THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN SEVASTOPOL. APRIL 25TH, 1854.  
FROM A PICTURE BY FLAG-LIEUTENANT COWPER COLES.





more than I expected from the last accounts. Thank you especially for your kind expressions of love to me. 1854

I am sorry you could not send the "Quarterly"; it was published the *day after* you wrote your first letter and could have been obtained if previously ordered. But even in England it is necessary to make arrangements in these little matters. A box of books can be sent to me three times a month from Southampton, and any shipping agent there (and it is easy to find one) will carefully forward it to me at a small charge for booking. "Blackwood" and "Fraser" are taken in by the mess, so please do not purchase either of these. We have *Punch* supplied regularly, as well as the daily papers, Naval and Military gazettes, Galignanis, *Courier de Constantinople*, &c., &c. What I want is not particularly "improving books," as they are called, but English literature of the standard kind. This is valuable in England, doubly so four thousand miles away. Next to this the "Quarterly Review" is the best. I had been feeding on the hope of seeing it for many weeks.

Please thank Aunts Henry and Helen for the present of jam; it will be very acceptable, although this is the land of sweets. When at Constantinople we used to buy pounds at a time of those "sweets" which in England are only to be found at Trowbridge. Do you know the kind I mean? In the bazaars at Stamboul they are as thick as hops; indeed all our English lozenges and things of that kind evidently come from the East. The schoolboy's "alicampane" is a Turkish delight. We hope to return to Bulgaria in a day or two. There in one neighbourhood two thousand years ago the people were called Melitophage, or honey eaters. Whether the natives or the English are the honey eaters now it is difficult to determine. Honey is so cheap and good that we all eat it; comb, honey and bees all go down.

I suppose Buckley will be at Gallipoli by the end of the month, if he has a fair wind. This place is twenty-five miles or more from the Golden Horn. I should enjoy seeing him, but he will not be able to get to Baldjeh or Kavarna. I should like to be in England now instead of cruising about this Black Sea. The Turks deserve great credit for the name they gave it; it is black enough, one day fine and hot, the next blowing a gale. The water is of a dull leaden colour, not the beautiful blue of the Mediterranean. I suppose the discomfort we live in gives us a bad impression. All the bulk heads, *i.e.*, the cabin walls, so to speak, are knocked away and everything but mere necessaries sent below. My palace on the quarter

1854 deck is now occupied by a gun, and I myself have descended once more to a cockpit cabin. I suppose it will not last long and it is no use grumbling, but I do think the Government ought not to make us pay income tax considering our sufferings (?).

I see James East has gone to the *Hague* as junior lieutenant. I hope he will be comfortable there. I hear from all his mess-mates he is a very excellent fellow.

TO HIS SISTER.

H.M.S. *Queen*.

8th May, 1854.

• Thank you for your kind note. When you next write, do not trouble yourself to indict any "great news" as you call it. We greedily devour all this from the papers, and probably know more of what is going on in the world than you. But personal news and family "chit-chat," from the birth of a baby to the death of a puppy, is all interesting when read "off Sevastopol."

We have been cruising within sight of Sevastopol for the last ten days, and shall have to remain here for another ten, in order that the Governor may have time to send to St. Petersburg to ask for instructions to attack us. I do sincerely hope he will come out. A large portion of our fleet has gone to storm Anapa, a strong fortress on the Circassian coast, and so we are more equally matched than we were a week ago. I never longed for an engagement till now, but news has reached us that at Odessa the other day the Russians seized all the merchant seamen who were in the town (having first detained them there as prisoners) and forced them down to the batteries at the point of the bayonet, so that many who fell on that day were our own compatriots thus treacherously murdered. We saw the artillerymen force persons to the guns, but we thought it was some of their own soldiery, and little dreamt of their being English. This is a deed worthy of the brutality of the war of Mexico, in the times of Cortes or Pizarro. We cannot do more than we did at Odessa, because all the standing property there mainly belongs to English, Italians and Germans. Under other circumstances how gladly would we lay the town in ashes, and teach them to respect at last the laws of civilised warfare.

The weather is very strange in this Black Sea. On Saturday

the fog was so thick that we could not discern the length of the ship, and the whole fleet were obliged to anchor in eighty-nine fathoms of water! a thing never known before by the "oldest inhabitant." Fancy letting out five hundred and thirty-four feet of cable before the "mud hook" touched the ground. The next day the sun shone out brightly, and the fog rolled away to leeward in a thick yellow bank. 1854

Constantinople is filled with troops. The Guards are much admired by the Turkish ladies, who stop and talk to them, to the indignation of all "true believers." Messirie's Hotel, where I was, is filled with officers. Some of them behave as soldier officers sometimes do, taking the barrack room wherever they go. The English Ambassador's chaplain, a mild, inoffensive man, used to live at Messirie's, that he might have ready intercourse with the English, but he felt obliged to shift his quarters. I wonder he does not report to the Horse-guards.

TO HIS SISTER.

Black Sea,

10th May, 1854.

I had not intended to have written to you by this mail, but it having been delayed for a day longer than we expected, the opportunity must not be lost of sending even a short note to thank you for yours.

I have enclosed a list of books, &c., I want. If you get them for me, and have them packed in a box and forwarded to some shipping agent at Southampton, they will reach me by first steamer that comes out. If they are sent by sailing vessels it takes six weeks or two months to arrive here, so that, owing to damp, length of voyage, and rough treatment, almost every one may be spoiled. To send parcels so will consequently be "penny wise and pound foolish."

Your time seems to be very nicely cut out. It is indeed a happiness to be thus fully occupied. We also on board have our many occupations, but the circumstances of time and place so affect our studies that nothing can be done regularly. It would be of inestimable value to me if I knew French well and mathematics, and I am making some progress in both, but the impossibility of finding a quiet spot, or even light and air for studying, makes my progress very slow indeed.

We are now, as you will learn from my other letter, off the

1854 forts of Sevastopol, and are very likely to remain here, I fancy, for some time to come. The Russians have fortified it during the past year to an almost impregnable degree. It is as strong as, or stronger than, Gibraltar.

The papers, I see, make a great outcry at the inertness of Admiral Dundas. I wish one or other of the writers could be out here as Commander-in-Chief. Not only has the old Admiral to command the Fleet, but he has to furnish it with stores of provision and powder, and the steamers with coal; to please a French Admiral, and two Ambassadors at Constantinople; to place himself in such a position that he may guard Varna and Constantinople and yet watch the Black Sea; and, at the same time, has to take good care not to risk his line of battle-ships, for if these are lost, it will be impossible to get more from home, the public seeming to care so little about us, and evidently fancying this great war to be a mere flea-bite. However, we must do the best we can. The ship is very sickly; almost all of us have been ill. Some of the men have died, and one of the officers passed away last night. I shall be very glad when it is time to return to Besika Bay and rest there snugly for a while.

The *Emen*, one of the Oriental steamers, arrived here yesterday from Constantinople with provisions and stores for the Fleet. She brought us a few letters also. Mind you send me a full, true, and particular account of *private* news. How the "cow with the crumpled horn" continues in health, what the Horticultural Shows are-like, what new books there are, who wrote them, and what is thought of them; how all our friends are in town and country, and so on.

We are now, of course, anxious to hear what has been done by Admiral Napier in the Baltic: no news has yet reached us. "Old Charley" is greatly overmatched there, so that he should fight the Russian fleet bit by bit, if he can catch them.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

May 20th, 1854.

I sent a letter to you about a week ago, but in all probability it will reach you at the same time as this. We have some difficulty now in arranging to despatch our letters through France direct from Constantinople, as one ship takes letters and parcels straight on to Malta. However, they all go

somehow or another. Another time you wish to send to me, the P. and O. boats will bring out boxes of reasonable size for nothing, but instead of directing "Glass with care. Keep this side up," you must address them "Wearing apparel," or they are bound to put them in the hold with cargo. 1854

By the time this reaches you, you will have heard from the papers the account of our disaster. We have been three weeks cruising off Sevastopol, looking out for the Russians, who, of course, did not come out, and such an abominable state of weather I never saw. We had fogs daily, and you cannot imagine the difficulty there is to a large fleet in keeping its proper station. Night and day was spent in ringing bells and firing guns. Not a single accident happened to us in the Fleet, but our three lookout ships, which were sent to blockade Odessa, met with disaster in the fog. One night the *Tiger* went ashore a few miles from Odessa. As far as I can make out the particulars, they are shortly these. She had two consorts, the *Vesuvius* and the *Niger*. When the morning of that calamitous night broke, the *Niger* found herself under the guns of Odessa, but as they were not manned she escaped scot free, and steamed out post haste. Before she had gone far, the sound of guns attracted her attention, and soon she perceived the *Tiger's* masts over the fog, and the *Vesuvius* firing shell at a battery on shore. She made the signal of recall to the *Tiger*, but there was none to answer, and she was perceived to be abandoned and a-fire. The *Niger* and *Vesuvius* continued firing until five o'clock in the evening, and then ceased, sending in a flag of truce for news. The Russians informed them that the night before the look-out had heard the blowing off of the *Tiger's* steam, and knew she must be on shore. They also heard the word of command to throw overboard the guns and lay out an anchor, in order that she might be lightened and finally got off. They immediately ordered up a heavy field battery and a flotilla of armed boats, which arrived as soon as it was light enough to see the ill-fated ship. They fired for an hour at her, and finding no resistance, took possession of her. They discovered that several seamen were killed, one lieutenant (whom they described as a tall, handsome man, with dark whiskers, who can be no other, I think, than the second lieutenant), and a midshipman; and that the captain's left leg had been taken off by a ball. The officers and crew were made prisoners, but they had employed themselves, during their peppering, in burning all papers, signal books, and matters of value, and, lastly, setting fire to their

1854 ship, so that, although the Russians succeeded in destroying her, they took no prize. The midshipman who was killed was said to be the captain's nephew. Poor Captain Giffard, we hear, is very ill. His anxiety of mind must be greater than his bodily pain. He has lost (besides his leg) his ship, his nephew, and some of his crew, no little property, and, when he returns from captivity, if he survives, he must submit to a court martial, which I fervently hope will not be in his disfavour. These are all the particulars I can glean. Of course there are several circumstances which will not be cleared up until we hear from some of them. It seems the *Tiger* had outsailed the other two vessels, and had become separated from them in the fog, but how the master could have let his ship get on shore with the lead going, passes my comprehension. I feel the more interested in this matter as the *Tiger* was the ship in which I came out from Constantinople to Baldjeh. Captain Giffard and his officers were very kind indeed to me, and I feel deeply for their fate. I trust the Russians will treat them fairly. It is not known whether communication will be allowed.

A copy of the following letter was forwarded by Kelson Stothert to his father at a subsequent date : —

“I send you,” he then wrote, “an account of the loss of the *Tiger* from an authentic source—the surgeon of the ship. His narrative differs in some important particulars from that furnished by the Russians.”

Odessa,

15th May, 1854.

DEAR —,

H.M.S. *Tiger* struck the ground about 5.45 on the morning of the 12th in a dense fog, going four knots. On the weather clearing up we found ourselves within one hundred and fifty yards of the beach under a steep cliff. Our anchor was immediately laid out and the guns moved aft, shot, coals, water, ballast, etc., got out, and every means taken to lighten her. During three hours we were left unmolested. At the end of that time a field battery of about eight guns opened a most destructive fire upon us, and in about ten minutes the ship was on fire in two places, and the captain and four others

struck down dangerously wounded. Some of our guns had been thrown overboard, and the only one we fired could not be used with effect on account of the extreme elevation required. Under these circumstances, all other resistance being useless, the Russian flag was hoisted in token of surrender, and a boat was sent ashore to apprise the enemy of the fact, on which the firing instantly ceased. Orders were given for everyone to leave the ship immediately and take what things they liked, but in the hurry very few availed themselves of the permission, for, as the fog cleared up, the *Vesuvius* was observed, and we were informed that if we did not come on shore the firing would recommence. Before leaving the ship I amputated the left leg of Captain Giffard, it being carried away at the knee by shell. The right leg was also severely wounded by a piece of shell, which cut it to the bone. Mr. John Giffard lost both legs; Travis, captain of maintop, his left leg. Nood, a boy, was riddled with pieces of shell. These three are since dead. Tanner, ordinary seaman, was wounded by a shell in various places on the thighs and left hand (dangerously). Both he and Captain G. are doing well, the latter suffering more from the wound on the right leg than from the amputation. He endured much during the long transit from the beach to the town, five or six miles. We are now housed in the Lazaretto in comfortable rooms. Nothing can exceed the kindness and attention we receive from every one. We are well lodged, well fed, and every want attended to. Indeed, we are far better off in the way of eating than you can be in the Squadron after a month's cruise. I am writing this in a great hurry, as I see the *Furious* and *Vesuvius* in the bay with a flag of truce, and I hope to be able to send it. Lawless and myself are both in attendance on Captain G., and are allowed to see our men every day. There is very little sickness amongst them. They are all cheerful and well content, and are treated with every possible indulgence. Yesterday some English vessels and crews were liberated by orders from St. Petersburg. We want nothing, and the wife of General Osten Sacken has insisted on supplying us from her own house with any little delicacy or luxury for the captain's use. Personal visits are made every day by the Governor and other officers, who are all kindness. I send this outline for general information.

In great haste,

Yours,

H. J. DORNVILLE.

1854      End of letter of May 20th, 1854 :—

TO HIS MOTHER.

We are now on our road to Baldjik in Bulgaria for water. This will occupy us a week, and I suppose in a fortnight we shall be off Sevastopol once more. We could take the place if we had forty thousand European troops and fifty or sixty thousand Circassians and Turks. Without this complement of men we can do nothing but blockade. I hope the weather will alter, it is so very unhealthy. My cold has settled into a chronic sore throat and cough, which are very troublesome, and make me ill and feverish. My glorious cabin, as I told you, is a thing of the past, and I am occupying a stinking temporary one in the cockpit, having a great bilge-water-pipe running through it, which in hot weather smells delightful. Such are the fortunes of war. I believe a blockade is always a troublesome affair, and all engaged must suffer more or less. We hope to find letters waiting for us to-morrow, and shall probably see something in Galignani of the Baltic Fleet. I suppose "foolhardy Charley" will put his foot into it some time or another. Of course, the papers will incite Pall Mall against the Admiral of this fleet. They must abuse somebody, and so set upon *us* the Peace Party. I can only wish for a bagful of editors within range of Sevastopol, or rather that they had been on board the late lamented warship *Tiger*.

Admiral Sir Charles Napier's fine Baltic Fleet comprised such ships as the *Duke of Wellington*, *The Edinburgh*, *Blenheim*, *Hogue*, *Ajax*, *Leopard*, *Bulldog*, *Termagant*, *Basilisk*, *Penelope*, *Arrogant*, *Hecla*, *Locust*, *Porcupine*, *Gorgon*, *Otter*, *Albion*, *Cuckoo*, *Sphinx*, *Gladiator*, *Stromboli*, *Vulture*, *Pigmy* and *Lightning*, as well as another squadron under Commodore Martin, who during the summer hovered about Helsingfors and Kronstadt.

The Allied Fleets in that sea were occupied principally in blockading. The bombardment of Kronstadt, Sveaborg, Bomarsund, and other almost unapproachable citadels and forts, doubtless appeared simple enough on paper, but Admiral Napier and Admiral



Parseval Deschenes were already beginning to suspect that without a land force the expedition would prove a failure. 1854

The Russian naval force in the Baltic, in two divisions, stationed at Helsingfors and Kronstadt, consisted of thirty line of battle ships, six frigates, all sailing vessels, five sailing brigs and corvettes and ten paddle-wheel steamers; a gunboat flotilla and various schooners, luggers, and transports.\*

TO A FRIEND.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

26th May, 1854.

I was at Varna yesterday, and of course had a search after the antiquities of the ancient Odessus. All I could find were two articles, one an ancient bath and the other a marble slab which once adorned a fountain at the head of the town, now glorying in Arabesque ornaments and passages from the Koran. A Greek priest gave me the date of the inscription. As I know you are fond of these things I send it to you. The slab was chipped and broken, so I have filled up the wanting words with dotted letters, so . . . . . The XIT at the beginning may be *Duxit* or *constituit*, or anything you please. I think DUXIT, as that would be the *right sized* word for its position. I have copied each letter accurately, and I notice a great confusion between the Greek and Latin characters. I have not been *quite* lucky in the length of the lines, some of them ought to have been drawn more to the right, as you will see by the defaced portions. But although I took great care with the aid of a dirty priest to copy it correctly, I must lay the score of want of fac-simile at the door of the Turks, Greeks and Bashi-Bazouks, who crowded round and hurried me over my task. It is good enough for practical purposes, and I myself was satisfied with having performed my devotion to Clio, and then returned to the object I had in my journey, to see troops, lines, guns and fortifications, rather than old inscriptions. Can you let me know what Greek town might have stood on the site of Baldjeh or Kavarna. There is much masonry, but no inscriptions. No book nor map I have informs me on this point. I will send you a copy of some

\* W. Cooke Stafford's "History of the War," page 141.

1854 inscriptions at Sinont (Sinope), if you still take an interest in these things. I was very much pleased with Varna, and am bent upon going to Shumla or Silistria if I can. I have not time to stop another moment as I must send this away. My very kind regards to you all.

Baldjik *Kavov*—Ciuni, from its springs, afterwards Dionysopolis.

Odessus A Milesian colony.

Baba or Temesvar } Tomi—the scene of Ovid's banishment.

Near the wall of Pravadi } Marianopolis, so called from the sister of Trajan.

Silistria or Dristra } \*Durostorum, the birthplace of Otius.

Sizeboli Apollonic demdr. Sozopolis.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

May 27th, 1854.

I received another letter from you on my return from Varna yesterday, whither three or four of our officers and I had gone to inspect the fortifications. I have not kept up my plan of writing to you every day simply because it was impossible. My journal has daily entries for three weeks something like the following:—

*Tuesday*.—Fog. Saw the bowsprit from the quarter deck about midday.

*Wednesday*.—Heard a gun to the north-west, supposed to be the Admiral.

*Thursday*.—Three ships were visible for a few moments about ten yards off. One of them supposed to be a steamer. Fired a gun and was answered by the hail, "Who are you, old fellow?" &c., &c.

Such is all I have had to enter of late. I hope you will not send photographic paper without the machine, as it will be quite useless, and I shall only give it away. You might as

\* Query whether the Italian of Leg. I. Ital, or Leg. XI. Claudia

well send me a horse's tail without a horse. It is impossible to borrow these things as they are easily disarranged. I cannot afford to buy one, so it must be lost. 1854

We went down to Varna in the *Bellerophon*, having been refused leave to ride, on account of the disturbed state of the country. The officers there treated us with exceeding kindness and gave us bed (*i.e.*, hammocks), breakfast and dinner. We were two days at Varna. It has 10,000 Turkish and Egyptian troops. The fortifications have been, and doubtless are, strong, but they are in a very dilapidated state. The guns are all, except a few brass ones, made at Woolwich. We called upon the English consul, who was very civil, and then we lionised the town and walked out to look at the forts under the Balkan. The troops were very glad to see us, and we were stared at as if ogres. The sentries have learned to present arms and stand at "tention," European fashion, and nothing could exceed the obsequiousness with which they pestered us; if we fell asleep the slap of a musket woke us up and we found a soldier standing over us at the "present," and so had to rise and return the salute. The bimbashées, or colonels, came and shook hands with us, and then we had to swallow such quantities of pipes and coffee that our digestions will be disarranged for some days to come. The English and French troops will soon be in Varna. The Light Division leaves Stamboul for that place to-day. When we were there a section of our sappers, and the Zouaves, and 500 French engineers landed; the latter are most magnificent men, provided with everything needed for active service. Our army, I am told, is all at sixes and sevens, and will suffer terribly in the ensuing campaign. How true it is that to be safe and at peace one must always be prepared for war.

I have constant employment in writing letters, my friends are so numerous and anxious to hear from me. I had a kind note from Lord Valentia last night asking me to write to him, which, of course, I have done. Best love.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

29th May, 1854.

I have another accidental opportunity of writing home, although I sent only the day before yesterday. There is, indeed, nothing to communicate, but as I know that you value even a few lines, it is reason enough for me.

1854

You will have seen in my other letters a "full, true and particular account" of my visit to Varna last week. I enjoyed the "escapade" exceedingly after our long confinement in blockading Sevastopol. The most painful part of sea work is (to me) the constraint and want of necessary exercise. As to walking, it is out of the question, and I cannot enjoy the sport of shooting as the other officers do, for I have no weapons nor powder, and all personal property is too precious out here to lend or borrow. There are plenty of hares, ducks and wild birds of variegated and beautiful plumage in the woods. You could not do me a greater kindness than sending me out a good supply of Dartford powder in canisters, with a bag or two of shot and caps. None of these things can we get here, except very bad and at an extraordinary price. I wish you would lend me your double barrel, but I would rather have a smaller and lighter gun of *double*. I think you had one for your own use. It is dreary work being obliged to wander by one's self on the seashore, all others shooting. Everyone coming to the Mediterranean brings guns, powder and shot as a matter of course and necessity, and I ought to have done so.

The *Agamemnon* has just returned with Sir E. Lyons. They have had a beautiful cruise on the coast of Circassia, and have gained one or two bloodless victories. We have been amusing ourselves greatly at "yarns" told about the bombardment of Odessa; the biggest are those that come from the governor and the inhabitants. They must have been in a famous fright.

We are likely to be here some time, and it is better than blockading Sevastopol. I have just been looking at a plan of the latter place. One hundred and ninety-two guns command the entrance, besides many line-of-battle ships, so that it is an impossibility to effect an entrance by water. What an army can do is another question. The whole of the Light Division of the army of the east will be at Varna to-day. Probably, if the siege of Silistria is raised, the troops will move onward to Sevastopol or Anapa, and, in conjunction with ourselves, "polish off" those places. I suspect we shall remain here until some operation of the kind has been concluded, which I hope will be soon, for it must not be forgotten that by October we must be again in port for winter quarters. If our troops are successful in case they go beyond Shumla, or if they remain in garrison there and the Turks proceed from Shumla to Silistria with success, then I suppose we shall have to carry them with us to the Crimea. It will be a fearful struggle, and I hope no pains,

no resources, will be spared to render the affair complete. The stories of Peninsular battles will be nothing to this. Once taken and destroyed, we may all go to the Baltic and work away there. I suppose Buckley will be here soon with his horse transport. 1854

When you send the gun and powder, which I beg you will do, do not forward by a sailing ship, but to Mr. Selby, tailor, Portsmouth, and ask him to let me have them by one of the P. & O. steamers. I bought a coat and paid him for it, so he will recollect my name. The *Banshee* is just going away, and I must despatch this hasty scrawl.

Meanwhile Omar Pasha, with wary skill, was massing his troops at Shumla, awaiting the oncoming of Prince Paskievitch, whose invasion of Danubian territory was purposed to quell the provinces, and to strike fear into the Councils of the Porte.

## CHAPTER VI.

ON the 2nd of May, 1854, Raglan Somerset, Lord Raglan, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the East, landed at Gallipoli from the *Emu*. He had learnt the art of war under Wellington, and at the battle of Waterloo a shot had deprived him of his right arm. In 1854 he was a full General and Master-General of the Ordnance.

It is doubtful whether that true and just sense of proportion, time alone can give, has yet enabled posterity to arrive at a dispassionate view of Lord Raglan as a military leader. The contemporary clamour of partisan and detractor is not yet completely silenced, but history eventually discards exaggeration, and in her thronged Walhalla, among the bravest he will doubtless have an honoured place. Hampered by instructions which laid upon him the responsibility of maintaining a difficult alliance, he had to act in consort with the French Commander-in-Chief, whom the irony of fate destined to be Achille St. Arnaud, a type of soldier the very antithesis of himself. In momentous circumstances strange contrasts are often presented, and these two individualities, in temperament as well as in mental and moral attributes, were so dissimilar that each to the other must have appeared a human problem to which be held no key

It cannot be considered that at any time they regarded the operations of the war from the same point of view, but, in consequence of Lord Raglan's studious avoid-

ance of argument, there was but little friction in the conferences, though the English Commander's reserved and resolute attitude would have been a constant source of irritation to a less self-satisfied mind than that of General St. Arnaud.

1854

Fettered by having to work in harmony with one from whom he at times differed absolutely, Lord Raglan's command was not supreme. The immediate impulse, prompted by military genius in moments of critical import, which, if acted upon promptly, makes the result so sure that all the apparently untoward circumstances preceding decision seem but phases of a vast plan leading to certain success, was never displayed in his career in the East. The campaign was not without opportunities for culminating events, and had he been sole disposer of the forces, unhindered by Cabinet instructions and consequent deterring influences, there is reason to believe, with his swift and unerring discernment, he would not have been lacking in that rapid determination, and brilliant daring, in which the famous leaders of all times have proved their skill. A military expedient may appear equivocal to those whose duty it is to fulfil it, but the great General *knows his inspiration is right*, and in *his* mind there is room neither for divided councils nor unwarlike hesitation. Unfortunately Lord Raglan had frequently to encounter both opposition and ill-timed delay. His fine qualities of imperturbable calm and self-control endued him with a singularly potent command over his own emotions, so that sudden tidings appeared to find him unsurprised, and news of disaster he could receive and comment upon in that unprejudiced spirit which enabled him to be silent as to adjudgement of blame, though ever quick in resource to repair the weakness or mistake which had caused reverse. Self-control and reserve well befit leaders of men, and to these characteristics throughout his unsullied life, Lord Raglan added stainless simplicity of moral purpose, rare courtesy, and disregard of his

1854 own individual interest. He shrank from every kind of personal display, and the manifestation of that careless *bonhommie* which is frequently as significant of a desire for approbation as of the wish to show true fellowship. Notwithstanding, his most admiring friends regretted he did not oftener unbend, as his modest and dignified demeanour was apt to be mistaken for pride, though those who knew him best\* were aware that inherent noble-mindedness made a certain kind of popularity as distasteful to him as the hasty and unjust comments upon some of his actions, which it was out of the power of the writers to understand.

A mere tyro in the study of human nature could easily fill in the historic outline of the character of the man with whom his instructions bade him act in consort. Even Time, the magician, has not cast that glamour over St. Arnaud's reputation which the undoubted possession of some brilliant qualities might have evoked. By turns *litterateur*, poet, soldier and adventurer; vain, dashing, handsome†; delighting in power and enterprise; parading a gay courage during

\* One of whom, Lord George Paget remarks, in his diary shortly after Balaklava:—"Lord Raglan rode through our camp this afternoon, which caused some excitement among our fellows, rushing out to cheer him in their shirt sleeves. But he did not say anything. How I longed for him to do so as I walked by his horse's head. One little word, 'My boys, you have done well!' or something of the sort, would have cheered us all up, but *then it would have entailed on him more cheers*, which would have been distasteful to him; more's the pity, though one cannot but admire such a nature." "The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea." Page 75.—General Lord George Paget, K.C.B.

† Opinions varied on this point: The French Ambassador gave a ball at Constantinople soon after his Commander-in-Chief arrived. "General Baraguay himself is a fine looking man," wrote an officer who was present, "but General St. Arnaud is a miserable-looking little fellow, with a small head and very receding forehead and small twinkling eyes."—"The Crimean War from First to Last." Page 26.—General Sir S. Lysons, G.C.B.

The following implies that a horse lent dignity, that was not native, to the appearance of the French Commander-in-Chief: "Marshal St. Arnaud often visited our lines; his cavalcade was striking. In front rode a dozen Arab cavaliers. . . . Then came the Marshal, thin and very haggard, but a soldier every inch, supported on either side by that lion in the fray, the gentle, long-haired Canrobert, spectacles on nose; by Bosquet, stout and stern; and by fat, good-humoured Prince Napoleon, outwardly a coarsely executed copy of his incomparable uncle."—"Our Veterans." Page 40.



intervals of absolute bodily weakness, which compels a kind of grim admiration; restlessly energetic; avaricious and keen in business matters; the victim of his own vices; hated of his fellow-countrymen, and accredited with the deeds of a monster in Algeria: such is the individual sent by Louis Napoleon to uphold the military honour of France in the East.

At the time the supreme command devolves upon him, his reputation will not bear daylight; much that is known of his character in the world has an evil sound, and many of his actions are suspected of being unfit for discussion.

Though France, both openly and secretly, has been the ally of Turkey in past centuries, a claim now put forth is certainly not justified by precedent.

Immediately St. Arnaud arrives, in order to gain ascendancy, he suggests that he should take command of the whole of the Ottoman army; indeed, that a certain number of Turkish troops and artillery should be incorporated with the French Divisions; but our astute Ambassador, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, frustrates these designs by reference to a treaty which provides that the three armies should remain under distinct commanders.

In May Omar Pasha meets the two Western chiefs at Varna. He counsels them to move their armies up to Bulgaria, where his own is menaced by the oncoming, across the Danube, of the legions of the Tsar.

During the month Lord Raglan at Scutari reviews the Army by divisions; and General Airey has brigade days; but, though the officers say the soldiers know their work, the Generals and Staff are deficient. One diary contains the following, under date of May 19th, 1854: "Old Sir George Brown has been doing his best to bully everybody into his place: he is a fine old soldier, but rather crabbed."\* Sir George Brown's

\* "Crimea from First to Last," page 23.—General Sir Daniel Lysons, G.C.B.

1854 duties, however, are no sinecure, and are both difficult and diversified; moreover, his brilliant reputation does not rely on his peculiarities, which are, after all, only a stern conservatism, bordering on the humorous.

On the 31st of May, His pale Majesty, Abdul Medjid-Khan, the Sultan of Turkey, by the Grace of Allah, Commander of the Faithful, honours the troops of the Allies by reviewing them on Haidar Pacha. Riding his steed with that ease so typical of his swift-going, carelessly graceful cavalry, he has to endure much ceremony, saluting, firing and music—the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums. Truly a brilliant pageant. No horoscope foretold the speedy, tragic fate that awaited thousands of that glittering throng; nor the immeasurable suffering to which most of them were hastening. “God is Great!” The future is ever a sealed book. They did not even dream of the terrible experiences that were to be endured, else, contrasted with such a hideous nightmare, what a childish farce this fine military parade must have seemed.

It appears to have suggested itself to the Home Government, as a strategic necessity, to cut off Russia's communications with the Black Sea by the “occupation” of Perekof, and also of the entrance to the Sea of Azof; the army, however, was now conveyed to Bulgaria, though the departure from the Bosphorus was delayed by St. Arnaud, who endeavoured to dispose of his troops differently; the projected change was overruled by Lord Raglan's determination.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Baldjik Bay,

June 2nd, 1854.

We are expecting to leave this in a day or two for Sevastopol to have another turn at that abominable blockade. It is all we can do, however, and the Russians (our steamers bring us word) are “out.” Of course, while we are here steamers

are left cruising there. Others, too, are at the mouth of the Danube, and have to-day brought in six Dutchmen laden with provisions for the Russian force. It is a great pity that we allow any ships whatever to navigate this sea. We ought to blockade the Euxine if we mean to do any good. 1854

Admirals Dundas and Hamelin had just issued from Baltschik, eighteen miles to the north-west of Varna (where the Fleets were stationed at the time), a notification of the blockade of the ports and harbours of the Euxine, but it is evident the writer had not yet heard of this measure.

TO HIS MOTHER.

*Whit Sunday.*—The *Banshee* has just come in and brought my letters, and returns to Stamboul to-night, so that I have but a very few hours to spare to polish off my voluminous correspondence.

As I am so much pressed for time, will you find the means to acknowledge Jenner's letter which has reached me to-day, together with Hayden's.

Yesterday we went to a picnic party on shore. We carried a tent with us and the usual paraphernalia, and what is rather unusual, a guard of fifteen men with loaded muskets and bayonets. You will laugh, perhaps, at such precautionary measures, but they are very necessary here; there are so many prowling parties of all descriptions roving about Bulgaria. Several predatory persons came to pay us a visit, but we kept a sharp lookout lest they should steal, and so they favoured our prejudices with respect to the meaning of the word "mine" and "thine." We pitched our tent in a low wood close to a high road, and in the course of the day had many visitors. Just after dinner a party of Cossacks of the Don came to see us; they are deserters from Russia, and now serve in Turkey, and are a very fine cavalry corps. They were commanded by a Hungarian, a gentleman. He and his subaltern dined and smoked pipes with us. I was amused with the Oriental way in which we were treated. It is the custom here for everyone to keep open house. If you are hungry or thirsty you walk indoors and sit down. That is all you have to do. There is none of the "hope I don't intrude," and "pray don't mention it," and other polite humbugs of

1854 Fatherland, but coffee and pipes—the real wants of life in hot climates—are brought out at once, and you work away at these as long as you like. You have done the host a favour, not the host you, in such a case. Well, carrying out this principle, every traveller who came within sight of our white tent made his way to it, and was made welcome, the inferiors sitting outside, and the grandees squatting upon an old hearth-rug that we brought to serve as a company “divan.” It is the period of fasting, or Ramazan, with good Turks, but all that came to us “pegged away” at our infidel viands with most unholy avidity. We had a long walk into the country, and were very civilly treated. The whole land—a land of oil, olive and honey, and brooks of water—is now in its summer dress and very charming.

Thank Caroline for all her letters. If she writes on two thin sheets instead of crossing, it will be all the better. You have made some grievous mistakes about postage. I have 1s. 3d. to pay on all letters, and I have paid 16s. for extra postage from different quarters already. Please look to this. The postage is sixpence on officers' letters to Malta, but that is only two-thirds of the way here. However, alteration has been made lately. Papers give us views of the taking of some fort in the Baltic, and the loss of a gunboat. We have been laughing at the Russian accounts of the Odessa and *Tiger* businesses. I hope I shall meet John Adye.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

8th June, 1854.

I am going to write you a few lines, as I suppose a mail will go in a day or two. The *Britannia* has reached me of the date of May 10th, and a copy of the *Weekly Dispatch*. The newsagent you employ had better be told that unless he takes care to send out papers of the latest dates by the earliest means, they will be quite valueless. However good the leader may be, no one will be inclined to dive back into the State news of a month ago, and so the advantage of a clever newspaper is lost. We have had for some days London news of the date of the 25th May.

Yesterday the commander, captain of the marines and I had an excursion into the interior. We left the ship about five in the morning, and walked inland for three or four hours over some most beautiful country. Whenever we came to a Turkish

guardhouse we fraternised with the soldiers, and rested ourselves under their protection. They are goodnatured, courteous fellows, and the present of a handful of cigars or a pinch of powder make them our friends. I could not help once more contrasting my present life with that of a year ago, when I was expecting the great scene at the installation of the Chancellor at Oxford. Yesterday I was passing through an unknown land, where every man's hand is against his neighbour, or lounging on the floor of a Turkish guardhouse, regardless of fleas, bugs, "et hoc genus omne." One of the soldiers sang us a song, and played with a quill on a rude "pot-bellied" guitar, the ancient plectrum. I cannot say much for the music. What effect it would have had on the "used up" gentry, whom a hurricane from Costa's band cannot stir, I know not. The warrior's war song of yesterday was so simple, that it was merely a howl succeeded by a gasp. This he sang over more than twenty times, always using the same words and the same tune, till at last we cried, "Peki, good," and declined to trespass any more on his kindness.

The land we passed over is well watered and partially cultivated, and the principle of ownership is comprised in the celebrated maxim, "First come, first served." A man cannot say, "What's mine's my own"; he can only assert, "What's my own is only so, as long as I can keep it." I should not mind "squatting" here at all, and would do so greatly in preference to emigrating to Australia. I much miss the books I had hoped to receive last quarter. The captain of the *Tiger* still lives, and his wife has gone in a man-of-war to Odessa. We hope the Russians will receive her well.

June 9th,  
Baldjik.

We have just heard from one of our officers who has returned from Varna that our admirals on their recent visit there were unsuccessful in meeting the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Raglan. Neither of the latter is to be heard of, and so the admirals have returned disappointed, and of course no plans of operations have been determined on. I daresay we shall go for a cruise to pass the time.

There are about seven thousand English troops at Varna, and a few more French. Silistria was twice attacked by the Russians on Saturday night, and the Governor killed by a

1854 splinter of a shell. It is fully expected to fall before our troops arrive, for the Russians are pressing the siege with great vigour. No wonder the Turks accuse us of perfidy. Lord Raglan has given out that he does not expect a "bona-fide" war, and, I suppose, inoculated with these Aberdeenish opinions, he will carry on operations accordingly. Be it so. How can we expect aid to our own necessities when they come if we treat our allies so carelessly? By command of the Queen and the Prince, Sir James Graham has sent to our admiral, stating their commiseration for the unwarrantable attacks the Press have made upon him, and their entire satisfaction at his conduct of the war hitherto.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

11th June, 1854.

I have sent a long list of things I need (my only plan of supplying my wants in this desolate region, where the dull monotony of life becomes almost misery)—paint, pencils, powder, paper, books and a gun, with shot and caps. I suppose it is hopeless attempting photography, so I must try my hand at painting.

We are still doing nothing, simply, I believe, because no plan of operations is decided on. Sevastopol is safe without troops. Silistria calls for them in vain, so we wait here patiently. I heard to-day that when winter comes on almost all the ships but ourselves will return to England. We had a pleasant walk on shore this evening, that is, the captain, commander and myself, and we flavoured our cigars with long talks of home. It was eight o'clock with us; you were just under weigh for church, calling aloud in pious anger lest you should all be too late.

Two days ago one of the marine officers and I rode a long way into the country and made a call upon a courteous country gentleman, who gave us a cordial reception. The truth was we lost our way and met with few on the roads besides Bashi-Bazouks, the scourge of the land, and these, as we had started unarmed, were not the most pleasant people to interrogate. We popped down upon a Turkish town, wretched and ruined, where I am sure no English clergyman had ever been before. The children yelled at us, the dogs assaulted us, and the natives stared. What do you think I did? I drew a man's tooth, and that with a pair of pincers! A soldier asked

me if I was a hakim, to which, of course, I gave assent, feeling myself quite as good a doctor as a Turkish M.D., and he submitted his tooth. I must confess that the resident doctor had had a haul at it before we arrived; but the patient was in great pain, sitting with a spoon in his mouth, from which blood was trickling. I made him wash his mouth, and then with a good heave of my scientific arm his tooth was twisted out. I am as proud as Punch of my achievement. The patient was grateful, and this act procured us much civility. 1854

We found an old, grey, Greek column, standing cold and solitary in the midst of ruins. There was no inscription. I could not learn the name of the town. We rode all day, and our horses carried us wonderfully well. There is no "go" in Turkish horses; they will not gallop nor canter except for a few yards, but they shuffle along as gaily as possible for hours together, requiring no food except a nibble or two of grass. When we wanted to smoke all we did was to roll off our horses, cast them loose and take off their bits; they fell to, and when our pipes were out and we rose to our feet the animals came cheerfully to be mounted again. I grew quite fond of my horse, ragged and shoeless as he was. The Turkish saddles are a great abomination. Most of the officers who ride have brought out English saddles. The one I had the other day was an old demipique, with stirrups like coal shovels which are used as spurs by digging the ends of them against the ribs of the horse, a hint he generally answers by stepping out until the ends of his long toes (without shoes) catch in a stone and down he comes. Then the benefit of the saddle appears. You cannot fall off; your knees are pushed up to your ears, and you are brought up sharp by the crupper of the saddle thrusting itself into your stomach, to the detriment of immediate comfort and subsequent digestion. I never passed such a day of gasping and laughing, laughing till out of breath because I found myself so frequently "hit in the wind." We nearly came to an adventure as we rode home in the evening. We had met several parties of Bashi-Bazouks, and, about six miles from Baldjik in a narrow pass, gazing behind us to take our bearings, we found that these thieving rascals had congregated, and were stealing down upon us about a mile in our rear. We luckily struck the path just then and made good use of our start, for we saw no more of them. I do not say that they had returned upon our track for the purpose of plunder, but it is their custom to take toll of all travellers. The gloaming was coming on, the scene, for wildness, would

1854 have suited *Salvator Rosa*, so we rode fast. That is all the story. The Turks say that they would not have stopped us, but would have shot at us. That is nothing, for they are bad shots and constantly practise upon English, never hitting anybody with their rattletrap guns. I want to push my excursions still further inland, but no one as yet has made up his mind to come. I do not like to go by myself as I do not speak Turkish well enough to get on alone, and solitary travellers are always robbed. Two of our officers had their horses taken from them three days ago. Like my fellow traveller and myself they were unarmed. Kindest love to all.

The Bashi-Bazouks, who might well have shared the claim to be dubbed "the elixir of the rascality of the earth," picturesque villains though they were, appear to have inspired universal mistrust. Lord Raglan held them in special abhorrence, but, in his case, experience of irregular troops, as well as personal antipathy to banditti, were strong factors in his disfavour. Nevertheless, the reformation of these fearless *braves* was seriously planned. A certain zealous clergyman sailed from England to the Crimea, carrying with his belongings visiting cards, on which was printed :

Reverend \_\_\_\_\_,  
Chaplain to the Bashi-Bazouks.

That he did not know a word of their language was an insignificant detail which, needless to add, was *not* printed upon the cards.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
14th June, 1854.

I sent off a number of letters yesterday, and sit down again to-day to jot down a few more lines, as it is probable that we are off to the coast of Circassia in a short time, and then it will be many weeks before we shall hear of you or you of us. Much news arrived last night after our letters had gone. A commissariat officer came from Varna and told us that the



troops were encamped about ten miles from that town, and that, in all probability, they would not advance further, as the Russians had raised the siege of Silistria and fallen back upon Jassy, perhaps only to enable them to concentrate their forces elsewhere; this will render it unnecessary for the allied forces to advance to the relief of Silistria. As long as the French army is in camp it is thought expedient by General St. Arnaud that the Fleet should remain on this coast, to protect their rear. In the meantime, the Russians are troublesome on the Circassian coast, and have attempted to retake some of the forts. The *Terrible* has been cruising off Sevastopol, and has several times been within sight of Russian liners. The *Retribution* has exchanged shots with the Russians, but where I cannot learn. The *Vesuvius*, in chase of a prize, ran ashore at the St. George's mouth of the Danube, and, after two days, got off only by taking everything out of her, even to coals and water, but without much damage, and, as no Russian batteries were at hand, she escaped the fate of the *Tiger*. At Odessa the authorities are employing the English engineers to repair and put together the machinery of that ship. It is said they employ them "per force." Some of her guns, too, are fished up and mounted upon the mole. We learn from an Englishman, brother of one of the officers of the flagship who was at Odessa at the time of the siege, that the story you will have read of the clandestine burial of the dead, is perfectly true; he himself saw seventy lying dead together. The gun that did so much damage to us was worked by two students from the military school, who, I suppose, earned promotion by their gallantry. The others were badly served, and it is quite true that many of the artillerymen had to be driven to the guns at the point of the bayonet. The Russians intended to burn the town if we had attempted to land.

Poor Captain Giffard of the *Tiger* is dead. His wife went up to Odessa in the *Vesuvius*, but arrived too late. All was over. Poor lady, she is only the first of many thousands. The Russians evinced the greatest sympathy. Madame d'Osten Sacken, the Governor's wife, went off to the *Vesuvius* with two other ladies to accompany Mrs. Giffard on shore and to afford her consolation. The next day she was carried to her husband's grave. All his property was restored to her, even to his boot hooks. Nothing, it is said, can exceed the attention of the Governor and his wife.

I told you Captain Giffard's nephew was killed. Madame d'Osten Sacken (who appears to be the "governor") cut off a

1854 lock of his hair, and sent it to his mother in a magnificent locket. The officers and men are also exceedingly well treated. They are most of them on parole at Odessa. The first lieutenant is gone to St. Petersburg by order, and the youngsters with the naval instructor are sent to Moscow to college, a great advantage indeed for them. The officers at Odessa have everything done for them to lighten the burden of imprisonment, and have a box at the opera every night, free of expense. Of course, if this clemency has not its effect upon the public they will be treated more harshly. At present all goes smoothly. After the surrender of the *Tiger* one of the officers walked to the town smoking a cigar. A soldier of the guard ordered him to put it out, which he, very properly, declining to do, the soldier pushed him with the butt end of his musket. Just at this moment an aide-de-camp rode up, and witnessing the outrage, ordered the man to receive two hundred lashes, at the same time giving an ample apology to the English officer. This was a severe example, but a necessary one. Nations and Governments do not war on individuals, and when a man is rendered powerless by being made a prisoner, he has a right to be treated with that consideration which is due to his social rank.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

22nd June, 1854.

I have had (if I recollect rightly) but two letters from you since I have been here. We are still racking our brains to discover what our next move will be ; nothing has transpired which will give us reliance upon any anticipated movement. News is again had from Silistria. The Russians had made a feigned retreat, in order to draw the Turks from that place, and have now returned in greater force than ever, and have completely invested it. The Allied Forces still remain at Varna, and now the 6th of July is spoken of as the earliest possible period when the commissariat will have perfected their arrangements sufficiently to enable the troops to advance. We are all, to a man, anxious to move, since it is evident the Russians become stronger and better prepared every day the war is protracted. Never were delays more dangerous. Three of our steamers have just returned from a cruise off Sevastopol. The Russians sent out six steamers, three line-of-battle ships, and three frigates, rather a disproportionate number. All

these ships are stated to have been of beautiful appearance to a seaman's eye. Our steamers took to their heels until they had drawn the Russians about fifteen miles away from the line-of-battle ships. Then they turned upon the enemy and commenced a running fight. Not much harm was done, for the Russians were six to their three, and all crowded with troops. The *Furious* engaged the great *Vladimir*, English built, and of remarkable speed and size. She steams one or two knots faster than any we have here. Of course, for the reasons I have given, the game was only at "long balls." The *Vladimir's* shot passed over the masthead of the *Furious*, whilst the latter's shot fell short of the *Vladimir*. We are all surprised and hurt at finding that the Russian artillery is of larger calibre than our own. The *Terrible* pitched one or two shells into the *Vladimir*, which, falling among her crowded decks, did such execution that the whole flotilla retired into Sevastopol, with our steamers following—at a respectful distance. I say our steamers, but one of them was the *Descartes*, a French heavy armed, steam frigate. She was no good, however; hardly fired a shot; and, when the Russians began to pepper her, she hauled off, just as the *Vauban* did at Odessa. I am inclined to think the French are funky fellows after all. The officers engaged in this affair tell us that they believe the Russians would come out, if an equal number of ships were opposed to them.

We had a dinner party at a neighbouring Pasha's the other day. He came on board, and was so civilly treated that he gave us an invitation to visit him at his country house. We accordingly went on shore at the hour appointed, and, with true Turkish punctuality (two and a quarter hours after time), he sent down saddle horses, and a coach and four, to convey us to his Kiosk. There were eight of us, and, when we got there, were shown into a kind of garden, with an octagonal summer-house in the centre. This was encircled with a raised divan and carpets, and, at our feet, a stone basin filled with water. There we were regaled with coffee and pipes, and, after waiting a tedious while for the arrival of his worship, we attacked his cherry trees, of which there were, I should think, five hundred in the garden.

At last he came; and this was the signal for more pipes and coffee. Every emotion of joy or sorrow in Turkey is expressed by drinking coffee. If a man is glad he laughs, and that entitles him to coffee. If he is sad he drinks coffee to cheer him; and we sat nearly all day drinking coffee. At last

1854 came dinner in Oriental style, and, as this was a summer party, on the ground, under a quince tree. A circular raised tray was spread, upon which was placed a tureen of white soup, eight pieces of bread and eight spoons of wood. We all fell to at the bowl, for there were no plates, Mahomet not having used any, and at this we continued for some time. Then the soup was removed, and a lamb, roasted whole, was placed upon the table, without mint sauce, salt, or condiments of any kind, but stuffed with rice and chopped liver. The only way to eat was to seize a prominent part of the animal and strip off a "fill" of flesh. The spoons were useful to those who disdained fingers for extracting the stuffing. I must tell you that for my own part strict Ramazan was kept. It was my first really Turkish meal, and I confess with shame not having done justice to it. This course was followed by dishes of sweetmeats, tarts and fruits.

There is a greasiness about a Turkish dinner which is very disagreeable. It is true after every dish water is poured upon the hands, but still a feeling of oil remains. Courtship, if ever they do such things, must be unpleasant to a clean-fingered Turk, or to one who is at all fastidious. Fancy kissing a lady's hand after she has stripped off the rib of a sheep! There is counterbalancing advantage, however. It would be an opportunity of great consequence, the possibility of pressing the hand of an adored one during a mutual search for stuffing.

Looking back upon our day's excursion, I do not remember if we did anything but eat, drink, and sleep on the sly when the Pasha was not looking. We enjoyed the ride in the coach (and four) immensely, as it was with extreme difficulty that we could keep our seats over the rough roads.

The old gentleman is highly indignant at our inactivity. The Turkish notion of war is a great fight and slaughter, and then pipes and coffee. We could not persuade him into a contrary theory. He is a very fine, handsome old man, and when the Ramazan is over, is coming to dine with us. I should have told you that he touched nothing himself. During the Ramazan, which lasts thirty days, the Turks fast seventeen hours consecutively. After sundown they eat and drink till morning light, so that, "by hook or by crook," they stow their hold pretty well. Many of the men are very intemperate and get shockingly drunk on Raki, a kind of rum.

P.S. 23rd.—We go to sea on Sunday. That day the Allied troops march for Silistria.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

28th June, 1854.

Whether you wrote by the last mail I do not know, as our letters are so irregular. They were detained at Constantinople by the old admiral there, who sent on the steamer which usually brings them, saying, "We did not want our letters, he would send them to-morrow." This is the way these selfish old officers annul all arrangements for our comfort made by Government. We certainly had a few letters the day but one after, but who knows whether the whole mail was sent? We are all very indignant that one stupid old fellow should keep the letters of twelve thousand men waiting his private pleasure. The French postal arrangements are excellent. Not so the Austrian. When at Stamboul I sent home all the money I could spare in Bank of England notes. I have heard nothing of them, and they have not reached their addresses. I have set a person on the scent in London, but am greatly afraid of the loss. They open all letters at the Austrian office, somewhere between this and London. Many complaints have been made, and all are now sent *viâ* Marseilles.

The Russians have retreated from Silistria, taking their guns with them. Of course, they will now proceed against Austria, and I hope she will get a good licking for robbing me! There is a talk of giving us "batta," but it is too good to be true. We ought to have it. There is no prize money, and everything is so expensive that it is a "losing concern." Kindest love to all.

## CHAPTER VII.

1854 For six months of the year the Tsar of Russia has nature for his unconquerable ally, when foreign vessels are at the mercy of ice, frost, and frequent gales.

Notwithstanding the aid of Vice-Admiral Parseval Deschenes and his French ships, Sir Charles Napier found that he could not effect what was required of him without the co-operation of a land force. The guns of Sveaborg and Kronstadt kept the Allied Fleets at a safe distance.\* Ten thousand French troops were despatched later, in English ships, to their support. The Emperor Louis Napoleon might well designate this circumstance in his parting address to the soldiers: "A unique fact in history." The chief of the force was no less a personage than General Baraguay d'Hilliers, the whilom diplomatist of Constantinople, who, by turns, had been the adherent of a French Monarchy and a French Republic, and was now the servant of French Imperialism. He was a chivalrous soldier, who bore a conscience unburdened by memory of complicity with the *coup d'état* of December, 1851.

The Allied Fleets could not complete their work in the North in their first Expedition, the bombardment and capture of Bomarsund being the principal event in the Baltic in 1854, which did not at all satisfy the Home Government, the victories not being considered

\* It was related that after peace was proclaimed, Sir Charles Napier and a Russian Governor were discussing the circumstances of the war, and when the Citadel of Kronstadt was mentioned: "Why did you not come in?" asked the Muscovite. "Why did you not come out?" Sir Charles quickly answered.

adequate to the resources of the Admirals.\* The British taxpayer naturally prefers his tacit compact with the Government to be completed, and when he has set his heart on a great naval victory he frets if he is baulked. Knowing very little of the character of the fortifications of Kronstadt, he considered himself aggrieved that it was not bombarded, and the Governor taken prisoner, but probably the "mob of gentlemen" who, according to Pope, "write with ease" may, in the newspapers, have fanned the flame of discontent that was beginning to assert itself regarding the operations of the war. 1854

The long and heroic defence of Silistria was conducted by three brave and resolute young Englishmen; Captain Butler, Ceylon Rifles; Lieutenant Nasmyth, East India Company's service, and Lieutenant Ballard, of the Indian Army. The Moslem soldier placed in them the same absolute trust that he is supposed to give to Allah. The enemy's repeated attempts to gain possession of the famous Arab Tabia were heroically resisted till the siege was raised on the 23rd of June.

Notwithstanding the Marshal's plea for delay that his Army was not yet prepared to take the field, a French force was the first to land at Varna. Hoisting the Tricolor on a very high flagstaff must have appeared a curious act to the 2,000 Egyptians already encamped. Although sea-sickness is supposed to take the grit out of the Frenchman, on approaching foreign ground he usually recovers sufficiently to be ready to jump ashore, and to express his sovereignty, and that superb patriotism which has for symbol the waving of his country's flag. Though the war cry may change from "Vive le Roi" to "Vive la Republique," ere a brief campaign has reached its disastrous end; though a Tricolor, with a pike for flagstaff, may be substituted

\* Under date September 8th, in General Sir Daniel (then Captain) Lysons' diary, we find this paragraph: "If we manage our work as easily as they have done at Bomarsund in the Baltic, we shall be lucky," which appears to have been the universal impression at the time.—"The Crimean War from First to Last," page 78.

1854 for fleurs-de-lys on a field of azure, France is ever the true *Rappel* for which her sons contend.

Our Allies, who did not wholly please us after all, proceeded to occupy Varna, as had been planned, and, as had been expected, the best portions of the town.

Their alertness to take advantage of every opportunity was the envy of our battalions all through the war. The arrangements for their comfort were vastly superior to our own. In some doggerel verses by a veteran who was all through the campaign, these lines occurred :—

“The French are well provided for, their wants into are seen,  
The soldier’s friend is Buonaparte, but never Aberdeen !”

which indicate the impression (prevalent at the time) of the lack of care manifested by the Home Government for the safety and comfort of all branches of the services.

The English encamped at Aladyn.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Baldjik Bay,

1st July, 1854.

To our surprise we are still here, although every day brings us news of our being about to go to sea. Then we expected the Duke of Cambridge on a visit, but he has not come as yet.\* It seems that the plot thickens; and Marshal St. Arnaud is apprehensive of an attack upon his rear if the Austrian plays falsely, and so begs the Admiral to keep the sea near him. The Turks are at this moment leaving the anchorage here for the Bosphorus, but two of them are to be allowed to go with us to show the Turkish flag. Admiral Dundas has a strong objection to their being with us, they manage their ships so indifferently; the real truth is they are so utterly careless of all precaution, and so totally oblivious of any orders they receive, that it is impossible to manage *them*, and the

\* July 1st, Saturday, p.m.—Arrived, the *Retribution*, having the Royal Standard up, saluted ditto in company with Allied Fleets, with twenty-one guns.—Log of the *Queen*.



Naval Chiefs are apprehensive of another Sinope, which, as before, may be easily executed, and, although the Admirals of course would be blamed, it would not be their fault.

The *Fury* took some Cossacks prisoners upon an island in the Sulina mouth of the Danube. Three ships and a Cossack officer were brought in, but taking the officer was a funny affair. In the island was a morass of nearly a quadrangular shape, and at each corner of this morass a party of men landed. The first party attacked the Cossacks and shot several men and horses. The rest ran away, and, in running, fell in with the second party of English. This turned them again and completed their rout. Captain Parker happened to be on shore, and, fancying the affair over, had laid aside his arms and was walking near the scene of combat. He passed an old tub, and I suppose did not expect to find a tenant there. Suddenly a huge head and beard protruded from the cask, not a little startling the Englishman, who commenced abusing the ugly intruder with all his might. Such was his eloquence that the head and beard rose from the cask. The Captain stormed more and more. The head and beard now became a Cossack officer fully armed, who stepped forth upon the sod. Nothing was left to the Englishman but to rave on or fly. True to his calling and country he preferred the former course, and, such was the force of our native language, the Cossack yielded and gave up his sword.

We are getting very dull here and the weather is frightfully hot. In my cabin it is 76° to 80° all night; no fresh air to be got. Last night I slept, or rather lay, on a heap of sails on deck. When it became light I was obliged to go below, as of course I have no right to make the deck my bedroom. You may imagine that I am fit for nothing all day. We are experiencing the disadvantage of the double income tax. No prize money. Everything exorbitantly dear. Really the country ought to do something for us.

P.S. 4th July, 1854.—Both Marshal St. Arnaud and the Duke of Cambridge have been here for a few hours. The latter has gone to Constantinople to discover what the Austrians are doing. The Army at Varna are all anxiety for a campaign in the Crimea. There is nothing they can do in Bulgaria except hang the Greeks. These fellows are all partisans of the Emperor of Russia, and make the country very unsafe, shooting at an Englishman whenever they can. One of them shot at Lord Raglan the other day. He was put

1854 to death at once. Several have been caught and punished. They were stretched on a board with a rope to each arm and leg as tightly drawn as possible. Thus they were left all night. Turkish punishments are no joke. When is George coming out? I have not yet seen Buckley, but perhaps shall find him at Varna on Friday, as I hope to go there on that day. It is pouring with rain, which will do much good, the vineyards are looking very yellow for want of it. Kindest love.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

7th July, 1854.

I was very glad to receive your long and interesting letter. What a sad thing has been the loss of the *Europa*, so close to the place where the unfortunate *Amazon* came to grief.

It does not appear, however, that any blame is to be attached to the officers or men. When coming out here I could not get over the unpleasant probability of fire, so careless, compared with a man-of-war, is the watch kept on board a merchant ship. In a man-of-war it is as safe at sea as being in one's own house, but when men are few and watches sleepy, an accident may at any moment occur. Have you heard anything more of old Leonard?

Can you find out for me whether, if we pay three stamps on our letters here, they will have to be paid over again when they arrive in England? This is a vexed question amongst us, and we have no means of settling it.

What a number of ships are being commissioned at home just now. I hope they are getting manned properly, but the want of bounty is much felt. The *Tribune* has just arrived, having made several thousands of pounds in prize money. I am becoming quite discontented: our pay is barely sufficient; things are at famine prices, and a large portion of our quarter's pay has gone in the way of mess bills, which we think ought to be paid up at once instead of waiting till Christmas. Signals are made for letters, so I must close. Kindest love to all. High haste.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

13th July, 1854.

We have some more sad news to send home. The son of Admiral Parker, who died the other day, was a fine young

officer, only thirty years of age, already a post captain, and in command of the *Firebrand*. I gave you a laughable account of his capturing a Cossack officer at a fort upon the Sulina mouth of the Danube. At this fort he met his death on Saturday last. He was out near Sulina with a party of armed boats, merely for the purpose of making a reconnaissance, when, upon passing near a fort, a smart fire was opened upon them by a concealed party of Greeks and Russians. He immediately ran his own boat aground, and leaped ashore with his crew, and was shot through the heart by a Greek as he was in the act of reloading his rifle. He was immediately carried back to his ship, and the other boats arriving, the fort was again taken, and this time completely destroyed. The men did not know of the loss of their chief till afterwards. So unexpected was the attack that even the chaplain was in one of the boats, and received a ball through the collar of his coat, but escaped unhurt. The doctor returned to the ship with the body of the captain, and the chaplain was left in charge of the wounded.

The officers (or at least some of them) of the *Tiger* have returned. They speak very well of their treatment by the Russian authorities. The subordinates tried to cheat them, as all subordinates in Russia do, but they remonstrated with the authorities, and obtained prompt redress. The damage done by us at Odessa was very trifling, and the story about the cornet fighting the battery was perfectly true. He was a military student, and has gained an order and two steps by his gallantry. It seems that, for once, the Russian reports were far nearer the truth than our own. Odessa has gained great credit from the Emperor by her conduct in this business. The capture of the *Tiger* amply compensated them for the slight loss we inflicted upon them at the bombardment. When the news reached the Emperor about Captain Giffard, he sent word that, as he had been present at Navarino, his sword was to be returned to him, and that he was never to consider himself as having been a prisoner of war. This piece of chivalry was thrown away, as Captain Giffard was dead and buried before the Emperor's message could be known.

The weather is still fiercely hot; when the thermometer is placed in the sun the mercury quickly rises to the top of the tube. In our ward room, with the windows open and blinds, it is over 80 degrees.

I shall be very glad to have the *Spectator*.

The music I sent for may be of any kind; the bandmaster will arrange it for his band. High haste.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

19th July, 1854.

I have no news; we are still at Baldjik, and likely to be. I fear nothing will be done by the Allies till next year; by that time the screw Fleet will have done work in the Baltic, and some will come here, and our army will be largely increased. The French Marshal will perhaps by that time have made up his mind to commence a campaign in the Crimea.

I wrote to John Adye\* asking him to come to see me here. He is unable to do so, and so I must find means to go and see him at Varna. He says his hands are full of work. Buckley also wants me to go and stay with him at Bujukdere.

It seems now quite certain that Austria has taken possession of the Principalities. Russia, of course, must follow; the accession of these two will place Turkey in a very enviable position.

I am much obliged to you for the Oxford paper. I am no longer a member of the University, having removed my name. I yet want three terms of M.A. standing, although, counting from matriculation, I am long past, as many of my juniors have graduated M.A. I should be very glad if you could put my name down again, as I shall be able to take my degree next summer, when we shall be home.

I have put three postage stamps upon this letter as an experiment. If it succeeds, and you are not called upon to pay again, will you manage to send me out a pound's worth of threepenny stamps? Kindest love to all.

Omar Pasha bids the Allies avoid the proximity of the lake at Devna, as it makes the district pestilential. Before they drink, they must boil the water. Perhaps they take the precaution, or more likely they forget! The healthy British soldier scorns deliberate attention to details; besides, he rarely cares for advice, and, in most foreign countries, generally buys his experience at a high rate; and Varna is not the only place where he has had to barter for it with precious human life.

\* Later, General Sir John Adye, G.C.B., R.A., Kelson Stothert's mother's cousin.

The commissariat in both Services leaves everything to be desired, for, though the Fleet is better off than the Army, the overcrowding, and scanty supplies of fresh food, makes the crews easy preys to disease. (As early as the 9th June the *Britannia* had scurvy on board.) 1854

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
19th July.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

I have only one moment to spare before our mail closes.

We embark troops forthwith for Sevastopol, and are to land at Cape Khersonesus—*if we can*.

Ever yours,

S. K. S.

Russian generalship having received effectual checks both at Silistria and Rustchuk, the Allied Armies were now growing more and more dissatisfied with the prevailing inaction, and were restless to commence hostilities, but, as the summer went on, the Commanders-in-Chief found invincible enemies in their own camps on whom they had not reckoned. Typhus and fever appeared among the troops, and, soon after, cholera also. Provision for the sick was almost *nil*, and the terrible exigencies which were daily occurring, both at sea and on land, were unspeakably grave. A careless belief in our national luck appears to have presided at the councils for preparation. Suffering and hardship were the allies of disease and death, and the generals might well be paralysed seeing the dull, patient faces of the troops as the daily funerals, of men and officers alike, passed by.

“Why will they not let us do something or go somewhere?”\* wrote one brave man who escaped disease all through the campaign; and his complaint was echoed by thousands; but Lord Raglan, who visited the men in

\* “The Crimean War from First to Last,” page 79.—General Sir Daniel Lysons.

1854 hospital, unostentatiously shunning the parade of seeming to be doing anything but his duty, knew the Army was no better provided for the Invasion of the Crimea than for its present experience. The soldier's garments were not workmanlike, nor his gear convenient for the business proposed. Equipped with bravery indeed, but with nothing else in complete condition.

Kelson Stothert's letters speak bitterly of unpreparedness for any kind of advance, and of dependence on prestige instead of powder. Nothing was ready except British valour, which, alas, has too often had to bear the consequences of British folly in running headlong into disaster. Our Blue Books contain some conspicuous instances of wisdom gathered too late.

The Fleet was at anchor at Varna and Baldjik, and the log of the *Queen* in July tells of the arrival and departure of many French and English ships; and now we hear of a reconnaissance Expedition to the Crimean coast which did not land. The little *Fury*, steered by Sir Edmund Lyons, having on board several celebrated men of both Services, reconnoitred the shores of Crim Tartary, close enough to judge of the merits various places offered for landing.

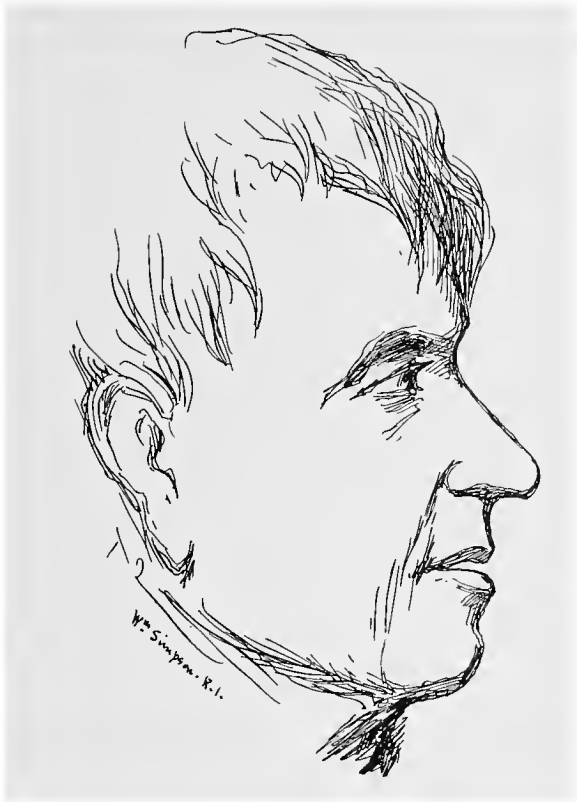
TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

22nd July, 1854.

We are now rapidly approaching the Crimea, the old Scythian Chersonese, and are bent upon making a reconnaissance with Generals Canrobert and Sir George Brown on board. We are short of our former squadron, eight line-of-battle ships and a frigate, so that numerically we are less powerful than the Russian squadron which, we presume, is sleeping peacefully in the harbour creek of Sevastopol.

The *Trafalgar* (120) and *Diamond*, corvette, are just ordered back to Varna as they are such bad sailors; the movements of the Fleet are impeded by them. Since yesterday evening all the steamers have taken the sailing ships in tow, and we are



REAR-ADMIRAL SIR EDMUND LYONS, BART., G.C.B.,  
AFTERWARDS VICE-ADMIRAL LORD LYONS.





hastening onward to the southern point of the Crimea, near which place, probably, a landing will be attempted. If the Russians should come out it will be all the more in our favour, although I am persuaded this is not our main object just now. The *Terrible* has ourselves and the *Rodney* in tow, and we clear for action to-night. Strange if, while you are quietly worshipping at home to-morrow, we should be urging on the work of death out here. These war alarms and the confusion of sailing have put back my to-morrow's work. 1854

26th.—We have been delayed for some days by foul winds and bad weather, which prevented the steamers towing us, but to-day we came within sight of Sevastopol. The *Fury*, steamer, with Admiral Lyons on board, also General Canrobert and Sir George Brown, with some engineers, had the start of the Fleet by several hours. The Russians sent out some steamers after them, but they soon retired. All day we have been cruising round and round within three miles of Sevastopol, and, with our glasses, can see objects as clearly as you can into Bath from the top of the hill. The town is not so large as I expected, but is regularly built, with square, stone, villa-like houses. I have marked down an arabesque summer-house in a garden, where I shall take up my quarters when the place is ours. The batteries are fearful to look at! No drawing that has been published in England has any similarity to the place except the one in the *Illustrated News*; all the rest are fancy sketches. What these batteries may turn out to be it is, of course, impossible to say, but they appear dreadful! One of them, Fort Constantine, carries two hundred guns, and looks like a long barrack. All the others are very heavy, having double rows of casemates with guns at the top *en barbette*. Sevastopol is not defended at all on the land side, except with a ditch, and a wall looped for musketry. Some of our steamers were within half shot, but the Russians let us pass. I think they are as afraid of us as we are of them. The *Agamemnon* left to-night for Varna.

27th.—We stood off all night, and this morning returned again to the Crimea, to take a look at the southern side. The Russians do not know we are here, as we are now fifty to sixty miles from Sevastopol. The weather is hot but exceedingly fine, and it is pleasant cruising. This side of the Crimea is by far the most picturesque. North of Sevastopol is flat, rich land, but little raised above the level of the sea, affording

1854 pasturage for large herds of cattle. Here, to the south, it is higher, breaking into gigantic cliffs, the scarps of the cliffs being fringed with Alpine larches. The downs are fairly wooded, and look like an English park, but we see few of the homesteads in which John Bull delights. The monastery of St. George is now close astern of my cabin window, with its red roofs and blue and green cupolas peeping above the trees, and its surrounding terraced gardens. It looks so calm and beautiful, I could almost wish to be a monk myself—for a week or ten days.

*Saturday.*—A sudden signal has been made of opportunity for letters. We are out of sight of land. Cholera bad in the camp at Varna. Love to all. High haste.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE inhuman theory that by ridding the world of a portion of its surplus population, a decimating campaign has beneficent results, might seem less unreasonable if war claimed only those dregs of humanity who cannot be reached either by Christian charity, or philanthropic device. Mismanagement, privation, and disease, however, frequently exact numberless unforeseen sacrifices from an invading army ; while, with startling and abundant proof, facts appear to suggest that the chivalrous and the brave have no more special Providence to ward off evil and death, than that which protects alike the worthless skulker and his vicious mate. 1854

The summer of 1854 was fateful indeed to the Allies, but the diseases to which the troops succumbed were not by any means wholly attributable to the climate, except in so far as sanitary conditions and circumstances produced ailments that were intensified by the heat. At the termination of the war, when there was no lack of food, housing, or clothing, the returns showed how inaccurate had been the prevalent belief concerning the climate of the countries of the Black Sea, which was actually little more detrimental to health than a home station when sanitary measures were not compulsory.

Food was scarce, water poisonous, medical aid totally inadequate, hospital necessaries absolutely unprovided : so mortality amongst the Allies was terrific. The

1854 Frenchman takes the Boulevards wherever he goes, and his incessant drinking of bad Bulgarian wine proved calamitous indeed, especially as indulgence, at Varna, was not regarded as a very grave offence. The blessed influence of total abstinence was not the uplifting power in the Army which it has now become, and even its timid sister, temperance, was practically not in favour. The crusade against the "drink fiend" had not yet greatly agitated army reformers, and of the choice of "poisons," the thirsty naturally preferred the most palatable; besides, at Varna, it was little marvel men wanted to drown their miseries and dread in any nepenthe within reach. There was neither sanitation nor cleanliness in the town, and the terrible scourge, cholera, swept through the ranks unchecked during the sickening summer heat. The survivors became dispirited; they had lost so many faithful comrades; battle could not avenge these deaths, and the promotion that ensued was not of a sort the true soldier loves. It was not sullenness that made the men silent in their pathetic endurance; there were strange elements in their temper—resolution, patience, and the true courage which enabled some to ward off the fear that made others such ready victims to disease.

The death-roll increased daily. The mortality of the French divisions in the Dobrudscha, where "a force under Bosquet had been pushed forward from Varna as far as Kustendji,"\* was appalling. The famous Arab general, Yusuf, with his wild Bashi-Bazouks, Prince Napoleoni, and Epinasse, were all there; a motley throng truly. It was said that the enemy had thrown dead bodies into the wells to poison the water, and that our Ally left there ten thousand dead from cholera alone.

In Fleet and Army, with French and English alike, the desire to move on was pressing. The devastating

\* "Coldstream Guards in the Crimea," page 39.—Lt.-Col. Ross of Bladensburg, C.B.

pestilence was not the only reason that made men 1854  
eager to leave a plague-stricken country, for it was  
universally thought that the Allies were playing into  
the hands of holy Russia by delay, and that this would  
soon be proved by the condition of the enemy's fortifi-  
cations. The chiefs, however, were well aware how  
scant were the needful preparations for an invasion of  
the Crimea. The foe had surer spies than we could  
possibly procure, and though assault, and the speedy  
capture of Sevastopol was, at first, thought quite within  
the probabilities of the campaign, the necessary  
munitions for such a course had not arrived; and,  
as time went on, and the enemy concentrated, other  
means were considered more practicable, and had  
to be essayed. As events proved, through our  
own newspapers the Tsar had been kept informed  
about the condition of the Western armies, as well  
as of all that was known of the intentions of their  
leaders.

Numerous transports were collecting in August;  
thousands of gabions, fascines, and sandbags were  
being made, and the troops were employed practising  
trench digging. Report, concerning marches and  
plans, said one day what was contradicted on the  
following. Nothing was corroborated, but all ranks,  
though enfeebled and depressed, were impatient that  
matters should be speedily brought to a climax; and  
while those who were not already sick were busying  
themselves, the pestilence was busier still, and men  
grew more and more expectant of being stricken.  
How were they to elude the shadow of death save by  
departure?

In Lord George Paget's diary, Varna, August 2nd,  
1854, occurs the pathetic sentence: "The misery of  
this place exceeds all belief"; but the misery was not  
confined to the capital of Bulgaria. The camp at  
Aladyn (translated, faith in God) proved no less fatal,  
and there cholera culminated the horrors of disease.

1854 The survivors would have preferred the wholesale bloodshed of war to the sickening inactivity which fostered the pestilential maladies. The crews and troops, who knew that upon them would fall the onus of fighting, were also aware that the enemy was having time to prepare for their bombardment.\*

As the weeks dragged slowly on, and comrade after comrade was stricken and buried, a mood of grim despair seized hold of the soldiers; they had entirely lost the trim look of regiments ready for warfare. The conviction grew, though their endurance was that of Titans, that they were embarked on a meaningless errand, which was almost certain to bring them to their graves. They could not practise self-delusion in face of facts. The facts were stern and squalid. The pale, grim figure of death was constantly in their midst. The men were all intelligent enough to know that disease and privation were the needless horrors of a European campaign. There was absolute lack of every palliative for suffering, and of wholesome food there was an increasing scarcity.

The following letters tell their own tale :—

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

9th August, 1854.

Buckley has arrived here, and a captain of marines, and I have a good deal fraternised with him and this friend. He is such a hospitable fellow that he would have us on board his ship all day long if our pleasure or convenience would allow of it. Such not being the case, however, we only avail ourselves

\* Admiral Sir Leopold Heath's "Letters from the Black Sea" contain the spirit of the period, and from the *Niger*, off the Danube, August 18th, 1854, he wrote: "The much-talked-of expedition to the Crimea does not seem to be in favour with the big-wigs, principally, I believe, from want of positive information as to the Russian forces likely to be opposed to us, but partly from uncertainty as to Austria's intentions. . . . One thing is quite clear, that if they go at all, no more time must be lost." Page 34.

occasionally of his kindness, and he in return comes to us. Yesterday he gave my brother officer and me a trip to Varna in his cutter, and we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly. The weather was very hot, and the wind so light, that we were eight hours going down. We left this ship at 4.30 in the morning (not an early hour for a man-of-war, where everyone is up at daybreak), and breakfasted about half way. We called at several ships belonging to friends of Buckley's, and found some of the men dead from cholera, which is raging very badly at Varna. We landed about four o'clock, after taking what Buckley calls "Tiffin" (which seems to be eating ham and drinking champagne and water), and whilst he went to the post office, my friend and I proceeded to make calls. John Adye had gone on a cruise for the benefit of his health, so I missed him. We saw several persons we knew, and many we knew only by sight. It seems so strange to me to come suddenly on officers I have met in Plymouth, Dublin, and elsewhere, riding about here with just the same easy, jaunty air as at home. They look very ill, and are, I hear, disgusted with the expedition. The imputation of stock-jobbing which attaches itself to Marshal St. Arnaud is very discouraging. It is whispered that he is "working the war" to suit the funds in which he gambles largely. I do not think the "fraternisation" between France and England will last much longer. The French are a chivalrous, brave people, but they are nationally and individually selfish, and will, I believe, sell king and country for "Honour" (or rather "Glory"), and personal aggrandisement.

We hear Sir George Brown is returning to England; he does not get on well with Lord Raglan, who encourages moustaches, and discourages stocks and apoplectic seizures. There are no signs of embarkation, though perhaps we may (a part of us) go to Anapa, to send a "butcher's bill" home, that the country may have some satisfaction for the money they have laid out. In fact, the whole affair seems going to pieces, and the Emperor will have his way yet, see if he does not. The French have lost 5,000 and we several hundreds by cholera, chiefly from reasons easy to be understood. The French drink all day long, and eat sour fruit, and wallow in dirt. You see dozens at a time in the streets, lying about drunk. Two fellows fell down nearly upon me yesterday, vomiting and senseless. A Turk or two picked up the fallen men, with loud lamentations, generous fellows, but the troopers round receded from them and left them to their fate. I now

1854 fear these were cholera seizures. The place is very unhealthy and filthy, though not so bad as it was. Most of the natives are gone, and the shops, we used to see, closed. We have a great deal of diarrhœa in the Fleet, but no cholera.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

At Sea, 14th August, 1854.

The steamer with the mails on board has been keeping company with us for some time, but the sea is running too high to allow of any communication. I hope to have letters from home as none have reached me for so long. We are now on a cruise for the sake of our health. The cholera has attacked both Fleet and Army in a fearful way. The French have lost 5,000 men at Varna, and the English several hundreds when we heard last. The ship astern of us has lost thirty men, and has ninety-one cases of cholera, and twenty-eight of diarrhœa at the present moment. Other ships bury many men daily. As yet, thank God, we have had no cases of cholera, although perhaps there is not a man in the ship quite free from illness; I believe the *London* is the only other so especially protected.\* Our great anxiety now is for medical men, we are so badly supplied. We have but two, a surgeon and one assistant, although three should be our proper complement, even in peace. The poor assistant was called up five times last night. Our second has been moved off to the *Trafalgar*.

Varna has been partially destroyed by the fire of Greek incendiaries. These rascals are "spies in the camp." They are supposed to be our friends, but they aid and abet Russia on all occasions. They helped to destroy the *Tiger*. They shot Captain Parker at Sulinea. They were caught setting fire to Varna, and many of them were cut down in the very act.

*Wednesday*.—I have no news to tell you to-day, except that the cholera is no better. We are all of us ailing, but none yet seriously. Fainting fits are very common, but, so far, we have escaped contagion.

Yesterday we were cruising all day off Cape Emein, the

\* The *Terrible* and *Fury* also had immunity from cholera; possibly this was owing to their being anchored outside the range of the pestilential breeze that struck the ships.



extremity of the Lower Balkan. The land is low about here, and well wooded, looking in places like an English park. The old sea margins are very visible in this soft, sand-like soil, and one can clearly trace the secession of the ocean, age after age, by the clear, sharp line of beach which it has left cut deep into the sides of the mountain-like huge stairs. The whole of this district is singular, geologically speaking; almost all the valleys are sunken valleys or, as I believe they are called, valleys of depression, that is, rifts that have sunk down bodily from the plain above, probably from earthquakes or some such cause. 1854

\* \* \* \* \*

You will be sorry to hear that we no longer enjoy immunity from the dreadful scourge which afflicts those around us. I was called up at five o'clock this morning to bury a man who had died in one or two hours' illness in the night. This was the first intimation I had had of the fact, and you may be sure it was no pleasant news. We are still in God's hands. For myself, though a timid man, I never had fear of contagion in fever or other disease, and I have no fear now, but hope to be of service to the sick if God spares me. I have made a memorandum of my wishes in case of my death.

Jenner asks me to be godfather to his little one. Of course I will. What an excellent plan the Convocation have started for the reform of the Church. It is very strange, but only a few days ago I sent home a scheme to the Bishop of Oxford, advocating something of the sort with respect to a service book for the Navy. Kindest love to all.

P.S. August 18th, 1854.—We are all better to-day, and the Admiral, with five or six ships, has left us to go into harbour and land our sick. A signal has just been made, "Opportunity for Letters," so I must close my correspondence at once. This morning we were off Varna, about ten miles distant. We heard a salute fired, and can see the ships dressed with Austrian colours. Something satisfactory has taken place. I hope we shall hear to-morrow what it is.

Will you send me out, as soon as you can, by the Ocean Parcels Delivery Company:—

- One gutta-percha washhand basin,
- One do. tumbler or cup,
- One do. caraffe,
- An india-rubber bath : some are made expressly for service ;

1854 A large tin water can with filter. The filter is very important, as our water is taken from a ditch. I have no tumbler left, and my tub leaks so much that it is become useless.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Baldjik Bay,

24th August, 1854.

Poor Buckley's death from cholera has shed a sad gloom over all who knew him. In this ship, where he had frequently visited me, his frank good nature and lively spirits had made him a favourite with us all. He had dined with me on the Thursday previous to his death, and was then complaining slightly of a bilious attack; the day following he remained in bed, and the next day, Saturday, he was so well that he presided at a dinner party. On that Saturday morning we went to sea at daybreak and I never saw him more; he was buried within forty-eight hours of the time we tripped anchor, and had been a week in his grave when we returned. He was taken ill at five o'clock on Sunday morning, and at one o'clock the same day was a corpse. Five seamen and the steward also fell victims to the disease. Buckley suffered very little. At first he was ignorant of the state of his health and treated it lightly, so lightly that, finding himself unable to read his daily portion of Scripture, he requested a friend who was by his side to do so for him, without making any reference at all to his imminent death. Of the probability of this he was altogether ignorant, soon relapsing into a torpid state in which at length he died, all the efforts of those around him being unavailing. His intimate friend, Captain Santry, of No. 88 transport, attended him five minutes after he was taken ill to the very last, with the exception of a few minutes when the misery of the scene brought on a fit of sickness which obliged him to retire. He is buried under a cliff on the shore with three others, and we have put up a board and inscription to his memory. I have also taken precaution that this little cemetery shall be cared for when we are gone from here. I am sending poor Mrs. Buckley a rough sketch of the place which may be acceptable to her. Santry and I have carefully surveyed and packed up all his effects, and are now waiting Mrs. Buckley's instructions.

Our cruise at sea was more disastrous to us than if we had

remained in harbour, since we fell in with the very pestilential wind that we wished to avoid, and from which we should have been sheltered had we remained at anchor. Our loss has been, perhaps, more severe than if we had fought a general action. The Admiral's ship has lost one hundred and forty men, and twice that number are disabled by sickness, and the fever which often follows the cholera. The *Trafalgar* has had fifty deaths; I do not know how many sick. The *Albion* has lost fifteen per cent. of her crew, and the *Rodney* a larger proportion still. The *Valmy*, French flagship, has, it is said, lost two hundred and forty men. How true this is I do not know. The transports which remained in harbour have only lost five per cent., and the men-of-war guardships, I believe, none. The French army which went to the Dobruscha lost exactly half their number, so an officer told us. The other troops have been decimated by the plague. We ourselves, individually, have had much sickness but few deaths. I buried a poor fellow at sea yesterday morning from cholera, and I hope this will be the last; he had been ill fourteen days, and was only taken with the cholera cramps a few hours before his death. He sent for me, and I sat on the deck by his side, and nursed him, and talked to him for some time, and I shall not in a hurry forget the grateful clasp of his hand when he feebly thanked me and told me he was happy and wished to be left to die. He lived nearly two hours after. I have been sickly for some time past, but to-day, I think, may say I am well. My first complaint was lassitude and influenza, but Buckley's sudden death, the necessity of keeping mind and body on the stretch among the sick, the hot, pestilential air, the sights and sounds that meet us—here the carcase of a cow; in another place the offal of several hundred sheep and oxen, killed for the Fleet, floating all around us; there a dead Turk or Greek also floating in the water with arms extended just as the wretches "hove" the dead body overboard—all these things rather disordered me as they are all new, but a little care on the part of the doctors, and keeping a good heart myself, have drawn me, I think, out of any danger. Humanly speaking, I am grateful to say you need be under no anxiety as regards my health. Very few officers have died in the Fleet. One post-captain and a few juniors are as yet the only persons; they have all done their duty very nobly. In the *Britannia* forty men lay dead upon the decks one night. The alarm was intense. The officers, one and all, even to the poor, old, lame admiral, exerted themselves to the utmost, nursing the sick

1854 and encouraging the whole. Some most extraordinary things were done to give confidence. Among others, a friend of my own nursed his servant until his death. When he had died the officer took his pillow from under his head and calmly went to sleep upon it. The doctors are giving in. Two or three have applied to be invalided, and one has lost his senses from excitement. Where are we to get more? If it were not for Sir James Graham and the Lords of the Admiralty, who all believe in the "Divine right" of the executive branch, that is, the branch of the navy containing the lieutenants, post-captains, &c., that they think no one else is worthy of consideration, care, or remuneration, we should be amply supplied with medical men. Formerly surgeons were admitted into the navy as youngsters, and served in the doctor's shop on board, just as they would have done on shore. They then, of course, lived in the midshipmen's berth and ranked accordingly. Would you believe it, the Sea Lords insist upon medical men now, men with diplomas and twenty-four or twenty-five years of age, still living, as of yore, three years in the midshipmen's berth! Of course few can be found to submit to such a galling absurdity.

Of war news we have little. The troops are embarked, and the chiefs, it is said, have decided upon attempting to take Sevastopol at once by escalade; whether they will do so or not remains to be seen. Hitherto the French Marshal St. Arnaud has put his veto upon our proceedings; he could not attempt it with troops and ships in fine condition, now I dare say he will be quite ready to sacrifice thousands of lives before the walls of Sevastopol. Whispers of treachery, and the power of Russian gold, are getting louder and louder. If "every man has his price," I should think the value of the Marshal St. Arnaud might be easily gauged, and probably even now has been discovered. I hear rumours of the capture of Bomarsund. Probably only a Stock Exchange canard. Do send me some new books for winter use. Kindest love to all.

I have heard nothing of the colour-box—moist colours I want, not oil colours of which I know nothing. Hard colours would crack out here and become powder. "Moist colour" is the technical term for a particular kind of water colour.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Baldjik,

28th August, 1854.

No new cases of cholera of late, but deaths daily occur from old cases or the subsequent fever. The casualties amount to between four hundred and five hundred men, and by some fatality the best seamen have fallen victims. Supernumeraries have been sent out here with great despatch; the flagship is already nearly remanned, and, with the *Tiger's* crew, who are daily expected from England, she will be complete. Our great want is of medical men. We are at last quite indignant at the statement of Sir J. Graham that no assistant surgeons are required. We have hitherto laughed at the falsehoods with which this precious ministry have deluded the House and the country, but this touches us too closely.

The transports are returning from Varna packed with men, chiefly artillery. We ourselves do not expect to carry troops. On Saturday we go to sea, and great apprehensions are felt that another exposure to the plague-bearing winds of the Euxine will bring back a return of the cholera. Where our destination may be it is impossible to tell. Some say Odessa, and that we are to make it our winter quarters; but in that case how shall we be able to obtain supplies, for the sea will be a field of ice? Others think Anapa, but I was told by an engineer, who had just come from the court of Circassia, that Schamyl, the mountain chief, "priest, prophet and general of his people," had earnestly begged us to leave Anapa alone, for it necessitated the keeping up of a constant supply of Russian troops in that fortress, and it relieved his mind to know where they were. Prince Mentschikoff expects us at Sevastopol, and I think he is right. He told a prisoner he has just released, that he was accurately informed of all our movements and intentions by an organised system of spies.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Baldjik Bay,

29th Aug., 1854.

You will by this time, of course, have heard of the unexpected death of poor Buckley. His wife will suffer greatly, I

1854 fear. I know Buckley was deeply attached to her. He could not have been a very strong man, for he sank so suddenly; smells and other unpleasantnesses, of which *we* have become careless, used to distress him very much. He never went ashore with me and passed the slaughter-house but the heat and stench made him sick. I think that the life out here was too much for him, as he had been always used to the luxury of the *cuddy* of a merchant ship. I find all feel the hardships of this expedition. The easy life on board mail steamers forms an exceeding contrast to that on a man-of-war, with its oftentimes bare fare, and ceaseless anxiety, both in harbour and at sea. There champagne is drunk every day; we have it once a year when we cannot help it. They carry English sheep and a well-stocked poultry coop, and "growl" at their stewards if they have not five or six dishes on the table. We think a Turkish bullock, brought on board fresh from the plough tail, somewhat of a prize, and do not disdain to take off his iron shoes, and eat him afterwards.

When in harbour the master of a merchant ship never goes near his charge unless to seal some contract. No wonder, then, they do not like being tied to their ships and forced to submit to something like discipline.

The transports are flocking in, filled with artillery. We find that there are 180,000 men in the Crimea, a difficult morsel to swallow. No doubt that with the cholera, fever and battle, few will return home of all those who left England a few months ago. Everyone who does live to go back will be what Jack calls "a curio."

The heat has now somewhat abated, and all the sick are getting better. It is not too hot on most days to walk on shore, but the whole country is looking arid and burnt up. The bushes teem with life—lizards, snakes, and beetles of all descriptions. I saw one fellow yesterday nearly five inches long, with large legs and a rattle on the back of his head, which he sounded when touched. Two nights ago the ward room was filled with locusts blown off the land. Fancy two dozen grasshoppers, nearly as long as a teaspoon, buzzing about the lights.

From all I can hear it seems very probable that we shall winter in the Black Sea. I want to trouble you with a large order, if you can find any grocer capable of executing it. We have no butter left, and are reduced to eating dry bread, or buying jam at 2s. 6d. a pot, so will you see at what price you can buy twelve dozen best Scotch marmalade, one dozen pots potted bloaters, one dozen pots potted anchovies. These will

last for six months if fresh, well packed, and sent out in good condition. The marmalade should be of the best kind, not a compound of orange peel, pumpkin and turnip, and in a large quantity ought to be purchased for about 7d. a pot.

I shall be very glad to have any amount of letters or papers when off the Crimea. I should very much like the *Spectator*.

I am quite well now, with the exception of another fit of influenza. My "liver complaint" has yielded to calomel, and as the weather cools I may expect to bid it good-bye, the doctor says.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Baldjik, 4th September, 1854.

The signal has just been made, "Prepare for sea," so I am hurriedly scribbling to finish my letters.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have had a fearful visitation of cholera, and I have had much to do. This has passed away, but now the usual sickly season is coming on, and we may expect many weakly ones to sink. I feel very grateful that, more or less, my own health has been exceedingly good. A few influenzas, and a touch of liver complaint, have been all the harm the climate has done me. I live moderately, and take what exercise I can get.

There is little excitement going on; it is only just beginning; we are all dispirited by *ennui*.

I had a walk yesterday some way into the country, and paid a last visit to the gardens. The grapes are very fine. I measured one bunch and found it fifteen inches long, and I suppose there are many thousands like it. The vines are trained on trellises over all the running streams, forming a covered way sometimes of two hundred yards. The intervening open spaces are filled up with dwarf vines, growing like our gooseberry bushes and to about the same height. These are the delicious sultana grapes, which make the small raisins we see in England. The fruit is not thinned out (for that would be impossible), and only roughly pruned. A kind of sweetmeat is made from these grapes. What it is I cannot say. They give you a word which means "honey," but what more I could never make out.

I hope you will enjoy your visit to Jenner, and bring down his birds. I wrote to him not long ago.

1854 I have a scheme in my head to go to Jerusalem in the winter. A steamer leaves Stamboul monthly for Smyrna and Jaffa, and I may never have such another opportunity. Do you think you can give me the needful for this purpose? An order from a banker to Mr. Hanson, the banker at Stamboul, will procure me the money. If you cannot, I must abandon my pilgrimage, for I have not enough of my own, I have to send home what I can. You shall hear by the next mail where we are bound. I do not think we shall dare to attack Sevastopol. They have 180,000 men; we 85,000 at the highest computation, 65,000 of French and English, and some Turks. How many I cannot learn.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have at this moment let go the anchor in Kavarna Bay, having returned to this place to water. We find the Turkish Fleet here; they are a queer set of craft. There are five ships, and three admirals among them. Nothing was done before Sevastopol, and I suppose we shall return there in a day or two. I am still much troubled with my throat—perhaps a day's sunshine will remove it.

*Baldjik, Monday.*—We are all safely anchored here. The country is very green, and the vineyards beautiful. Such a change since we left, four weeks ago. I am going for a walk, the first time for a month. There is nothing to tell you. Love to all.

TO HIS MOTHER.

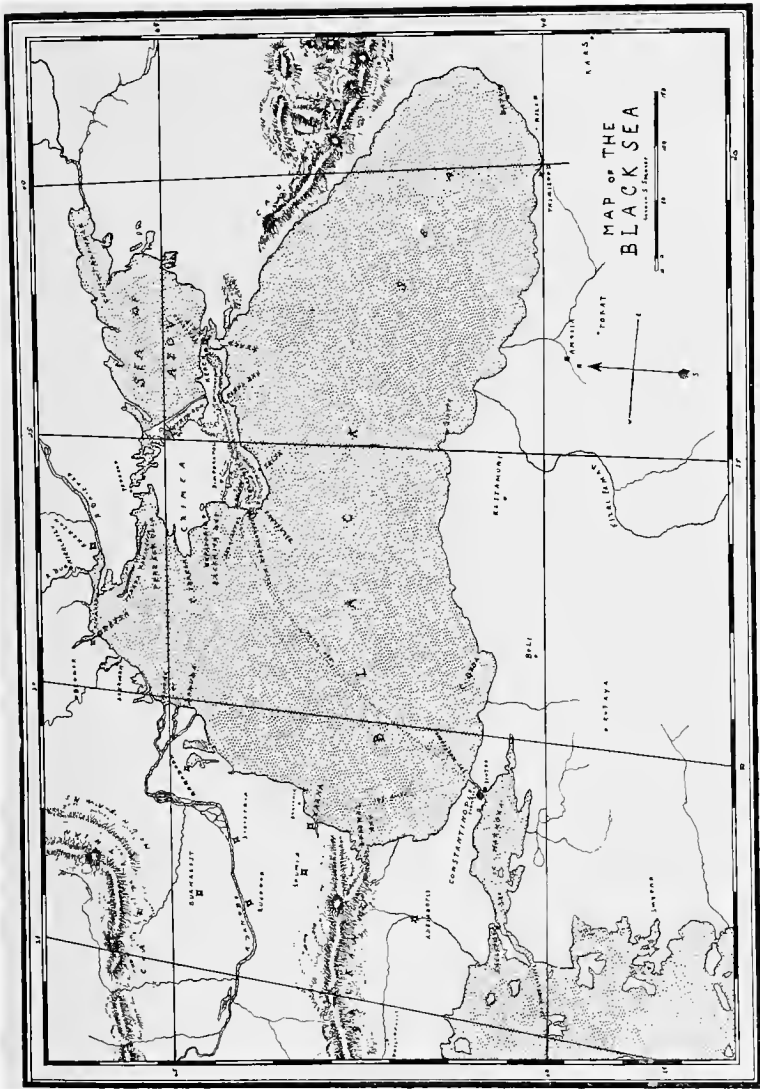
H.M.S. *Queen*,

Sept. 4th, 1854.

Your letter, having arrived during the night, was brought to me this morning.

I wish I were at home to offer my congratulations to my dear old grandmamma. For an Englishwoman she has far outlived the ordinary length of life, but here in the East a man of ninety is to be seen at every corner, smoking as calmly as when he began at three years of age, the usual time when children first inhale the fumes of the delicious Latakia. I have many times seen a curious looking object, with big breeches, yellow shoes, jacket and turban, quite an old-fashioned Turk in appearance, smoking a paper cigarette with a calm thoughtful face, and have been startled, almost alarmed for a moment, when upon addressing him, this old man-of-a-







child, has dropped his cigarette, extended his mouth, yelled loudly and fled away, like an English baby had a Turk offered to kiss him. I have felt as much astonishment at this frequent infantile exhibition, as Sterne did when he heard the little boys in Paris speaking French. 1854

Where we are going I cannot explain. Common report says to Sevastopol, but I do not think we shall dare to land there, any more than Napoleon ventured to invade the coast of England.

We have a great gathering here, between three and four hundred sail, and several hundred must be at Varna, as that harbour is still quite full. The Turkish Fleet has joined us here. I see the *Times* writes angrily at our allowing the Turks to die of starvation and scurvy, and pronounces a malediction upon our Admiral for sending them away. The reason they *were* sent away was that they were dying of starvation and scurvy. Surely it is not our place to find them in food and money as well as to fight their battles. Their Government neither feeds nor pays them; why should we? And, as we did not want to see them die, we sent them away. The fact is, our commanders have very wisely resolved to avoid committing the old fault of paying bad troops and getting work indifferently done, as was the case with the Portuguese in the last war. What we have to do we prefer doing in our own way. The Turks are excellent fellows behind walls, but they are a plundering, blundering, obstinate people, and as careless of human life, and of the means of preserving it, as they possibly can be. We could never be assured that the scurvy-stricken patients were not smoking in the powder magazine, as the easiest way of shortening their sufferings.

When Aunt Henry returns from Germany, beg her to come out to Constantinople, viâ Trieste, or Vienna. It can be done in ten days at a small cost. Lodgings are easily found now in Stamboul, and it is a capital place to winter in. Give my kindest love to all our friends on shore. Bath people are the nearest I have, geographically speaking.

I long, long for home.

## CHAPTER IX.

1854 THE process of reasoning is not even yet known which led the British Government to the conviction, that only by the Invasion of the Crimea, the destruction of Sevastopol and of the Russian Fleet, "might a safe and honourable peace" be made. The discussion which it involved proved, however, a welcome diversion to the Allies, although their experience in Bulgaria had made them bitterly aware of the fact that every "delay gives opportunity for disaster."\*

The conjectures regarding the defences of the foe were varied and uncertain, but the Tsar had already had time to make vast plans and preparations, and that he had appreciated his freedom for so doing, was manifested when the almost impregnable fortresses of Sevastopol withstood months of siege, as well as every conceivable naval device, and military strategy, for their downfall. Although one important result of the unprecedented and frank war correspondence from the camps was discounted by the writers, it proved in many ways invaluable; yet it was unfortunate that the enemy could not but learn from it even more accurate information than his spies were able to gather. The condition of the Allied Troops, and the future intentions of their commanders, were facts which, under the circumstances, could not be kept from the Russian Government. Nevertheless, the widespread horror in Britain, produced by the newspaper descriptions of the calamities at Varna, was instrumental in causing a powerful reaction from

\* Napoleon.

pursuance in passive and unjustifiable mismanagement. 1854  
 It is true that a war at any time during the long peaceful interval must have shown the weakness of the system, and probably rendered it effete, but it is difficult to believe that men who knew by personal experience the grave difficulties in the Peninsula, had meanwhile been in office, and had so rarely protested against existing evils. Almost every family in Britain had either one of its members, or a friend, now in the East; and indignation as well as sorrow at the ravages made by disease and death, inspired a popular determination that a new régime, based on a more energetic policy, should be immediately organised.

It is still a question whether the generous national impulses, which eventually prompted almost universal acquiescence in voting for anything and everything to lessen the woes of those who were upholding the honour of England, would have been roused by any other means than the columns of the daily journals. But it is indisputable that in the glowing and vivid accounts of realities, free use was made of direct appeal to the hearts of the British people, and was not made in vain.\*

It has been frequently asserted by military critics that the Invasion of the Crimea was a crude project. With the Russian Fleet confined to Sevastopol waters, the Allies were practically in possession of the Black Sea, and there were, of course, various ports and points of attack from which to choose. Warning might have been given to neutral vessels, and Odessa captured, but to land the armies there would have offered an opportunity to the enemy to pour down his legions on a position much more accessible to him than the Crimea. Quickly enough the invaders would have been overmatched, and, probably, ignominiously driven back to the sea.

\* "Great is journalism. Is not every able editor a ruler of the world, being a persuader of it? Though self-elected, yet sanctioned, by the sale of his numbers."—"The French Revolution," page 35, Part II.—Carlyle.

1854

It is a curious fact that whilst the Fleets were comparatively idle during the early summer, no well-planned attempt was made at Yenikali to cut off the sea road from the corn lands of the Don, whose ship loads of grain were sent to their destination through the Sea of Azov; nor was the Isthmus of Perekop barred, and it became of vital importance when the army of Bessarabia was brought down to the Crimea. These were the only entrances to the Black Sea available from the North. To have blockaded the belligerent ports would have rendered Russia powerless for evil against the Ottoman Empire only so long as the blockades lasted; and the most that had hitherto been effected was to have made Russian vessels run the gauntlet of English cruisers. Had the Allies sought the co-operation of the hill tribes, and independent enemies of the Tsar in Asia, it is probable that the Muscovite's presence to-day within measurable distance of our Indian frontier, would have been averted.

It has been frequently said that our Admirals and Generals were too old for unexpected daring and brilliant exploit, but when the time of their trial came, they did not lack either valour or discretion. Bold achievement was hindered by instructions from Cabinets, divided counsels, and the bewildering knowledge of good reasons for a variety of plans.

About the 12th of August the Austrians crossed the frontier and entered the Danubian Principalities, thus coming to the aid of Omar Pasha, who was not free from the fear of the re-invasion of the Russian troops, who, worsted there, were retreating. When it had become absolutely imperative to remove the Allied Armies from pestilential Varna, diplomacy decreed that, as a necessary sequence to events, a prodigious blow should be struck at the power of the Tsar where it appeared most invincible. By attributing the responsibility of the momentous despatch of the 29th of June to its writer, the Duke of Newcastle, even Kinglake, who

swings his search-light on all machinations, or disguised influences, for which the Emperor of the French could be blamed, exonerates him from the actual decisive step which precipitated the Invasion. However, Louis Napoleon's concurrence in every coercive scheme which had for its object the punishment of Russia, was no secret to the British Government. Diplomatic exigency, which is sometimes a cloak for official sin, had made it appear that Lord Raglan, Admiral Lyons, and Admiral Bruat, amongst the highest in command, were the only real promoters of the campaign. Nevertheless, proof was swift and abundant that their fears, which were not universally published, had not been groundless; and bitter must have been the reflection of Lord Raglan when he had to witness the suffering for which his counsel was not responsible, well knowing that eventually he alone might have to bear the nation's censure for a terrible mistake.

The Commander-in-Chief personally was averse to invading the enemy's country so late in the season; Sir George Brown was not in favour of the Expedition; and Vice-Admiral Dundas, whose supreme command of the Fleet was independent of the orders of the military Commander-in-Chief, gave very open expression to his fears that neither Navy nor Army was ready for such an enterprise. The near approach of autumn, and the total lack of accurate knowledge of the enemy's forces, and of the condition of Sevastopol, naturally excited dubious apprehension as to the expediency of the project among the Admirals and Generals in the Black Sea and Bulgaria. Conflicting opinions no doubt had weight in dictating Lord Raglan's reply to the despatch wherein he stated that "it was more in deference to the views of the British Government, and to the well-known acquiescence of the Emperor Louis Napoleon in those views, than to any information in the possession of the naval and military authorities

1854 either as to the extent of the enemy's forces, or their state of preparation, that the decision to make a descent upon the Crimea was adopted."\*

The culmination of the horrors at Varna occurred on the 10th of August in a disastrous fire caused by Greek incendiaries; by skill and hard work the powder-magazine was fortunately saved; Marshal St. Arnaud displayed great courage during the conflagration, which totally destroyed a Mosque, 180 houses, and a French store; it was also reported, 19,000 pairs of soldiers' shoes, and other valuable stores.

Suffering from a disease which was so soon to prove fatal, he wrote to his wife, "God spares us no misfortune, no calamity, my Dear; . . . I wish I could find more resignation, but the most sublime patience flies away at the sight of catastrophes so completely independent of the will, that are incessantly striking down those around us . . . a seventh part of the town no longer exists."

The rumour of actual warfare in the near future, the gathering of transports at Varna, and the general activity, filled the hearts of the inhabitants of many Russian ports with dread lest they were to be besieged. Certainty as to the destination of the Allied Troops was not openly published in Russia. Well might a correspondent at Odessa, remembering the recent bombardment, write: "Every day we get through we take it as a gift; we are in great fear and in great need."

Excitement and bustle reigned in the chief town of Bulgaria; hundreds of transports, steamers and craft of every description, and a forest of masts made a brave show; and, with the preparations, a more hopeful spirit animated both sailors and soldiers.† It was considered

\* Lord Raglan's letter of 19th July.

† *August 3rd.*—Devna. "Since I wrote everybody has been very full of our going to Sevastopol. Sir George Brown has certainly been to look about and all transports are being collected, gabions and fascines are being made at Varna by thousands. We are all practising digging trenches and fieldworks." "Letters from the Crimea," page 56.—General Sir Daniel Lysons, G.C.B.



that the sea air and change would have a beneficial effect on all who were strong enough to embark,\* and, indeed, the prospect of leaving the filthy pandemonium Varna had become, with its surroundings of recently-filled cemeteries, had already done much to cheer the ranks. On the 25th Marshal St. Arnaud issued a proclamation to the French army, in which he said, Providence had called it to the Crimea, a country healthy as France, and that ere long the two united flags should float over the ruined ramparts of Sevastopol. This prophecy proved illusive, but it was decreed that its author should not live to see how vainly optimistic his words had been. 1854

Our warships did not carry troops, but were all ready for action. The plan of the convoy was marked out by Captain Mends, and it was he who brought the captains of the transports together to intimate that their aid might be required in the expected naval action. Kinglake reports this incident with sympathy. "The captains," he tells, "were not in the Queen's service, but they were English seamen and their answer was characteristic. They were not flighty men; they respectfully asked for an assurance that, in the event of death, their widows would be held entitled to pensions, and as to the question whether of their own free will they would encounter the chances of a naval action, they answered it with three cheers. It is not by the mere muster roll of the Army or the Navy that England counts her forces."

On the 1st of September the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Divisions of the French Army also embarked. Except a small number of horsemen who were intended for escort duty, the French took no cavalry, but seventy pieces of field artillery, and 24,000 infantry. As their accommodation was inadequate, they limited the number of horses for each gun to four instead of six. Between

\* In Lord G. Paget's journal, August 7th, at Varna, he wrote: "A night on board ship adds a year to one's life," page 10.

1854 five and six thousand Turkish infantry went on board their own ships.

For the projected work of the Invasion, however, it was compulsory to have cavalry; and Sir Edmund Lyons, alert to accept either diplomatic or naval responsibility, got a thousand safely embarked, as well as sixty pieces of artillery completely equipped. The force of Blue-jackets at his command was ready enough to prove that strenuous energy, and sturdy contempt for difficulties, which the British sailor manifests in every emergency. The French, who had not the trouble of putting cavalry on board, were the first to be ready for sea.

The flags of Admiral Dundas and Sir Edmund Lyons were flying in the *Britannia* and *Agamemnon*. Many a brave fellow had to be left behind with the numerous sick at Varna, and bitter were their regrets. The impedimenta of the camps, too, had to be guarded by responsible men, who would fain have accompanied their comrades to the Crimea.

Marshal St. Arnaud had had to crowd his troops in the ships; sickness developed even before they sailed from Varna, and their Commander-in-Chief was also anxious and ailing. Admiral Dundas suggested to him that, as his vessels were mostly under sail, it would not so much hinder the Fleet if he were to start on the 5th of February. The Marshal, in the *Ville de Paris*, left Varna with his sailing Fleet before the British ships were quite ready for sea. It was said that the French went out in better order than the British; but there were reasons for this, as many of their transports were small and easily managed.

In Sir Daniel Lyson's diary we find an interesting note written in the *Victoria*. "Just above the horizon we see the nearest of the French transports; they (the French troops) are all in wretched little brigs and schooners." Our transports were towed by steamers; but the French steam power had not equalled this

emergency, and the warships of our Ally, as well as those of the Sultan, were impeded for action by carrying troops; consequently the whole of that mighty Armada was actually under the protection of the British warships. The splendour of those lines moving towards Sevastopol must have, indeed, thrilled the hearts of all beholders. 1854

“The vessels with the transports,” Kinglake tells, “numbered about six hundred warships, including ten sail of the line, two of which were screw steamers, two fifty-gun frigates and thirteen lesser steamers of war heavily armed,” and other vessels joined the Fleet afterwards.\* Much has been written concerning the magnificent display the ships made, and of the beautiful sailing order in which they began their cruise, the ubiquitous *Agamemnon* darting here and there supervising the convoy. According to Ruskin, there is nothing so “absolutely notable, bewitching and heart-occupying as a well-handled ship in a stormy day, and the developments that have taken place in shipbuilding are mere matters of more money, more time, more men, but that the sum of navigation is in the rude simplicity of bent plank . . . That is the soul of shipping.” Never in after times have the vessels of our Fleet come again so near the ideal thus described. We have now Titanic force and power instead of inherent grace and beauty; and though there is no longer any new world such as Drake’s galleons, with their “rude simplicity of bent plank,” went out to conquer, there are, in the ships of to-day, unprecedented possibilities of devastation, which seemingly have a spell notable, bewitching and heart-occupying enough for the peoples for whom they are constructed.

The grim fiend, cholera, was not left in Bulgaria; on the 9th of September nine men were dead on the *Andes*.

Nearing the shores of Crim Tartary the spirit of

\* See Appendix I.

1854 General St. Arnaud failed him; he was mortally ill; and the opinion of some of his principal officers seems to have influenced his action, for he informed the British commanders that "it was too late in the year, too hazardous to land in face of a powerful enemy having a numerous cavalry; that the situation should be reconsidered." Lord Raglan replied, "The enterprise was bold and dangerous, but the orders of the French and English Governments left the Allied generals with no option but to proceed."

On the 10th Lord Raglan, in the *Caradoc*, determined that the armies should land at Old Fort, six miles north of the Bulganak. We have it, on the authority of Sir William Russell, that, "When the Allies alighted on the coast of Chersonese, the French had no cavalry, the Turks had neither cavalry nor food. The British had cavalry, but neither tents nor transports, ambulances nor litters, though a Russian army was encamped within an easy march from Old Fort."

Lord George Paget's diary contains the following:—

*September 14th.*—Old Fort (ten miles from Eupatoria). The French landed the first blue-jackets about 8.30 a.m. and planted the tricolour on the sand, our Rifles landing about an hour after. St. Arnaud not expected to live.

*September 16th.*—The French have secured for themselves the right flank, that protected by the ships and nearest the provisions, which gives the English the post of honour and also of hard work.

## CHAPTER X.

A COMPARATIVELY small force of robust, well-trained troops, of undoubted efficiency, is often of infinitely more service to an invading Commander-in-Chief than battalions of raw, young, and feeble soldiers, who lack military experience, and have still to be acclimatized. Great numbers in the Allied Armies were unfit to land, having only partially recovered from various attacks at Varna ; many were weakly, and others were sickening, even while the disembarkation was taking place ; and, as we shall see later, these numbers had to be made up by mere recruits. The crews of the *Queen* and *London* having had greater immunity from the pestilence which had caused such terrible havoc in some of the other ships, were in a better condition for the arduous task of disembarkation, but they suffered afterwards from rheumatic fever, consequent upon the necessary exposure in the water.\*

The arrangements for the first night in the Crimea were crude. There were no tents. The labour of landing, which occupied three days, was performed by the Blue-jackets with unfailing good nature, skill, and care. The ships in the fifties were manned by no wild press-gang crews of criminals and desperadoes ; disease and other causes had taken a good deal of grit from the majority, but the resolute spirit of Nelson's day was still ready to face any task ; and will never fail to animate the British seaman.

\* "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," page 20.—Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

1854 Sir Evelyn Wood relates that on the 14th September "The officers landed in full dress, carrying sword, revolver, with greatcoat rolled in horseshoe over the shoulder, wooden water bottle, some spirits, three days' cooked salt pork and three days' biscuit." \* Prince Mentschikoff did not attempt to disturb the landing. Sir John Adye and other writers attribute this want of enterprise to the probability that he was occupied concentrating his troops on the strong position of the Alma; but he might have signally discomfited the disembarkation, and possibly might have succeeded in altogether preventing its being undertaken at the time. However, the long strip of Black Sea shore was protected from the enemy by a salt water lake, and he probably rightly conjectured that both ends of the strip could have been easily defended by those watch dogs, the ships, whose guns would have been ready enough to harass any interruption.

The first night in the Crimea the British troops spent in the open, with a pitiless rain pouring down upon them; sorry indeed was the plight of the invader. † There was no provision to keep the poor fellows snug and in good fighting mettle; 1,500 of the feeble and stricken had to be carried back next day from the shore to the ships.

The British Force (which moved forward on the 19th September) consisted of 1,000 sabres, 26,000 infantry, and 60 guns. The French had 28,000 infantry and 68 guns and the 7,000 Turks, who were also under Marshal St. Arnaud. ‡ Not much glory in prospect for those 7,000; plenty of unmerited obloquy when blame had to fall somewhere; their portion was stern; constant work with scant reward, for payment is an

\* *Ibid*, page 25.

† "Few of us will ever forget last night; never were 27,000 Englishmen more miserable."—"The War," page 167, by W. H. Russell.

‡ "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," page 29, by General Sir Evelyn Wood. "Invasion of the Crimea," page 199, vol. ii.—Kinglake.

intermittent rule in the Turkish Army, and loot is never an appreciable quantity. Famine and fever-stricken, the Osmanli never gave in till death was near. Omar Pasha had already felt the unceasing grip of dire necessity in the Principalities; his troops were neither fed nor clothed adequately for the difficulties they had to surmount. Yet, although terrible stress reduced them to a pitiable condition, they were equipped with the highest courage, but that was not in the giving of their masters. It was always most finely displayed when they were led by British officers, for their own were both incapable and corrupt. Had they been of different quality, the war might possibly have ended sooner, for the Turkish soldier was patient, hardy, and staunch, even when fighting fearful odds. Where the vanishing point of a feebler patriotism would have been reached, he endured privation with stoicism, and hunger as though it were habit. Sublimely indifferent when the commissariat failed, his indefatigable energy and deathless loyalty sometimes made his Allies forget he could suffer, and be weary like the rest. They found that, though ragged and dirty, he would valiantly persevere for long intervals without food; and expect nothing but the scantiest and meanest fare in the end. The invulnerable speck in his bravery was looking death in the face as a friend; that was second nature; and it gave him the right to expect life hereafter—"There is but one Allah! Death is Destiny!" The surgeons knew best what inspired the Believer with the terror and dread an enemy could not rouse, for at the very hint of an amputation he would writhe in exquisite mental agony. The certainty that if he submitted to an operation depriving him of a limb, a mutilated body would be his in Paradise, was a prospect which brought fierce imprecation to his lips, and a gleam of vengeance to eyes whose glance was habitually patient and calm.

And much could be written in praise of his foe,

1854 the silent, stolid Russian soldier, for human nature, with some variations and eccentricities, in primitive characteristics is, after all, human nature; and its few dissimilarities are traceable to racial tendency, while certain vital moral instincts are alike common to all. It would be difficult to determine whether faith in God, or fear of official injustice, makes the Russian soldier what he is, docile and uncomplaining, however hardly treated, but an implacable enemy, fighting to the death—for what? Does he know? Have not even his convictions been scared from his mind by dread of punishment? Of one creed have the priests made him sure; he never for a moment doubts that the “little Father,” the ineffable Tsar, is God-elect. Millions asserting passively the divine right of kingship are his brethren, and he believes, if he has energy of soul enough to believe anything, as they believe, in that mysterious quality of the sovereign power. The Tsar lives whether God is in Heaven or no, and, for the rest, there is always work to be done for the Tsar. Loyal and simple was the Russian soldier of the fifties, though his mind had been dominated by a centuries-old system, despotic and barbarous; deprived of every sort of freedom—no, not deprived, for that infers whilom possession; he had never tasted the sweets of liberty, and was, in the Crimean campaign, little better than a slave, whose taskmaster frequently rendered his life a burden unspeakable, and happy his comrade whom swift death made the conqueror.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

13th September, 1854.

I wrote a hurried letter to you this morning giving you an account of our progress hitherto as far as the bay of Eupatoria. Whilst I was finishing a note to Carrie the boats left the ship, but I am promised another chance in a quarter of an hour.



We have not yet anchored, but most of the ships have, and all the transports are drawn up in line opposite to Eupatoria. We hear the *Caradoc* has taken Marshal St. Arnaud, Lord Raglan, the Duke of Cambridge and the various staffs right towards the harbour of Sevastopol with a flag of truce and a summons to surrender. This I cannot help feeling is a very foolish proceeding, for the Russians are known not to respect flags of truce, and may fire into the *Caradoc* and ruin the Expedition. We left Baldjeh on Thursday, and have had several days' delay waiting for the French fleet. They sailed the day before we did, but thanks to steam, we over-ran them. The transports have fared pretty well in these late gales, few of them have been injured. To-morrow the Turks are to be allowed to take possession of Eupatoria. I hope some of our troops will go with them, for, like their Arab brethren the French Zouaves, they think it a merit to shed the blood of the conquered, and spare neither age nor sex. It is an excellent landing place, this bay of Eupatoria. Here and there, as we stand in, we see many camps. The Russians certainly are in great force, but it will be hard if we cannot get a landing. To-morrow or to-night will see. We are daily expecting a reinforcement of 25,000 men from England. Oh, how cold it is here to be sure. We are getting better and in high spirits, and having great fun with the French transports as they pass us. They always cheer and cry "*Vive les Anglais*" as they go by, and we cheer in return, and the band plays "*Partant pour la Syrie*." We see couriers riding with news along the coast "ventre a terre." I shall miss the boat again if I write more. Love to all.

## TO HIS SISTER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

13th September, 1854.

I have a brief time to write to you, to tell you we are just about to anchor in the bay of Eupatoria, pronounced Ef-patoria in Greek. It is a sandy bay with deep water, about 25 miles north of Sevastopol. The French and Turks have at length joined us, and the transports have fared pretty well, and are now in their stations. They suffered somewhat in the squally nights we have had of late.

We have had another alarm of cholera in two ships of war; the immediate approach of active operations will have a very salutary effect in removing much of the alarm, which is one of

1854 the most fatal causes of the spread of this dreadful disease. At Varna, the other day, the French were so fearfully overcome with undue terror that they buried the sick before life had entirely left the body. At last, they even abandoned this practice and stored away the dead and all-but-dead in a barn, whence issued such a pestilential air that the plague was spread tenfold. Such terrors afflict even the brave at the approach of death when the excitement of glory does not accompany it. Our own people who are more phlegmatic, although equally alarmed, were not so lost to decency. Many are the terrible stories I could tell you even of ourselves, still none were knowingly buried until life had departed, and the body was at least cold.

The alternations of climate are very great in this sea just now. The day we left Varna, the thermometer was 84 degrees in the shade. To-day the same thermometer stands at 50 degrees. We must take Sevastopol to procure fur coats, fur gloves, and nose bags, to be able to sustain the rigour of a Russian winter. We land troops almost immediately, and I do not see at present any signs of opposition. The idea is, that three days more will decide their fate—or ours; the troops take but three days' provisions with them, and no tents nor cavalry, thus, we are only prepared for action instanter. It looks like an attempt at escalade. The scaling ladders are ready in great numbers, but little done towards a breaching battery, so that siege is next to impossible. The difficulty in escalade is in making a suitable ditch so that there is no possibility of placing ladders in it, as the bottom is pointed and filled with sword blades and bayonets. The way is to fill it up as men are shot by throwing them into it. This is the only means the hurry of the moment allows. Such is war, "glorious war," as it is called! I hope, secretly, people will run away from the troops, for those ferocious French Zouaves, whom there is such a talk about, are the most diabolical-looking men I ever saw. Fire, murder, rapine, marked on every face. They spare neither man, woman, nor child; they did not in Algeria, and why should they do so now?

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Kalamita Bay, Crimea,

September 15th, 1854.

Since I wrote home yesterday, we have done a good deal. Our letters were dated Eupatoria, from whence we weighed at half-past two this morning, with a fair wind and moonlight, and dropped down to this coast, where we arrived about daybreak. By half-past nine the first boat-load of French had leaped ashore and hoisted their colours. We left two divisions behind at Eupatoria, which took possession without any trouble, the garrison having surrendered at discretion. It is a feeble place, and of no importance either to Russia or to the Allies.

All day long we have been landing men in every available boat, and at sunset this evening none but the cavalry were left on ship-board. Our men looked well and hearty for the most part, and are in excellent spirits, real work having frightened away the cholera from the army of "No occupation."

We have had several bits of fun to-day. The English landed some miles from the French, and one of the first was a gallant grey horse. The next was that hero of pipe clay and buckles, crop belts, strangulation coats, and Peninsular prejudices, Sir George Brown. Like a good soldier, for he is such, and a gallant man too, he mounted the horse and alone set forward to reconnoitre the Crimea, allured, doubtless, by the bright expanse of plain and mountain, river and tree, fields of corn and grass, and green fruit trees innumerable, which then, for the first time, met his eye. Probably, involuntarily thinking that the contents of a train of bullock carts approaching him, if nicely grilled and "done to a turn" upon those smoking embers which even his rigid system does not deny to the cold and hungry warrior, would serve somewhat to banish care and rules of discipline from his soldier heart; thinking, perhaps, upon these delights, and, may be, the moisture of expectation already bedewing his lips, he, like many other meditative men, forgot the fine things under his nose in the shape of

1854 four Cossacks, who evidently desired the acquaintance of the General more than he desired theirs—

“Sir George he turned, sharp was his need  
And dashed the rowels in his steed.”

The gallant grey never went faster, I will answer for it, than when urged to his speed by the dropping shots of Cossack carbines in the rear. He very luckily made good his escape.

The country is covered with corn and cut grass; some Arabas (waggons) which were secured were found stored with delicious fruit. Herds of cattle are grazing unsuspectingly within a very short distance—in a word, there is prime foraging. As possession was being taken of the bullocks the drivers ran away, and because they would not stop they were shot at, and one poor boy thus lost three of his toes. He is a great object of commiseration, and lies extended in a cart with crowds of soldiers standing round him, feeding him! so he may be killed after all by kindness. The French, as usual, take the greatest care of themselves; they have their little tents pitched as soon as they are landed. Our men are not taken such care of. It is a bitter night, raining, blowing; and yet no soldier nor officer has more than three days' rations and a blanket. These are old Peninsular abominations, and of *course* must be acted upon in 1854 in the Crrimea.

The only umbrella in the army is in possession of an officer of the Highland Brigade, who was seen to-day marching with the troops, “sans culottes,” with an umbrella over his head. He despises breeches but adheres to gingham; evidently the honest man has a strong aversion to showers and dew, but *suffers* the zephyrs to play around his knees and cool his nether extremities, with great complacency. It would form an interesting cartoon for *Punch*; imagine a historic picture, entitled, “Ancient and Modern Times Shaking Hands.”

There was a smart affair between four and five of our steamers and a Russian field battery of howitzers, about eight miles from here down the coast. We could distinctly see it with our glasses, and it kept up the excitement after Sir George Brown's hunt was over. The howitzers were soon silenced, and then the steamers shelled a large camp which was within range. This was quickly cleared and set on fire. I have heard no particulars, as the steamers only returned from cruising at sunset.

The Russians are said not to be so strong as we supposed. I do trust this is the case, but it is almost hoping against hope, for surely the Tsar is far-sighted enough to have left so important a place as Sevastopol fortified and garrisoned to the fullest possible extent. There is an entrenched camp between this and Sevastopol, containing some 20,000 men, which is to be attempted on Saturday. I hope to be able to join, for I may be useful on such an occasion, as very few chaplains, if any, remain attached to the Expedition. John Adye is here, but I have not met him yet. Our captain of marines saw him to-day, looking extremely well. The cavalry disembark to-morrow.

*Friday 15th.*—A heavy swell which kept rolling in during the night has prevented me doing much to-day. A few horses were drowned yesterday, among them two of Lord Raglan's chargers. We have heard the disheartening news that there is a gathering disagreement between the French and English commanders. The former wish to make either a campaign in the Dobruscha, or to take Theodosia and winter there, leaving Sevastopol unscathed this year. They even delayed two days in deliberation on their passage out (a delay inexplicable to us then), and it was only owing to the timely arrival of Sir Edmund Lyons, and his use of some very unmistakable, energetic language that the obstruction was removed. This is very sad news. The troops are greatly distressed for water, all they have being supplied in "barricoes" from us. The nearest river is in possession of the Russians and must be contended for.

By this time poor Mrs. Buckley will have heard of her husband's death. I often think of her with sadness.

Will you tell George that I had a call to-day from Captain Inglis of the 11th Hussars, whom he knew in Dublin. He now has his troop, and makes a famous soldier, worth three Russians, since he is six feet four and big in proportion. Most marvellous to relate, we have not seen the slightest glimpse of a Russian. This is quite incomprehensible.

*16th.*—At four o'clock this morning a signal gun was fired and the troops marched. A few only are left behind, and some of the cavalry are still in the ships. We expect to weigh anchor presently, and I had made an arrangement to go ashore, but one of our people died in the night and my presence is required. The mail goes in half an hour, so I can only say, love to all and good-bye,

Ever yours.

## CHAPTER XI.

DURING the autumn of 1854 the most enthusiastic of fire-eaters had no cause for complaint in the Crimean Peninsula, where occurrences of grave import, whose nature it would have been impossible to foretell, followed each other in rapid succession. The combined armies, backed by prodigious naval powers, in absolute ignorance of the defences to be opposed to them, and even of the very ground where the first encounter was to take place, descended on the enemy's country, and combatted unexpected disaster, with as resolute a front as they did the menaced difficulties which had been already recognized.

A narrative, dealing with a young soldier's personal experiences on certain memorable occasions during the campaign, has been kindly written by himself, to give the reader, where the action was purely military, a more definite point of view.

Its author, Mr. W. H. Pennington, was long familiarly known as "Gladstone's Tragedian." Many years ago the statesman informed this admirable actor that his "Hamlet" was the most original he had ever witnessed, and that he "was perfectly in accord with the rendering," and indeed, with reference to it, writing from Cannes to Mr. Pennington, in January, 1895, Mr. Gladstone remarked: "I have never forgotten your striking representation of the character!" All the



MR. W. H. PENNINGTON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.





leading journals endorsed Mr. Gladstone's opinions of his "high capacity."\* 1854

Mr. Pennington was with the army of occupation in Bulgaria; was present at the cavalry skirmish at Boulganak; the passage of the river, and the storming of the heights of Alma; in the charge of the Light Cavalry against the Russian guns at Balaklava he was wounded, and his horse shot under him, and was only saved from the Cossack cavalry by a comrade, who placed him upon a riderless charger. He returned to his duties the following year to witness the fall of Sevastopol.

Mr. Gladstone did not learn these interesting facts until long after Mr. Pennington's recitals at Carlton House Terrace. The relation of them was in consequence of Her Royal Highness Princess Louise expressing a wish to hear some incidents of the actor's life. His own words however best tell the story of his exploits in the East with the 11th Hussars.

MR. W. H. PENNINGTON'S NARRATIVE.

"All ordered to the East. I recall with feelings of warm appreciation the kindness of Captain Inglis, Lieutenant Trevelyan (now Colonel retired), and Sir

\*The following is an example: "If 'the graces of a play be to copy nature, and instruct life,' as Dr. Johnson says, then King Lear has found a most faithful impersonation in Mr. Pennington's acting. It appeals throughout to the truest human sensibilities, excites the sympathy and commands the attention. It combines the dignity of the sovereign with the feelings of the father and the man. It embodies the lofty fervour, the touching pathos and the dignified passion of the great original. An ardent disciple and admirer of Shakespeare, jealous for his honour and inspired by his spirit, he compels his audience to travel with him through each act and scene, the sharer of his indignation and his sorrows, thrilled not less by the terrible sublimity of his maledictions than by the pathetic eloquence of his woe."

To those not within the esoteric ring of the profession, it may appear marvellous that such an actor was allowed no place upon the boards of a West-end theatre, but when Mr. Gladstone's friendship and patronage became known, so great was the battle of conflicting interests among the actor-managers of that day, Mr. Pennington was simply "boycotted" or entrusted with parts which might have been adequately represented by an indifferent performer.

Mr. Pennington's portrait, the unhorsed hussar—in Lady Butler's picture, "The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava," has excited much interest and admiration.

1854 Roger Palmer (retired Lt.-General) in charge of the detachment of men and horses, sailing in the barque *Paramatta* from Kingstown, Ireland, in the spring of 1854 for Varna. I should hardly think that regimental records could furnish a stronger instance of good feeling than that which existed between these gallant young officers, and the rank and file under their command.

I do not remember any instance of punishment; indeed, I fail to remember an ungracious word. They were officers who greatly disliked to bring trouble upon anyone; and I place this to their account with feelings of the deepest personal regard.

I was a very young soldier at the time, and had been selected, with some few others, to make up the strength of the regiment proceeding to the East, after only a few months' service.

We had no irksome and unnecessary parades; no annoying espionage; and I know each man on board the *Paramatta* felt more as a member of an excursion party, than an individual who had surrendered his personal will for the good of the land he was leaving, and possibly might never see again.

We were accustomed in the second "dog watch" (6 p.m. to 8 p.m.), and often far into the "first watch," to assemble under the break of the poop, and, with our officers seated near the rail, to sing songs, comic and sentimental, while some related stories, when the merriment was hearty and unrestrained.

We considered ourselves also as part of the crew; and our fellows required no hint to "tail on" to the halliard after the reefing of a topsail, thus making the work light for the "foc'sle" hands.

Our officers were anxious on arriving at Gibraltar, after reporting themselves in the proper quarter, to go ashore, but this was not allowed, even though with pardonable ingenuity they urged, as a pretext that we had a glandered horse on board, and that a stay should be made to purify the "'tween decks" and lower hold.

But the devices of these gay young individuals were, I assume, apparent to the experienced old hand with whom they were dealing, for the shore authorities were inexorable, and we were instructed to "up anchor," and to make sail without delay. I had myself previously seen some two or three years' service as a sailor, having made a five months' passage in a ship called the *Isabella*, and subsequently I had served in two barques, respectively the *Briton* and the *Reliance*. I had visited Australia, the East Indies, Java, and Singapore, the capital of the Straits Settlement.

I was accustomed to go aloft with the *Paramatta's* hands when "shortening sail," and I remember how nearly I "lost the number of my mess," when upon her fore-to' gallant yard, as she was about coming to an anchor at "Gib." The yard was being hauled "by" the wind, in order to "shake" the sail for furling, when it flapped over my head, almost throwing me off. It was a very near thing!

It was not, of course, a matter of compulsion with me to render this kind of service; but perhaps there was a little harmless vanity in showing better soldiers than myself that I was a better sailor. By the way, to stigmatise a sailor as a "soldier" was, in those days, by no means considered as a compliment to the maritime service.

I received the name of "Sailor Bill," and it stuck to me for some time; indeed, Captain Inglis, when I met him upon the steps of the Post Office at Constantinople some months afterwards (convalescent from my wound received at Balaklava), good-humouredly rallied me with "I think, Pennington, you're a better sailor than soldier, though possibly very good food for powder"; but he was smiling as he said it, so I knew his friendly sympathy and encouragement prompted the words.

And to illustrate further the good understanding which was so reciprocal, I received a letter very many

1854 years after from Sir Roger Palmer (while I was starring with a dramatic company), in which he wrote: "I am sorry that I was not at Cefn (N. Wales), for I should like to have seen you; I often hear of you from our old friend Colonel Trevelyan, and I should be glad to have a talk with you over old times in the good ship *Paramatta*. I wish you every success in your profession."

I think all of us voted our officers "jolly good fellows;" few soldiers ever had a happier or less harassing time.

The good ship *Paramatta*, having no auxiliary steam power, was rather long (I fancy about six weeks) in making her passage, though we were presently towed up the Bosphorus, and into the Black Sea.

I can only briefly refer to the dreary and monotonous months which intervened after landing at Varna, until we knew for a certainty that the Invasion of the Crimea had been resolved upon. It was a time having nothing of lively interest to record; but only of sickness, misery, and death. We lost many a fine man in Bulgaria. The Guards especially, and other regiments, too, found themselves greatly reduced in strength from the ravages of dysentery and cholera, and after so many months of tedious inaction, it was a relief past expression to learn that there was 'every prospect of work with the enemy.

The landing in the Peninsula in the middle of September was effected without opposition or disaster; the Light Brigade (the Heavies had not then joined the Expedition) were posted in front of the invading force, with only a picket of the Rifles and of the 11th Hussars between them and a possibly opposing enemy.

And now an incident took place, which has received but scant notice, of a kind most startling and extraordinary.

We were in bivouac, without any covering but the

canopy of heaven ; our horses were unsaddled, and most of the men were asleep in the lines. We had in the twilight discovered that the enemy's cavalry had fired the village and forage, at some distance in our front, and were retiring, presumably, to join their main body. I happened to be sentry on the horses in my own troop lines (11th Hussars), when suddenly, and without the least warning, shots flew above me in fairly well-directed volleys, 1854

With beating heart I shouted to our fellows, who needed but slight instigation ; and, with trembling hands, saddled and girthed up in haste. The aroused troopers quickly followed suit ; fires were extinguished as rapidly as might be under the exciting conditions ; and the regiments of the Brigade were turned out and mounted.

It was a pitch dark night ; and, to add to the confusion, our outlying picket (believing that the enemy had crept between them and their friends) came tearing in, their fast-beating hoofs like muffled thunder, and the clatter of their accoutrements by no means allaying the alarm.

We heard Lord Cardigan's voice in angry deprecation, as, galloping up, he brought confidence and calm.

He exposed himself to the volleys still poured in our direction, and, I believe, discovered that a lately landed regiment of our own infantry was giving us the benefit of its bullets ; having, in the darkness, mistaken us for the enemy.

The men of the Light Brigade were at this time mounted, and only saved from the fire of their own infantry by the undulating ground interposed between them. I have never heard any explanation of this unnerving incident ; no Russians were near ; but the sangfroid of Lord Cardigan was equal to the occasion—unquestionable and remarkable. He rebuked the officer in command of the picket in very severe

1854 tones, and in the hearing of us all ; and one cannot help reflecting that the novelty and responsibility of the occasion, the extreme darkness of the night, the vigilance to be exercised, the sudden and startling volleys of musketry between him and his friends, might have perplexed and alarmed one much more experienced, and that the asperity and publicity of the reproof were rather severe.

The following morning the Allies moved a short distance from the sea, though at no great interval from the line of coast. It was now known that the enemy had posted himself in considerable force, about 45,000 men, upon the heights of Alma, which the Allies could only reach after fording a stream running at their base, and giving the name to these elevations.

The Marine Forces, combining the Fleets of Great Britain, France and Turkey, must have presented one of the most imposing sights conceivable as they moved with their armies in the direction of the enemy.

The French rested upon the sea ; their right flank as they marched being thus protected by the powerful Fleets of the Allies ; while the Turks moved on as reserves in their rear.

To "those island mastiffs," as we have been termed by a great Frenchman, fell the more hazardous places of the left, and centre.

In his seemingly impregnable position above the Alma, the Russian had resolved to make his stand. Six weeks, we have since learned, did he occupy in entrenching himself, and practising the range ; and, with platforms for the ladies of Sevastopol to view our discomfiture, he had boasted that he would drive the invaders to their ships.

But the Muscovite had "reckoned without his host."

That stern tenacity and high courage, which had triumphed on many a bloody field, in men not dragged from hearth and home to serve against their will, once

more asserted that it yet survived, and pronounced that we still possessed the first infantry in the world! 1854

But memory halts for a brief space to record what occurred on the late afternoon of the day preceding Alma—the 19th September, 1854, at Boulganak. As the Light Brigade, the antennae of our force, felt its way, the sun was slowly sinking in the west, when a clump of lances was plainly visible at some distance, cresting a slightly rising ground in front of the British left. What numbers might be hidden behind we had yet to learn.

Our Brigade, with Horse Artillery, moved steadily towards what at first appeared to be a mere cavalry reconnaissance, and prepared to measure his strength.

The enemy, with ingenious purpose, refrained from revealing any part of it, until he had led us some considerable distance from all possible support. He then spread out his numerous cavalry like the unfolding of an eagle's wings, and leisurely descended the slope.

His artillery opened fire, but failed to get our range. Though his aim was direct, his trajectory (or curve of elevation) was fortunately not so. His round shot struck some yards in front of us, and bounded over our squadrons' heads. But, in the meantime, we were not inert nor idle. The 13th Light Dragoons had thrown out a line of skirmishers. The enemy had responded in like manner, but the fire of the mounted men on both sides was most ineffective (at the present day it is not the practice of the cavalry to attempt a mounted fire). The skirmishers retired.

Our Horse Artillery made splendid practice, and appeared to have silenced the enemy's artillery while Lord Cardigan was advancing us across the intervening space.

But the hazard of his movement had been observed by Lord Raglan and his Staff. The enemy was in force behind the slope, and his *ruse* was to draw us on.

An aide-de-camp from the British Commander-in-

1854 Chief instructed Lord Cardigan to retire. It was well that we did so. The enemy again demonstrated, and renewed his artillery fire without any adequate result, with the exception that in my own regiment (11th Hussars) Private Williamson's foot with stirrup-iron was shot away. We learned later that the poor fellow died on board ship, after amputation of the leg, while on his way to the hospital at Scutari.

The enemy's round shot, passing over our heads, caused some havoc as they rolled away through the ranks of the infantry, who were hastening up with willing alacrity to our support.

I shall never forget the sensation of sitting perfectly inert upon my horse, covering Horse Artillery in action, as long as I can remember anything. There is nothing more trying. Movement does in some way divert too keen attention in the hour of peril and probable death.

The Russian artillery even yet could not find the proper angle of elevation, so fortunately no great damage was done; but one may as well be killed as frightened out of one's life; and I recall how some of us more nervous fellows, bowing our heads down to our horses' manes, as the guns of the enemy belched fire (and, as it seemed to our excited nerves, at each particular individual), how angry and indignant was the tone of Major Peel's remonstrance, "What the h-ll are you bobbing your heads at?"

In the dusk, which was now to some extent concealing them, our brave French Allies had, with admirable tact and at a most critical time, crept upon the wily Russian with some strong battalions, and, surprising him, poured into his flank a heavy fire, killing and wounding very many; thus rendering the regiments of the Light Brigade a service, the importance of which it would be impossible to over-rate.

The fact remains that the enemy had advanced a division of his army, while the ground, though not hilly, was undulating enough to mask his real strength and





MAJOR PEEL, 11TH HUSSARS.

THE LAST DRAWING OF WILLIAM SIMPSON, R.I., UPON WHICH HE  
WAS ENGAGED TWO DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH.



intention, hoping thus to draw our light cavalry into a murderous ambushade. To the British he revealed no portion of the infantry he had in support. The Muscovite retired with cause to repent the failure of his trick, our French friends having played the trump card. 1854

Night fell: we picketed as was the mode, each troop in column of lines, the heads of our horses facing inwards, with an interval of some ten yards between each line, and unsaddling, deposited the gear in the centre of the space between the ropes, the saddles serving as pillows for our weary heads. Rations not too plentiful we had received two days before; our sergeants served us a "tot" of rum, and with our "martial cloaks around us," we disposed our bodies upon the bare ground, while our blanketed horses were quite as well off as their masters."

## CHAPTER XII.

1854 THE march towards Sevastopol, with its gigantic display and terrible purpose, Prince Napoleon rightly named "*une audace.*" The word may have been an echo, sounding like a tocsin, through the confusion and tumult of history, to the ear of this Buonaparte. Fearless Danton's charge to the French, self-constituted, revolutionary legislature: "*Il vous faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace,*" was a prophetic and fitting motto in the Crimean campaign, alike for illustrious prince, and swashing trooper, as events all too surely proved.

Three days' rations, which both officer and man had each to carry for himself, were not deemed insufficient for probable hazards, including an almost certain battle. Sir John Burgoyne was not the only soldier who then believed that the fortress of Sevastopol could be stormed and captured within a couple of days.\*

It was determined that the ships should follow the armies towards the north side, but, although it was also purposed that the movable column should have frequent communication with its base, it was liable at any time to be cut off, because the Fleet had no definite line of operations.

Prince Mentschikoff had chosen a fortuitous position whereon to oppose the advance ; to the adequate force

\* "We all thought the army would take Sevastopol and re-embark within a week or ten days."—"The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," page 27.—General Sir Evelyn Wood.

at his disposal was added cavalry and field guns, which he had had time to place judiciously. 1854

The river Alma, though of no great depth, formed an excellent natural barricade, and numerous sharpshooters were concealed in ravines and entrenchments. Moreover, from the enemy's height could now be viewed with ease every movement of the Allies.

Many sick fell out on the march, and were left to God, and their fate. "There is a world elsewhere," and, doubtless, in it the woeful mischance of this life may not be remembered.

Preparations for land transport had been shamefully neglected, and if a comrade had to give in, his dearest friend had simply to go right on, and try to forget, with as good a grace as he could muster.

Certainty of success in driving back the invader must have been the dominant thought of the Russian army on the 20th September, 1854, but ere the sun went down the invader had proved that he was not of the mettle that could be driven back.

No sound of bugle was permitted at dawn. Marshal St. Arnaud, suffering from a malady which was so soon to prove fatal, gallantly led his brilliant staff in front of the British Army, and that day there was indeed no reason for England to be ashamed of her Ally.

Though Bouat found himself with his division a safe distance from the enemy, the French scaled a cliff that had formed no part of Mentschikoff's imagined battle ground, and Bosquet's artillery had to encounter double the number of their own guns, and valorously the French turned the Russian left.

Few of those fearless troops could have cared very much for the object of the fight, if, indeed, there was any reasonable object, save paying the debt they were due to world-warfare in general, while some of them were certainly altogether ignorant of the causes of dispute—but grimly fearless notwithstanding. And here we may resume the account, from which we have

1854 digressed, of the exciting struggle that took place at the heights were scaled, and which has as good a claim as Inkerman to be called a "soldier's battle."

MR. W. H. PENNINGTON'S NARRATIVE—(*continued*).

"The sun rose brightly upon the 20th September, the memorable morning of Alma.

The country traversed in our southward march was (compared with the distant and abruptly rising heights above the stream, upon which the enemy had established himself) practically level, unattractive to the eye, and relieved by very slight inequalities at half a mile, or even less intervals.

The sun now shone brilliantly, and from his high post of observation, the enemy, with the aid of field glasses, must have anxiously scanned us as we moved steadily on with no hurried pace to tire the men who had such work before them. Sometimes the whole army halted to draw breath, to collect stragglers, encourage the weary, and to correct distances.

And here I may remark, that one of the troubles to which cavalry is subject upon the march is the liability of horses to "sore backs," and some have more tender withers and backs than others. Every possible precaution is taken to guard against this trouble, but too often in vain.

Upon a campaign where it is well assured that fixed bases of operation may be secured, every man is equipped as lightly as possible, and all superfluous articles of clothing are left behind to be otherwise conveyed. We had nothing but that in which we stood upright. The horse blankets were folded after one pattern, and carefully disposed upon the animals' backs and withers to present an even surface upon which to rest the saddle; and the riders dismounted at every available opportunity, that their dumb friends might frequently be relieved of their weight."

It may hardly be credited what a plague this liability to galled back and withers may become. A cavalry soldier might well apprehend, in a literal sense, those words of Hamlet to the King, in the play scene, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." 1854

Halted once again, for re-adjustments and corrections in the rolling columns of infantry, a General of Division near at hand harangued one of his Irish regiments, concluding with "My lads, you'll fight well to-day?" "Shure, an ye know we will, your honour," a voice responded from the ranks; while the "hurroos" which were yelled by his comrades, justified the confidence and expectation of the leader.

But, as a rule, as if with some prevision of the task before them, the men preserved a solemn silence, or talked in serious undertones.

At a considerable distance we had caught the glint of bayonets in thousands upon the heights which were soon to be so gallantly assailed.

As our army halted for the last time, to gather itself up, as it were, for the approaching struggle, I heard the grim silence broken by the ominous command, "Leading divisions, load!"

The order complied with, all was silence again; you might, so to speak, have heard a pin drop, and, closing your eyes, fancied yourself isolated from all human kind.

The moment was awe-inspiring and impressive in the extreme.

To our right rear, we had full view of the waves of infantry, in order as perfect as if for review in "the Phaynix," or on the Common at Southsea, while, in front, the enemy covered the hill ranges in thousands, his bayonets sparkling like pointed diamonds in the glorious sunlight.

The Light Brigade, with the Horse Artillery, were in front, and on the extreme left, then certainly the most perilous and important position; for it could only have been upon the left, that an attempt of the

1854 Russians to turn our flank would have had any possible chance of success.

The enemy was strong in the cavalry arm; the French horse had not yet disembarked; and the first regiment of "Heavies" to join the Expedition were the Scots Greys, who landed a day or two after at the Katcha.

We were hardly yet in range of the enemy's guns. It is said that he had forty-five in position; and we saw the bunting flying upon small "standards" which marked every portion of the ground by which he could be approached, as our columns deployed to give him battle, and that he had practised his artillery for days previously to ascertain the exact angle for depression at every point which must be passed by the Allies.

His position upon the heights, was to him a vast advantage, also his knowledge of the range; while the compelled silence of our artillery, always upon the move up the steep incline, rendered it exclusively an infantry fight upon the British side; our French friends had valuable assistance from the mortars of the Fleet.

It appeared to me an action simultaneous with our advance, that the Russians fired the villages and corn-stacks at their feet; in the hope that the smoke would be carried full to our front.

But it drifted down parallel with the stream, and away towards the sea.

Our gallant Rifle Brigade threw out a line of skirmishers, before which the enemy's sharpshooters retired. The word was given for the general advance; but some distance had to be traversed before the stream could be reached.

The Russian artillery made havoc in the Light Division ranks, but the smoke which it had been thought would entirely baffle their assault, did some little service in veiling them from the foe. Waist and breast high they dashed through the stream, the Light Brigade, with strained eyes, marking their upward



path. They went up as if on a holiday parade, and we could see their ranks diminished by the enemy's fire, as the dead, dying and wounded were left in their rear ; but they closed upon their colours, filling every gap that was made ! 1854

We were prouder of them than words can express. They never halted till the heights were won, and the enemy was driven from the field.

The Guards and Highlanders did gallant service ; but their loss was light compared with these regiments of the Line. They conferred honour upon those who led them.

The regiments comprising this heroic division, were the 88th Connaught Rangers, the 7th and 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, the 19th, the 33rd Duke of Wellington's Own, for the great Duke had commanded them in the early days of his career.

The Light Division was led with the coolest gallantry by General Sir George Brown, who proceeded steadily up the slope, with an apparent unconsciousness of danger, which elicited the admiration of everyone who beheld it. This experienced old soldier, who had taken part in "forlorn hopes" in the Spanish Peninsula in the days of Wellington, was in his sixty-seventh year when he rode in front of the Light Division. I believe the old veteran escaped unscathed ; though his horse, according to Sir Evelyn Wood, was wounded in seven places ! This courageous and practised soldier was "red-tape" and "pipe-clay" to his fingers' ends. He was even desirous of retaining in the field the unsightly and uncomfortable deep leather stock (or garotte) which until this time had been worn by all arms of the service, and which, to our great relief, had been discarded by order of the Commander-in-Chief. He was rigid to a fault in the observance of military etiquette and routine, and I learn, upon good authority, that he frequently expressed regret at the modern tendency to a more elastic and open formation of the ranks, and to

1854 the individual soldier being trained to greater habits of self-reliance, believing, as he said, that discipline and steadiness were being subserved to the so-called exigencies of musketry. His conservatism, indeed, in military affairs, amounted to a mania!

The brave Sir Colin Campbell commanded the Highland Brigade; and he was supported by the Duke of Cambridge, with the Brigade of Guards.

Of the Light Division, not enough was made; the despatches were a trifle too full of the Highlanders and Guards; but this kind of treatment has invariably followed whenever "crack" regiments have been engaged. On the North-West Indian frontier, the Derbyshire and Dorsetshire regiments, at Dargai, had delivered two assaults, not completely successful in dislodging the enemy (but which must have considerably shaken his defence), when the Highlanders, delivering a third at the moment of the enemy's wavering, completed the task which these Shire regiments had made possible, *and were exclusively awarded the credit which in justice should have been shared!*

It appears to me, all the conditions considered, that the intervention of the Highlanders, coming fresh to the assault, was a task of comparative ease. The staggering blow having been administered, they delivered the *coup-de-grace*; and I learn, moreover, that they had the assistance of the concentrated fire of the battery of artillery, which was unable to bear upon the enemy's lodgment during the two previous assaults! *Palmas qui meruit ferat.*

It was unfortunate that the Light Brigade had no opportunity of taking an active part in the storming of the heights of Alma. But the nature of the ground when the fight commenced was not favourable to the employment of cavalry; though many of our fellows murmured at our compelled inaction.\*

\* "From first to last no orders of any kind reached Lord Lucan from the Commander-in-Chief."—"Our Veterans," page 143.

I am not, however, such a terrific fire-eater ; and was thankful to God at the close of the day to find myself still in the land of the living. 1854

Some unmerited reflections were cast upon us by those who should have known them to be so ; but who can say that we were not of infinite service in covering, as we did, the weakest part in the Allied forces ?

We were most certainly under fire ; the Horse Artillery lost one or more men, for I saw a cannon shot cut off the head of a gunner as cleanly as the decapitation of a criminal could have been accomplished by the sword of the executioner.

A round shot passed close to Lord Cardigan, who had self-possession enough to smile, but he moved his brigade a little further to the left.

I can see no reason, therefore, why we may not, with those more fortunate, be as proud of the bar for "Alma" which is upon our medals, as those who were more hotly engaged, for we felt intensely the strain of inaction ; and any reflection upon us then was, and would be now, absurd and unjust.

Had the fortunes of the day proved other than they did, our duties might have resolved themselves into the most hazardous possible. A repulse would have furnished us with the difficult task of covering a retreat, for, as we regarded those eminences with their thousands of bayonets, I inwardly felt that such an ending was not absolutely impossible.

We had been furnished with rations of salt pork and biscuit which were to last three days ; however, having a hearty appetite, on the second day I had exhausted mine, but I found one or two old veterans with enough and to spare, and they generously gave me of their abundance.

When the heights were carried, the Light Brigade exploring to their left, found a bridge over which they passed, and were halted and dismounted in the midst of luxuriant vineyards. Thirsty as we were, with empty

1854 water calabashes, how we punished those delicious grapes! For myself, I was more than satisfied, but, the fruit being fresh and ripe, no bad results followed the indulgence.

We were suddenly ordered to mount, and ascending a slope between the hills, were filled with pity as we beheld how thickly lay the bodies of our gallant troops who had fallen in their unhesitating advance.

The ground was studded with the dead, with the dying, with the terribly wounded by shrapnel and round shot, whose groans would have melted the stoniest heart, and with others *hors-de-combat* from wounds more or less severe.

How tenderly and carefully we opened our ranks, that we might not hurt a hair of these dear fellows' heads, as we made our way past them to the crown of the heights; I think it rarely happens that a wounded or dying soldier is trampled by the hoofs of the cavalry.

I remember how the Highlanders cheered us as we rode to the front, crediting us with more than we had earned, and how astonished we were to hear them. They probably expected we were about to pursue and engage with the enemy's cavalry, but we found him retiring in perfect order. Of his numerous artillery he left but two guns behind, and with two to three thousand horse he covered and protected his retreating battalions.

The Horse Artillery, having gained the crest, contrived to give tokens of their presence by dropping more than one shell in the Russian ranks, but the enemy retreated without confusion; for, to speak the truth, he was not easily demoralised.

So strong was the enemy's cavalry, our General refrained from pursuit, and some of our fire-eaters openly murmured. We secured very few prisoners, and these dazed with the drink which had been served out to them.

Some opened casks of raw spirit had been left behind, of which many of our infantry partook ; but the casks were stove in in time, for at such a moment of excitement the sternest discipline would hardly avail to restrain a few excesses.

The officers, proud of their commands, would reluctantly have disposed themselves to anger or harshness. Prevention was better than cure.

In securing one drunken Russian of the Imperial Guard, Sergeant Bond of ours narrowly escaped the loss of an eye as the prisoner surrendered his piece and bayonet. It was evidently an accident, for the fellow was reeling and could hardly stand. Bond saw this, and was cool enough so to regard it, for he did not retaliate, and to this day shows a deeply-indented scar as witness to the fact.

In front of us stretched away a plateau or table-land of considerable extent, and it was upon the ground that had been held by the enemy that the victorious Allies prepared to bivouac for the night.

The action had occupied some two hours and a half, and the British had borne the brunt of the fight.

Our admiration of the Light Division was loudly proclaimed, and to this hour I love the very mention of their name!

“The Light Division!” What memories it stirs! For us they had secured the victory of the Alma!

The weather had fortunately during these eventful days been singularly propitious. No rain had fallen, for the case of troops minus tents, and wet to the skin without change of clothing, is really pitiable, and the cause of more sickness than any other.

Much valuable time was lost in the three days that the Allies remained upon the field of Alma. It was, I believe, Lord Raglan's desire to push on at once for the North side of Sevastopol, but the French offered objections. Had we taken immediate advantage of the moral effect of our victory, it is now known that

1854 the whole of the defences upon that side would have fallen into our hands. But the divided command was not favourable to firm measures nor resolute action, the French selfishly claiming every possible concession. They had much easier work than the British all through the campaign and siege. But so it was. However, we buried our dead, and the wounded were sent away to the ships for transmission to the hospitals at Scutari.

In view of the hysterical and fulsome professions of attachment upon the part of the French for alliance with Russia in the present day, I recall the expressions of hatred and contempt for their enemy rife among our Gallic partners in the strife at that time. One special illustration of this lives vividly in my remembrance. I had strolled some little distance from the cavalry lines, after all necessary duties had been completed (ourselves refreshed and horses fed and picketed for the night), when I observed near some undergrowth of briar or bramble the body of a Russian soldier, whose protruding brains presented a sickening sight.

Elated though we naturally were and flushed with victory, my mood at the moment was earnest and thoughtful. A French soldier, also passing near, must have mis-read the sympathetic and serious regard with which I gazed upon the dead man (it was still twilight), and possibly thinking to gratify me by the expression of his sentiments, exclaimed: "Vive les Anglais! A bas les Russes!" at the same time administering a vigorous kick to the senseless corpse; indeed, upon the battered head! The brutality of the action jarred upon my nerves, and, with an expression of unfeigned disgust, I turned from the ruffian and left him. He failed to understand me; he regarded me with astonishment and laughed! The whirligig of time has indeed brought about a great change.

The following forenoon I strolled down to the river

to fill my calabash with water, still thick from the constant traffic, and returning up hill by a different route encountered a scene which might have imbued the least sympathetic soul with thoughts of solemnity and sadness. It was where the bodies of the gallant Light Division lay most thickly strewn. The horror, nay the wickedness of war, I realised in all its dread intensity. Moving away from the harrowing sight, I observed a Russian sitting up, and beckoning me with appealing gestures. I went to him immediately, my face doubtless indicative of my sympathy. He grasped my hands fervently, making signs for the water. He drank it eagerly, but I saw that much of it escaped from a wound in his throat; I hoped that he was not dangerously hurt, for he must have been untended upon the field all the long previous night. From his handsome and refined countenance, and fine grey cloth overcoat with small gold shoulder-straps, I knew him to be an officer. I was compelled to hurry on, for I was shortly for camp guard; but I was deeply moved by the grateful fervour with which he lingeringly held both my hands at parting; it stirred my heart, and I was conscious of the moisture that was gathering in my eyes. He was to me, in his wounded helplessness, at that moment of no nation apart from mine; we were one in the brotherhood of men! Perchance he may be living to this hour, and recalls the incident as lending some little grace to the rude harshness of a day of defeat and calamity. The field was now being actively searched for wounded, alike British and Russian, and I told a party of searchers where I had left him. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

When I returned to the cavalry lines I found the Light Brigade had turned out and was mounted, having been disturbed by what proved to have been quite a false alarm. I was sternly informed that I had no business to be absent, and an order was issued which

1854 permitted of the recurrence of no such wanderings. With regard to the alarm, it appears that the apprehensions of some excited soul had transformed sheaves of grain waving in the wind in the far distance (and to the left of the country over which we had advanced towards the heights upon the previous day), into columns of Cossack cavalry."

Kelson Stothert appears to have been impelled to hurriedly indite his impressions of the battle, with no halt till the ghastly tale is told. The recital is significant of a courage that was never divorced from instinctive sensibility. The pen does not waver; there is no attempt at literary effect. The struggle, carnage, and hard-won victory; the breathless watching of the Fleet; the awful Golgotha of the morrow, with its agonies, torture and death; all described in two harrowing paragraphs, as if each act in the tragedy had seared its never-to-be-forgotten picture upon his brain.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Cape Loukool,

Sept. 23rd, 1854.

I do not know whether any news will have reached you, but you had better send by telegraph to Mrs. Adye to say John Adye is well and hearty. Perhaps he will have written himself, if he has had time.

My last letter was addressed to you just as we all started *en route* for Sevastopol. It was not until the 19th of September that the Expedition, both by sea and land, fairly got under weigh. When, however, the march really began, nothing could exceed the rapidity of every movement; the French and Turks kept along the beach, and the English had to extend their line far to the left to avoid an attempt of 27,000 Russian cavalry to intercept them. At this juncture the small brigade of cavalry under Lord Cardigan was nearly cut off to a man; his bad generalship allowed them to be surrounded



on three out of four sides by a vast preponderance of cavalry and horse artillery, and only the hesitation of the enemy to attack saved the brigade ; they drew off in time, and nothing occurred this day but some skirmishes, in which a few men were wounded, and at night the Russians returned to a position so strong that Prince Mentschikoff, in a letter we have intercepted, states is as impregnable as Sevastopol, and that he will hold it against the Allies for six weeks.

I have now to describe to you the battle of the Alma ; an action as remarkable, military men say, for its blundering generalship, as for its gallant accomplishment. I will write very briefly what I saw of it, and what I have since heard. The reporters of the French and English papers will give you far better descriptions than mine. We were, of course, prepared to find the Russians posted in great strength, but no anticipations had conceived the extreme judgment with which their position was chosen. In their front flowed the narrow stream of the Alma, fringed with willow and alders (which hid its precipitous banks), and bordered on either hand with villages, vineyards, and broken ground. For about a quarter of a mile on the southern bank of the river the plain continues at the same level as on the northern side ; then it springs suddenly to the height of four hundred feet into a broken ridge, receding in five or six places into ravines which are narrow and steep-sided, and through which, with but one exception, the only approach is afforded to the heights above. To a man standing on this ridge, with his face towards the Alma, the sea is on the left hand, washing the cliff which is formed by the ridge ending suddenly in an abrupt precipice to the depth of four hundred feet. On the right a pass leads away into the broken and undulating country, which would well serve to entangle an army unacquainted with its fastnesses. In one place only could the heights be gained, except by the ravines of which I have spoken. Here an old landslip, or some action of water, has worn the spur of the hill into a gentler slope, up which a horse might easily travel. This (to the extreme left of our line and to the right of the Russian) was fortified by a fieldwork and a battery of twenty guns. The ravines were enfiladed by guns and riflemen, and a stone fort crowned the heights. Thirty or thirty-five thousand Russians defended this apparently invincible position. Upon the advance of the French at noon on the 20th, the Russians fired the villages on the banks of the river, and retreated across it under cover of the smoke. The French kept close along the coast, and, at

1854 once scaling the heights, commenced the action upon equal terms, having, by this gallant movement, deprived the Russians of their advantages in point of position. The place had appeared so strong that the Russians did not seem to have anticipated an attack in that quarter. However, with their usual determination, they obstinately contested the field, and their artillery made sad havoc in the ranks of the French, among whose regiments riderless horses soon began to appear galloping in wild confusion, whilst every shell that burst caused a visible opening through which sunlight shone for a moment, and then the place was occupied once more. Presently the artillery of the French was dragged by sheer labour of the panting horses slowly up the height, and in two hours our gallant Ally had turned the Russian left, and were masters on the right of the line. In the meantime the battle raged fiercely down below, and you can imagine our agony of apprehension when we saw the Russian artillery pouring volley upon volley down upon our unprotected troops, who advanced slowly and steadily through the fire, our own artillery, by some accident, scarcely replying at all. For two mortal hours this deadly fire was plunged in upon our men, who, instead of attacking the extreme right of the Russian battalions as the French had done the left, were evidently ordered "to take the bull by the horns," and were thus exposed to shot, and shell, and rifle balls, which fell like hail upon their devoted heads. The Russian shot was fired perpendicularly, and came crashing from above, striking men down as they stood. Fifty men of the 47th I saw in one shot, all in the order they had fallen, and close together. They had halted to breathe, and were destroyed in a very few minutes. The Scotch Fusiliers, the Grenadier Guards, the 7th, 47th, and 19th, suffered very severely. The 23rd has half its number missing, and the 7th has but two hundred men and six officers fit for duty. They went into action eight hundred strong, but when in front of the battery they lost their officers and colours, and the whole centre of the regiment was destroyed; they retired for a time through the lines of the 19th, then formed again, and, led by Colonel Yea, charged. We saw them breasting the hill in a strong, firm line; the murderous volley burst from the battery, and every adjoining point added its death tribute. The regiment disappeared like a puff of smoke, a few stragglers only left at either flank. But British blood was up. Regiment after regiment pushed on. Cheers rose upon cheers. Highlanders encouraged Highlanders, and Guards called upon

Guards. They were close enough to use the Minie rifle, and now fire was opened with fatal precision and steadiness upon the Russian guns. If the enemy had felt dismay at seeing the redcoats silently, grimly, coming on, regardless of the iron death, without firing a shot, how must their panic have been increased when they first heard the British cheer, fatal prelude to the British charge? When our men leaped into the battery, nothing was there but heaps of dead. Thus was the vaunted position carried, and another laurel added to our national fame. The battle, indeed, was not to the strong. For two hours our men were under this destructive fire, and by four o'clock the Russians were safe beyond pursuit. We have but five skeleton regiments of cavalry, who are worked off their legs. These cavalry, with the 3rd division, and the Turks, with a large portion of the artillery, were not in action at all. Captain Michell had given me leave to go ashore during the fight to assist, but no boats were allowed by the Admiral to land.

The behaviour of our troops caused as much admiration to the French, as wonder was excited at that generalship which had exposed men to such murderous carnage. The morning after the fight, I landed with a lieutenant, and 50 men, to help carry off the wounded. We took cots and hammocks slung on oars, on which to convey them away to the hospitals on the field, and men worked zealously and cheerfully all day, only stopping now and then to "shake a dead Russian out of his boots," as a man expressed it to me, for these are of "Russian leather" and greatly prized by "Jack." The English and Russians are taken almost equal care of, but the French destroy all the severely wounded, a barbarity which we can hardly bear to believe, though I dare say it is a very philosophical mode of providing for those who must die. Instances occurred of wounded Russians firing on those who were busy relieving their sufferings, when, of course, they were instantly shot. The poor fellows evidently had been taught that we were ferocious fiends; I had the pleasure of easing a great number on the field by placing them in proper position, setting a soldier to watch them, giving them water, and applying wet rags to their wounds. They all appeared grateful, and whenever I passed them afterwards recognized me as well as they could. One man gave me a pencil and paper, and entreated me to do something for him; what, I could not tell of course, poor fellow. It was very painful not to be able to carry out this duty. Our own men bear their injuries with great patience and courage, indeed

1854 such as I have never witnessed before ; but the Russians have not been used to kindness, and scream more from apprehension, probably, than from actual pain when they are moved. They are exceedingly obstinate and dogged, and it is an unpleasant task to have to use force to remove a man with a broken thigh. Many of course, from the severity of their injuries, could not be disturbed, and were left to die. Our duty was, nevertheless, to remove all the wounded men, for there were no doctors to help us by giving directions. These were elsewhere. I am becoming a little bit of a doctor myself from some experience ; I had a squad of cholera patients to prescribe for, whom I found on the field deserted by all. These were of the 4th Dragoons. Want of cover from the wet and dew (for the men are not allowed tents, to the indignation of our French neighbours), and other hardships, have again produced a prevalence of that disease. The bodies were being buried as fast as trenches could be dug for them, but even when I left at night the smell of the field was sickening in the extreme. This again will have of course a deleterious effect upon the sick. The sight of the dead in thousands was maddening. Such wounds and injuries imagination can hardly conceive. Sometimes a man's head was perforated in four places by ball. This, of course, must have been done at the same instant. Again, another's whole front was driven in, or his legs carried away. The majority of our men were destroyed by injuries below, almost all the Russians by injuries above, which I suppose arose from the relative position of the combatants. I could not help remarking the expression of the faces of the dead, where features could be traced at all. There was no distortion nor look of agony, but everything as calm and peaceful as in sleep. The Russians are a fine lot of men, as big as our own and much better "set up," and accoutred. Their artillery also is better than ours, and had they the "morale" of the English and French they would be our match. I should mention that they are wretchedly fed on black bread that has the appearance of peat earth, which an English pig would reject. The Turks were "nowhere" in the action, and are universally execrated ; I think, myself, undeservedly, and have no doubt that they will achieve great things in the next encounter, when they are to be in the van. Still there is no doubt but that their "forte" is behind a fort, as, perhaps, uncle George, being fond of a pun, would say. My duty took me during the day to the "Hospital," which is nothing but a farmyard surrounded by a low wall. I am not sure but that the field of battle with

all its horrors, was not a more pleasing sight, or whether it was bodily exhaustion which affected me (for I had given away all my brandy and water to the wounded, without being able to have any myself; and my loaf of bread and Bologna sausage had gone in the same direction); whatever it was, I could bear the heat of the sun for a whole day in the field, but I had not been a quarter of an hour in the hospital ere I fainted away, and found myself "sucking" a rum bottle, which a half-drunken Blue-jacket had pushed into my mouth. In this hospital yard 400 men and upwards of the severer cases were laid upon the ground. The wounded who could bear the transit were carried off at once to the ships. The surgeons were steeped in blood, working away carefully and skilfully. Of course, in the worst operations chloroform was used as long as the supply lasted, but this became exhausted, and the poor Russians had to undergo all the horrors of surgery with its evils unmitigated. The effect of chloroform is very wonderful. I saw a soldier's leg amputated above the knee. The patient slept. The assistant supported the wounded limb. The fearful cut was made, the flesh sprang back, the saw was laid perpendicularly to the bone, and the artery compressed. The layers of bone were cut through without a splint, the ligatures applied, and the patient was laid upon his straw and wrapped up in his blankets, having never once moved during the amputation. Have you ever trod upon an amputated leg? There the front part of a foot was in your way, here a hand, or a finger, or an arm! In another place a shrinking patient enduring the surgeon's probing finger. Somewhere else, above the groans and the shrieks, came a loud talk of tibias, metatarsi, veinous gangrenes, great arteries, upper extremities, and lower extremities. "Bother the tourniquet; what do you want that for?" "Hold that artery between your finger and thumb." "Give me some lead thread." Such a babel of horrid sounds, sights and slaughterhouse smells, that, never having seen human nature in such agony before, I confess to a momentary weakness, but seek, as an excuse, a whole day's previous exertions among cholera-stricken wretches on board and on shore, amidst the dead and the dying, under a burning sun and upon an empty stomach. But enough of this. The men are in the highest spirits, and have marched to-day for Sevastopol. The 55th have arrived, and will nearly make up our number. I hear we lost 1,160 men, the French 1,200, and the Russians estimated at as many more. Two Russian Generals have been taken. I am sorry to say that we are sick

1854 on board this ship, We have lost many men by dropping cases of cholera, and now typhus fever has set in. Our doctors are all ill, and the "parson" ditto, but we must hope for the best. For many weeks anxiety has been ceaseless, both for men and officers, yet we must expect sickness, for this is the unhealthy month.



COLONEL WALTER LACY YEA, 7TH FUSILIERS.

FROM A MINIATURE.





## CHAPTER XIII.

HERE to-day and gone to-morrow, is the too common record of individuals in the Crimea during this fateful autumn of 1854, and the one pitched battle of the campaign, so dear in the winning, abundantly illustrates the saying. 1854

And there is not much time left now for Marshal St. Arnaud to make compliments; not much time either for the shrift of which he is supposed to be greatly in need. Notwithstanding physical pain, and increasing weakness, he is still mentally nimble and adroit; and remarks that the British soldiers had fought "like gods." After his first stubborn experience of our troops, the Russian, with scantier courtesy, but perhaps more aptness, dubs them "red devils;" and the appellation, as well as the grim qualities that give rise to it, survives.

How the soldiers had pressed forward to almost certain death, tearing through shot, grape, and smoke, the returns of the regiments in Codrington's Brigade bear witness; other regiments joined the wild scramble, and it is told\* that Lacy Yea, of the 7th Fusiliers, at a critical moment was heard shouting to his battalion: "Never mind forming, come on, come on anyhow!" Gallant Sir George Brown saw no impediment that could not be passed, though his brigades were destroyed with appalling rapidity. The musketry fire upon the Allies was incessant, and, at nightfall, many a brave

\* "Invasion of the Crimea," page 335, vol. II.—Kinglake.

1854 Paladin lay dead upon the field where he had fought so valiantly and well.\* It would be almost invidious to single out names from the throng of heroes who were killed or wounded at Alma; leaders who could ill be spared; and men also who were sorely missed by comrades in the ranks during the terrible days of endurance and toil that ensued.

The Russian force at the time was only indifferently armed, "they had few rifles and carried smooth bore flint-lock muskets, converted."† When, after heroically holding their superior position two and a half hours, their fortunes were waning, and flight became a necessity, terror lest their brass guns should be taken, caused the troops of the Tsar to devote their energies to removing them into the hollow. There is no doubt they regarded these precious instruments with more care than they did their own lives, and that the retention of position appeared not to be of so much importance to them as keeping their guns. Had the number of our cavalry been adequate to harass the enemy's retreat, the order of his going would have been broken up, and these prizes secured; undoubtedly fear gat hold of the Muscovite ere he, in panic and confusion, turned his back upon the Allies.

Each Commander-in-Chief had his own premeditated plan of attack, so it was a natural consequence that sudden emergencies arose which resulted in some confusion, but the disastrous issues did not dismay the survivors, though they had been eleven hours under arms. Our Ally effected no little brilliant service, but did not accord Lord Raglan the help he solicited.‡ Officers, now venerable, on whom much of the brunt of the messages between the Generals then fell, have since stated that the most wonderful feat we accomplished in the Crimea, was, that throughout the whole

\* See Appendix II.

† "Redan Windham," p. 25.—Major Hugh Pearse.

‡ Lord George Paget's "Journal of the War," page 29.

of the campaign, we "kept the peace" with our dauntless but difficult Ally, the French. 1854

If to come in close touch with suffering and with death, adds to a man's most vital knowledge, then the day Kelson Stothert spent with his ministering Blue-jackets among the mortally stricken, must have taught him some profound truths; not a few misgivings too must also have been suggested, singularly inappropriate, from a naval or military point of view, on the morrow of a famous victory.

Though yielding deep convictions, certain rude and inevitable experiences exact their own price; instalments which memory compels its victim to pay, at recurring intervals, to the end of his life. The unmitigated horrors of the battlefield; the speechless despair of the mutilated and the dying, proved a ghastly and degrading sight to his thoughtful mind; an unforgettable, persistent nightmare.

Most of the British wounded were carried in litters and arabas to the ships; the French were better provided with means of transport, for their vans, each holding ten, and drawn by mules, caused less jolting; but many sufferers there were who could not be moved at all. Of applications to ease pain there were none; and ere the close of that day of torture (the 21st) even the oil, which at the period was used for dressing wounds, was exhausted; water bandages, however, were substituted and proved the quicker healer. Recovery in no case followed after amputation of two limbs, shock to the system mercifully putting an end to the patient's misery. The small stock of chloroform was soon finished; indeed, there was insufficiency of every essential—except courage, which the Government had not to provide, else, in face of so much culpable mismanagement, it is permissible to believe that the supply of it also might have failed.

Our chaplain to the Church militant secured his share of loot from the field of battle, for he found a

1854 tiny, pet dog peering out of the coat pocket of a dead Russian officer. The hungry, dumb creature looked pathetic enough, fulfilling the last act of faithful comradeship; even the terrible carnage, which, leaving him unscathed, had deprived him of his master, did not appear to have suggested desertion to so loyal a heart. His new proprietor brought the lonely survivor on board the *Queen*, and made friends with him too. It is easy to imagine the merciless kindness with which the crew to a man would treat this poor, little, bereaved and solitary prisoner of war.

It has since been considered, as it was openly expressed among British officers at the time, that combined and rapid action, following immediately after the battle of Alma, would have had brilliant results.\* A naval contingent could well have cared for the wounded. While the troops were elated with victory, their desire to pursue the enemy might not unreasonably have been gratified, and they would thus have been spared the disheartening sight of dead, and dying comrades.

But the "*audace*" which had prompted the vigorous assault did not prove long-lived enough to urge the discomfiture of the vanquished. Prompt measures, in all likelihood, would have worsted him, and the Allies might have invested Sevastopol before reinforcements arrived.

But, though it was suspected, they were not actually aware at the moment that, with only the supplies of their field magazines, they would have been able to rout the scanty number of sailors and soldiers in the Northern entrenchments of Sevastopol, even though this small Russian force was under the command of the brave and heroic Admiral Korniloff.

Notwithstanding the panic of the foe after Alma,

\* Why Menshikoff was not followed up on the morning or noon at latest of the 21st is a mystery. With the exception of the Light Division and a Brigade of the Second Division, neither our own nor the French troops had suffered very materially; the men were in the highest spirits, and from colonel to the piper cried aloud for marching orders.—"Our Veterans," page 147.

and Lord Raglan's desire to press on, Marshal St. Arnaud strongly deprecated following up the victory. A factor in the decision not to pursue the retreating enemy may have been the knowledge that on the morning of the 23rd, Prince Mentschikoff had sunk seven ships of war across the entrance to the harbour, to make sure that the vessels of the Allies could not get close enough to play their guns upon the forts. As the plan for taking Sevastopol, which must have been quite obvious to the enemy, included the aid of the Allied Fleets, this clever naval manœuvre, though it shut up the Black Sea Fleet in the Roadstead, effectually hindered the inward passage of our ships. One daring spirit, however, regarded the stratagem as a possible means to a glorious naval episode, for Sir Edmund Lyons wrote of it thus to his son :—

“ The Russians have sunk five sail-of-the-line outside the boom at the entrance of the harbour. It seems to me to be a deep humiliation, and after all a false step, for although it places the crews of the ships disposable for the defence of the fortress, it will, I trust, be considered by Admirals Dundas and Hamelin that it enables us to land 1,500 marines and 250 or 300 guns. What a magnificent thing, 300 ships' guns in battery? I hope it may come to pass.” \*

The Fleet offering the only practicable base, as a secure harbour for disembarkation was a pressing necessity, the sheltered port of Balaklava was fixed upon as rendezvous for troops and transports. A base upon the coast presented many advantages, not the least of which was, in case of defeat, there would be ample means of egress by the sea. And that the ships were of constant use in the operations is proved by this significant sentence :—

“ Provisions and ammunition were landed as de-

\* “ Life of Lord Lyons,” page 219.—Captain Eardley-Wilmot, R.N.

1854 manded. If the Army wanted to be free of any encumbrance it was sent off to the ships. Tents were landed one day and re-embarked the next,"\* which proves that the Fleet was always ready to carry out every proposal for the convenience, and, as far as was possible, for the comfort of the Army.

Without even a reconnaissance having been made to ascertain the strength of the enemy's defences,† a flank march, as a movable column, was begun. This strategy, which was not held in favour by the greatest military leaders, and, indeed, was deprecated by Napoleon, Lord Raglan determined to attempt, as it appeared the most feasible plan for the Allies thus to accomplish their junction with the Fleet.

On the march, the rear of Prince Mentschikoff's force leaving Sevastopol was encountered, when some valuables, as well as despatches, were taken. A halt was made seven miles from the Alma, at the Katcha River. On the following day, the 24th, the Allied armies reached the Belbec; from the high ground above this stream the harbour and town of Sevastopol could be distinctly seen. Though it was hazardous, swiftly and successfully the flank march effected its purpose, securing a very important and sheltered base of operations. The following letter gives some idea of the impression that was prevalent at the close of September, concerning the near future: that the campaign was to be of the briefest nature, culminating in certain victory, seems to have been for a time the popular belief:—

\* *Ibid*, page 213.

† "The Coldstream Guards in the Crimea," page 89.—Lt.-Col. Ross-of-Bladensburg, C.B.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Sept. 26th, 1854.

\* \* \* \* \*

The traces of the battle have been removed, we learn, and the wounded Russians have been sent to Odessa with a flag of truce. It is doubtful, however, if they will be received, for the brutal Russians have refused them as yet, saying, "Those who wounded had better cure them." Prince Mentschikoff took a French officer prisoner, and we hear that when the captive was brought before him, he had his order and epaulets torn off, and was treated with the greatest indignities. I should like to give Mentschikoff four dozen myself. The troops have pushed on to Balaklava (seven or eight miles south of Sevastopol), which is now in our possession. From this we march on again to Sevastopol, and have every hope of getting the place this week.

We are rather better in this ship, and have had but five fatal cases of cholera, and one or two of fever. It is a trying position to me, but it has its advantages. Very little quailing I now feel at any complication of horrors.

I have staying with me my Hungarian friend, Eber. He has come on a visit to Sir Edmund Lyons, and is bent upon seeing something of affairs here. Unfortunately he missed the Alma.

The weather is still exceedingly hot, and shooting must be very hard work in this part of the world. I wish I had a gun for the winter. If we stay in the Crimea there will be plenty of sport, or near Constantinople it will be still better.

The *Arrow*, gunboat, has come out, and is to be tried to-day. We expect the *Beagle* to follow shortly. She is now, we hear, in the Dora passage, just off the Egina. The reports to-day are that Prince Mentschikoff has fled from Sevastopol, taking fifteen thousand troops with him, to attempt to form a junction with a vast force now coming down from the Principalities. It is not probable, however, that the Prince would so wantonly desert his post, for, under the circumstances, it would amount to nothing less. The French took possession of a fort at the head of the harbour yesterday, and blew it up. This fort

1854 commanded the aqueduct, so that the supply of water is cut off. It is said that the Army will now take Sevastopol without any assistance from the Fleet. This is unpleasant, for although we have freed the seas, carried supplies, and convoyed the troops, yet our exertions have been more passive than active. Many a brave officer who has done good work of late, and suffered grievous hardships, will see promotion given to a few favourites of fortune only. I have just had £5 sent me by the Admiralty as part of my extra expenses here. This is but a small portion of what I have spent. It is an ungrateful Service! Good-bye.

The French troops and siege material were landed in the bays of Kamiesh (or Cossack) and Stretleskaia, situated to the north-east of Cape Chersonese, between that point and Sevastopol. Kazatch,\* and Kamiesh which our Ally retained as his base, were respectively recognised as being in the occupation of the British and French Fleets. In Kamiesh there was always one British, and in Kazatch one French, warship, a convenient arrangement which naturally resulted from the Alliance.

The two corps of the French army placed their Right under General Forey, with the third and fourth divisions facing the ravine which trends towards the harbour, and their Left on Stretleskaia Bay. But General Bosquet, with the first and second divisions and the Turkish contingent, was entrenched on the Sapuné ridge facing the East, not far from the Woronzoff road, where, Lord Raglan remarked in a despatch, he was advantageously placed for the defence of the ridge.

It is contended that immense labour and suffering would have been saved had our troops and munitions been landed on the Kamiesh shore, where an ordnance wharf might have been quickly constructed. The position which the British could have taken up would

\* Also called Double Bay, as it is divided into two parts, though in reality it was merely a somewhat important double creek, of which the French transports, moored in tiers, soon monopolised the upper, and only safe, part.



have had a more circumscribed area to defend, with an accessible base, though much more exposed to wind and weather than Balaklava, for the Fleets found these bays of Kazatch and Kamiash dangerous indeed when the storms were prevalent.

The avoidance of the terrible pass over the Col de Balaklava would have been important, for that up-hill, mud track was converted into a highway where, for months, the foul smell of putrid carcasses was the only sign-post; and through it, men and animals alike, under grievous burdens, had to flounder and struggle till they won the heights exhausted, or were worsted by the way. The use of the metalled Woronzoff road was retained only till the 25th October. Its exposure to the fire of the enemy soon gave it the name of "the valley of the shadow of death."

The curious inconvenient port of Balaklava now became our base of operations. The narrow entrance was between high cliffs, which appeared to have been split by a convulsion of nature. This land-locked harbour was about a mile long, twelve hundred feet wide, and varied in depth, though it had enough water in shore to allow of ships coming close alongside; but owing to the narrowness of the inlet, they could make their way only very slowly, while later, the numerous steam and sailing transports that, moored in tiers, were crammed into the port, left but scant space for vessels to haul in and out.

The *Leander* (guardship) was subsequently berthed on the starboard side of the harbour in about six fathoms; on the rocks, facing the entrance, was painted in large white letters the name, "Leander Bay."

The meagre strip of ground, on which stood the insignificant town, was backed by almost perpendicular hills, and yet troops, vast siege material, and all munitions, had to be there landed on an ordnance wharf, fitter for the disembarkation of Lilliputian military baggage, than for the cannon, gun carriages, and innumer-

1854 able stores, necessary for a great besieging army in an enemy's country. It soon became the stage for many a grave dispute, many a gigantic blunder, and many a heartrending scene. Miniature battles were daily fought there by luckless messengers from the different camps, who had trudged weary miles to procure such humble provisions as salt pork, rum and biscuits. The gnawings of hunger gave a keen spur to men who knew that comfortless battalions, suffering from the same distress as they were experiencing, were awaiting their return. To secure enough of the often scanty stores was a deadly serious matter to these eager heroes of the commissariat, who frequently had to carry the unwieldy supplies obtainable, over the impossible roads which even the horses refused to take.

On arrival, however, our invincible Blue-jackets and tireless troops worked as cheerily as though all the arrangements had been perfect, and bravely faced the unforeseen difficulties, which the Russians must have rejoiced to recall as insurmountable hindrances to an advance. Balaklava is situated about eight miles from Sevastopol. From the head of the great harbour down to the coast, four miles west of Balaklava, the upland of the Chersonese is bounded by the line of hills called the Sapuné Ridge. On the eastern side of this ridge the land descends suddenly into the valley of the Tchernaya. The upland is intersected by ravines, which take a north-westerly direction from the ridge.

The British had to protect an extended position facing the suburb of Karabelnaya, their Left being in touch with the French, and their Right a short distance from the Sapuné heights.

The Russians, knowing how weak were their defences on the side towards the enemy—indeed, on the 23rd of September they were all inadequate, excepting those commanding the harbour—not a day was lost in planning earthworks and fortifications. Colonel Todleben, a military engineer of unsurpassed genius, and Admiral

Korniloff strenuously laboured to devise and set up entrenchments and batteries, which the crews of the sunken ships, night and day, helped to construct; these appeared as if by magic. In a few days impregnable strongholds confronted the Allies, among whom the idea was gaining ground that a siege could not be evaded; and that when the bombardment of the town should take place the Fleet would be required. The brief victorious assault of the citadel, planned in the mimic warfare of Downing Street and the Tuileries, was a dream of the past. Happily the future was a sealed book.

The Allies had hardly yet adequately realised the power of the fronting line of defence, which was hourly becoming more resistless. From Redan to Malakoff, and on to the Little Redan, no vulnerable point was left, and the gigantic works, which were so rapidly completed, proved the forceful genius of the engineer-in-chief, who was the moving spirit of these preparations. Even the guns of the ships in the harbour were placed in position for firing along the ravines of the town.

The rejection, by the French, of the plan for immediate assault was exactly what the enemy wanted, as it enabled him to complete his works for resisting a siege. It was soon to be generally acknowledged that, to ensure success, an attack on Sevastopol must be simultaneous by sea and land.

\* \* \* \* \*

And on Friday, the 29th of September, Marshal St. Arnaud was carried from Balaklava on board the *Berthollet*, sorely stricken by disease. Ere the ship reached the Bosphorus, his spirit had fled. Surely death was signally indiscreet to claim so gallant a victim at such a time. It was pathetic that he who loved life so well, who got the heart out of it according to his desires, should have been denied the three score

1854 years upon which humbler folk often reckon not in vain. It is not difficult to imagine how Paris would have received this débonnaire soldier of fortune, had he returned there when the war was done—with a smile and a muttered cheer, for Paris could be gay when the Emperor willed, though the *coup d'état* was forgotten. It was sad, indeed, that this notable Commander-in-Chief had to die with no more pomp nor ceremony than the meanest soldier in the ranks. Sad is it, also, that it should occur to us to surmise that it doubtless took all his bravery to receive the grim King of Terrors with the dignity and composure that befitted so famous, so distinguished, so valorous a *Maréchal de France*.

## CHAPTER XIV

TO HIS MOTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

October 1st, 1854.

MATTERS progress but slowly, although I hope securely. Since I wrote last to you a most masterly series of evolutions, under Lord Raglan, has placed the whole of the district around Sevastopol in possession of the Allies, who have advanced and taken Balaklava, which is a little fishing town upon the estate of Prince Mentschikoff, admirably suited for keeping up a communication in the rear between the Fleet and the Army. This rear post is held by a squadron of ships, aided by a Brigade of Marines, 1,400 strong. The latter left us two days ago.

To-day we have sent off a detachment of Blue-jackets, together with 50 guns of heavy calibre, to assist the siege train of the army. The Blue-jackets are 1,500 in number, commanded by 18 lieutenants and midshipmen, one post captain, and two commanders. From our own ship we have sent Commander Burnett, Lieutenant Partridge, Lieutenant Douglas,\* Mr. Sanctuary (mate) and Evelyn Wood, midshipman, with 140 men, on board the *Sanspareil* and *Firebrand* for conveyance to Balaklava.†

The parallels do not seem to be sufficiently complete to allow of a breaching battery to commence operations against

\* This messmate was much beloved by others as well as by Kelson Stotbert; General Sir Evelyn Wood, in describing these officers, wrote of him—"Douglas, brave, tender, and true, as befitted one bearing the name." That he exceeded his duty when need arose, the log of the *Queen* appears to indicate, for the two days after Alma his is the name that occurs as bringing the wounded on board, and sorry freights indeed those boat-loads must have been.

† The *Queen* was at this date anchored at the Kara River, which was her usual station till the middle of November.

1854 the walls, for no guns have yet been fired. I anticipate that greater difficulties are in the way than were supposed to exist, and the Russians have already thrown up strong entrenchments against us, which are defended by artillery of immense strength. The field works of the combatants are very powerful, and the coming contest will be a fair trial of the respective prowess of both armies. Prince Mentschikoff has deserted Sevastopol, leaving General Muller in command. This is a very wise step on his part, as it will give him an opportunity of re-organizing his army, and forming a junction with the army of the Principalities, whose arrival we daily fear, and, moreover, will leave the chief conduct of affairs in the hands of a general as superior in military science to himself (Mentschikoff) as all the German officers are to those of the genuine Muscovite stock. Doubtless this fact has come to Lord Raglan's ears, and has caused him to alter his plan of attack from that of a 'coup de main' to the operations of a regular siege, which, although slower, are more certain, and always to be undertaken at a less sacrifice to human life. We, in the Fleet, are well satisfied with Lord Raglan, whose dashing and yet cautious movements mark him (we think) as a great chief, while, on the other hand, we are thoroughly dissatisfied with the apathy and slowness of our own Commander.

Last night a little entertainment was given to the Sevastopolitans by a squadron of our steamers advancing silently to the foot of the walls and pouring in several broadsides of shot and shell upon the sleeping garrison. We have taken a good many prisoners, and some of them are on board here. I have made acquaintance with a captain Papa-Christo, who, as you may suppose from his name, is a Greek. He hates the Russians, and tells us the feeling of the peasants is in favour of the English, who, they hear, are benevolent and kind to the poor. I am afraid, however, the specimens they will see of our countrymen will not increase their affection. I sent a letter to-day from Papa-Christo to Madame and the piccolo. The poor fellow was very grateful for this act of charity.

*2nd October.*—The whole of the marine force of the Navy has been landed, to the number of nearly 3,000 strong. Several regiments of cavalry are here, and French reinforcements are expected, as it is known the transports which carry them are on their road, but they have not yet arrived, in consequence of having been dispersed in one of the heavy

gales which rage so terribly in these seas at this time of the year. I hope no mischance will attend them, for we have been extremely fortunate since our landing. The weather is getting colder, which is a matter of thankfulness, for, although not of great consequence in England, still the climate influences all very much here. The sickly season is going on, and we in this ship are losing men fast from fever. The cholera partially spared us, but we have now another enemy to fear. I have been reading accounts of the cholera in England; doubtless you are all much alarmed, but these reports are nothing to the concentrated horrors we have endured. I had hoped to have been able to have sent you an account of the capture of Sevastopol, but the place has been found so strong that great precautions are necessary. Sir J. Burgoyne says, when all his preparations are made, three days will complete the affair. In the meantime we wait patiently. I cannot delay to write more now. Kindest love to all. 1854

In the light of after events the 2nd of October, 1854, was a memorable date in the annals of the campaign. Neither Kelson Stothert, nor anyone else, divined, at the time, the importance of the results that would accrue from Admiral Dundas's compliance with Lord Raglan's request for men and guns to aid in the work of siege preparation.

It is possible that the foresight of the Commander-in-Chief reached beyond the colossal labour of carrying the needed artillery and munitions up to the front, to the trench work in store for sailor and soldier alike. It is also possible he had in his mind the reasonable conjecture that the presence of the seamen, whom emergency stimulated to the most resourceful activity, would be a constant and cheerful encouragement to the troops. Whether facts proved this conjecture right or no, the unflagging endurance and splendid vigilance of both services, during the siege, could never be overpraised.

In the Fleet readiness and alacrity were manifested to yield immediate acquiescence to the request of the Commander-in-Chief, for an irritating con-

1854 viction had asserted itself among the officers and crews that they would have to forego the privilege of full participation in the actual warfare. After the enemy's ships were imprisoned in the Roadstead of Sevastopol, a great sea fight was out of the question; and bitter disappointment was naturally felt when it became sure that the Allied Fleets would have no opportunity of being pitted, in the Euxine, against the naval power of Russia.

It has been broadly hinted that some expedient should have been devised which would have resulted in an inevitable contest. Even the great historian of the War has inferred that more might have been attempted by the British Fleet.\* But it must not be forgotten that our sea dogs were fettered by the leash of an Alliance with a Military Power, whose naval tactics were not developed by centuries of sea fights; and whose sailors were not the descendants of mariners who, from reign to reign, volunteered, and even manned their own vessels, to uphold the honour of Sovereign and country on every sea.

Under other conditions the mere "inert resistance of six or seven drowned ships" would, alone, hardly have held in check the fearless spirit of those who commanded the ubiquitous *Agamemnon*, the daring *Queen*, or the ready *Vengeance* whose alert evolutions would have been eagerly displayed in an encounter where fighting was certain, and peril sure. It is impossible to estimate the enthusiasm which the prospect of such an engagement would have roused. Not a ship would have held back; and it would have been difficult for any Admiral to restrain such—remembering *Odessa* we may surely say—reckless craft as the saucy *Arethusa*, or the dauntless *Terrible* with her score of restive guns. The *Terrible* could not give quite so good an account of herself later, when her sting was partly drawn by

\* "Invasion of the Crimea," vol. III., page 277.—Kinglake.



the taking of four of her 68-pounders for the land defence. 1854

To hazard the war ships of that day against coast fortifications, invulnerable as those of Russia, was a well-known risk; yet the Fleet undertook the risk willingly enough whenever it was deemed advisable. Our Chaplain's letters, of this period, manifest the general anxious naval temper at the time, as well as satisfaction that the Service was not to be mulcted of her share in the actual warfare.

The Marine force had been landed for the defence of the heights above Balaklava, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Hurdle, R.M.; it included 35 officers and 1,200 men, who, at once, commenced an entrenchment extending about two miles. To this was afterwards added an outer line of defence consisting of Redoubts in which we shall presently find Turkish soldiers.

The entrenchment reached from the gorge to Kadikoi, a village or hamlet notable for its association with two eminent persons. Here Sir Colin Campbell with his 93rd Highlanders and a Field Battery, guarded the approach to Balaklava by land.\*

Here also, at Little Kadikoi, Mother Seacole set up her store-dispensary-hospital, and became historic by right of good deeds, which is almost the rarest claim. Are not the pages of history embellished principally with the portraits of self-seeking, lying, and fool-hardy vagabonds, whose timely hanging would have saved posterity much fruitless study? If contrast evolves distinction, a virtuous man or woman has enviable claims to fair renown in such company. In the "good old days" the secret poisoning of an enemy, or a thrust in the dark, was considered justifiable; yet even in an

\* A despatch from Lord Raglan contains the following:—"The British Cavalry, some Turkish Infantry, a considerable body of British Marines formed into two Battalions, the 93rd Regiment and a Battalion of Detachments, occupy the plain in front of the heights above and before Balaklava, so as to cover our communications with that place."

1854 enlightened century Mother Seacole stands out pre-eminent, and cannot be passed over. She had the secret of a recipe for cholera and dysentery; and liberally dispensed the specific, alike to those who could pay and to those who could not. It was bestowed with an amount of personal kindness which, though not an item of the original prescription, she evidently deemed essential to the cure, and innumerable sufferers had cause to be grateful for her "sovereign'st thing on earth" for their ills, as well as for her "gentle deeds of mercy."

The Naval Brigade was formed of officers and men from the *Britannia*, *Agamemnon*, *Albion*, *Rodney*, *Trafalgar*, *Bellerophon*, *Vengeance*, *London*, *Diamond*, and *Queen*. The force was commanded by Captain Lushington, who had done gruesome work after Alma; as late as the 26th September he found some still living among the Russian dead on the battlefield, and, after separating them, got the wounded on board ship for conveyance to Odessa. Heroic Dr. Thomson, of the 44th, who, with a *single* assistant, had remained in these shambles, died a few days afterwards of cholera.

Captain Peel, of the *Diamond*, Captain Moorsom, and Commanders Randolf and Burnett were appointed to act under Captain Lushington, all officers of character, and known bravery.

With the contingent from the *Queen* was a certain determined, young midshipman, to whom nothing in Heaven or earth then appeared of such vital importance as obtaining permission to join the Expedition, and getting into the thick of the strife. Possibly at that date he wanted to see "all the fun"; but his anxiety foreshadowed the fervent military spirit of his whole career, for, boy and man, he has since been chief of many an almost impossible undertaking, and the trusted leader of valiant deeds not a few.

That eager young midshipman was Evelyn Wood.

At the end of twelve months there were not many of



MRS. SEACOLE.



the original number; probably some had been promoted, many invalided, but, alas, the rest were dead. In H.M.'s ships' logs of those fatal years, '54 and '55, the pathetic entries, "Departed this life . . . ." and "Committed to the deep . . . ." occur more than any others.

Doubtless the seamen considered themselves well equipped with a change of clothing and two blankets; and fully armed because they had their cutlasses; while those who also had pistols were ready for any number of the enemy. When the weather became a "monkey jacket colder" the men of the Naval Brigade were, for a time, in good case, as they had fortunately been allowed to bring their monkey jackets from the ships.

For the purposes of the siege, the *Britannia*, *Albion*, *Queen*, *Rodney*, and *Trafalgar*, each supplied six 32-pounders, and of her six-and-twenty guns the *Diamond* yielded a score. Subsequently she was moored in the harbour for hospital service. These guns were from 40 to 42 cwt. The *Terrible's* 68-pounders weighed 95 cwt.; four of them were landed; and also two Lancaster guns from the *Beagle*.\* All this enormous weight of artillery, with the vast necessary munitions, had to be dragged by sheer manual force over the weary miles that separated Balaklava from the positions for which they were destined.

The initiatory work of the Naval Brigade was a tough undertaking, and had to be partly effected before its camp was pitched near the Picquet House. The Artillery could not help more than to lend some carriages for the 68-pounders, for they had their own difficult tasks to fulfil. "We put fifty men on to drag-ropes," tells Sir Evelyn Wood, "placed a fiddler or fifer on the gun, and if neither was available, a tenor was mounted to give the solo of a chorus song, and thus we walked them up." Even the extra weight of a musician might have been considered superfluous,

\* "Life of Lord Lyons," page 229.—Captain Eardley-Wilmot, R.N.

1854 but Jack can usually be trusted for his own excellent methods.

The fiddler, or fifer, or tenor would, doubtless, when the strain of dragging became almost beyond even combined physical strength, jump down to lend a hand to the haulers. He would probably help with the swearing also, for though, by reason of his art, the nautical fiddler, fifer, or tenor might, if he had received any of the sacred fire, appear to be an archangel in disguise, was generally, after all, a creature subject to inconsistency and graceless habit. Perhaps the Blue-jacket found relief in his own half-humorous, half-earnest garrulity, but the foolish element in it had to be ignored. The business in hand was too exacting to allow of moral teaching; and so the brave fellows went swearing along, accomplishing their gigantic labours with a systematic promptitude, astonishing even to those who commanded them.

In Lord Raglan's despatch to the Duke of Newcastle, dated the 3rd October, we find, with reference to the landing and disposition of the respective armies, the following: "This has necessarily been a slow operation, both from the weight of the things to be carried, and the scantiness of our means of transport, but notwithstanding great progress has been made, and, as usual, the Navy have rendered us the most powerful and effective service.

"They also are landing guns from the ships of war in compliance with my request, and I have every reason to hope that their anxious desire to participate in the attack of the place will be fully gratified.

"The position of the Allied Armies during the siege has been definitely settled, the English Army occupying the ground to the right, and extending as far as the crest of the hill which commands the valley of the Inkerman with the head of the harbour and the bridge communicating with the road into Sevastopol from the Belbec, and having Balaklava in its rear.

1854  
“The French will take their station on the same alignments to the left, resting on the sea, and holding in their immediate rear one of the small bays between the town and Cape Kersonesus; and they have there found the greatest facility in disembarking their siege train. The British lines are already as near Sevastopol as is consistent with the safety of the troops, and are occasionally fired upon from the place, particularly when any reconnoissance in advance is made, but hitherto no casualty has arisen. The soil immediately before us is extremely unfavourable for siege operations, being merely a thin coating of earth upon rock, and rendering entrenchments nearly impossible, and this may, I apprehend, add considerably to our difficulties.”

A few days later (on the 8th), in another despatch, Lord Raglan wrote:

“The Blue-jackets have, with the utmost cheerfulness and the most ardent zeal, applied themselves to drag up the guns and ammunition, and to do whatever was most conducive to the public service.”

Rather to the south of a Posting House, where the Light Division had placed a picquet, and thus given to it the name Picquet House, the Naval Brigade pitched its camp. It was close to the Woronzoff Road, at the other side of which the Light Division was placed. The 1st and 2nd Divisions were farther north, while the 3rd and 4th Divisions were to the south-west.

Examination of the ground resulted in great disappointment to the officers of Engineers, partly because of the reasons stated by Lord Raglan, and also because they found it would be extremely difficult to place the necessary batteries in position to subdue the enemy's fire. The ground was intersected by deep ravines, and communication between the Divisions was rendered hazardous by exposure to Russian fire.

The log of the *Queen*, in the early days of October, tells that the armourers are making camp kettles for the Naval Brigade, not to be of much comfort, we fear,

1854 seeing that the coffee dealt out was green, and soon there was so great a dearth of fuel that roots had to be dug up to provide it.

The fatal incompetency of those who were responsible for the well-being of all who took part in the campaign, made the winter on the bleak upland of Crim Tartary a period of terrible want, misery and disease.

Mr. Fielder, Commissary-General-in-Chief, had not an adequate staff, and those he had were not efficient. Before leaving England he had endeavoured to persuade the Government to send out "ready-made" assistants for his department, and, having had experience in the Peninsula with Wellington, his advice should have carried weight.

Sir Arthur Blackwood wrote what must have been only too apparent: "They paid no attention to his recommendation, and I should not wonder if the whole thing go smash in consequence."

It is doubtful, however, whether ordinary routine would have produced "ready-made" officials able to cope with the emergencies of insufficient stores, and supplies that were absolutely useless for the needs of the troops.

Routine is productive of mechanical service, but if the qualities necessary for controlling critical situations really exist, great events evolve them. Mr. Fielder had had more than incompetence to fight, for at Varna fire had burnt his stores.

The clothing of the troops was in a wretched condition, when cholera again asserted itself and found many a ready victim; it spared neither officers nor men. On the 4th Captain Joliffe, of the Coldstreams, died from it, and many others were suffering.

Without deprecating the brilliant, though brief, service in the late Soudan campaign, for which experience, and repeated failure, had shown the way, it is obvious how incomparably greater was the call for heroism in the Crimea, where there was no organised land trans-



port from the base to the front, and where the supplies and munitions had for months to be dragged over ground that, in addition to natural disadvantages, soon became a succession of sloughs of mud, indescribably foul and difficult. 1854

After such a lapse of time it is almost impossible to realise the sufferings that were entailed, but to attribute them to the "fortunes of war" is unreasonable, for our ships had a free road to the ordnance wharf of Balaklava, and yet any effort that was made, for a considerable period, to lessen the colossal difficulties six or seven miles of land could impose, failed ignominiously. We "can appreciate," as Mr. Steevens says, "an adequate idea of the labour, promptness and system which brought all the necessaries for 25,000 men from Atbara, Merawi, Halfa, Egypt and England *without a break or hitch.*"\*

And how significant the inference!

But now we must go up to the camp of the Naval Brigade, with its Chaplain, who appears somewhat anxious about his "parishioners," as he always affectionately called this land contingent from the Fleet.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

October 10th, 1854.

I am just returned from the camp at Balaklava, fatigued and worn out with heat and exertion. A post goes to-morrow and I should write a few lines to acknowledge all the letters I found waiting for me, and say how sorry I am to hear of your illness. Please tell Helen and Carry that I cannot write to-night, I am so tired, and I have four letters to get through in Mrs. Buckley's business, and to decipher and answer an epistle from the mother of one of our midshipmen, who is, I believe, crazy.

I think I told you we had landed all the marines in the Fleet, and 1,400 Blue-jackets, and one hundred guns. The

\* The italics are added for the sake of contrast.

1854 Blue-jackets are a brigade by themselves, and are accommodated with tents and live just as soldiers do ; they are employed in landing the heavy guns and conveying them to the depôt, from whence they are carried to the front upon artillery carriages. The work they have done is almost incredible.

I went to see after my parishioners, as there was a good deal of sickness when they left us. I found them all very flourishing, however, and stayed three days in the camp. It is very rough work, and I am eaten up by fleas. Five of us lived in one tent. We had each a blanket and a rug for cover, and I used a carpet bag for a pillow. This, with a good sprinkling of hay, made us all very comfortable, except when the fleas began to move in the hay. At night it was very cold, for occasionally the rain came through and saturated our blankets. At four in the morning all turned out, and those who had time adjourned to a neighbouring ditch, which, we believe, contained running water. Here ablutions were hastily performed, and then we returned to breakfast. I must confess that, being up to your middle in a ditch on a cold October morning in the Crimea, with no light to curl your whiskers by except the stars, and nothing to hear but the song of the grasshoppers or the barking of jackals, is not quite so pleasant as a good dressing-room and a fire, after daybreak instead of before. Our breakfast consisted of a cup of tea (if the kettle did not fall off the fire) and a slice of pork and ship's biscuit. Then a pipe prepared us for the day. If ever I hear anyone object to smoking again, I shall box his ears. When all other comforts are thrown aside, and scarcely the necessaries of life to be obtained, a pipe of tobacco is undeniably "fit for the gods." At six o'clock the camp was cleared, and all went to work till middle day, when an hour's intermission was given ; then at work again till sunset. I employed myself in visiting the sick, of whom there are large numbers at the Military Hospital ; in encouraging the men ; in cooking the dinner ; in writing general orders for our commander, who is "Major of Brigade," and in writing letters for the men ; in fact, making myself generally useful.

The second day of my visit I went to the front, which is as much as eight miles from Balaklava, and took my seat on an eminence about two miles from Sevastopol ; there I had a famous view, and feasted my eyes with a sight of the Russian's enormous and fearful batteries. They fired a shell at a picket behind me, which burst one hundred yards in front, sufficiently

near to be interesting and sufficiently far to be pleasant. I don't care much for an intimate acquaintance with shot and shell, having no promotion to earn. Strong reinforcements are coming in to the Russians, and we must do the business quickly or not at all this year. It is said that we go into action on Monday, and the line-of-battle ships and the army are to make a simultaneous attack. Balaklava is a singularly narrow harbour, but of great depth of water, and can contain many ships. I saw John Adye, who was very well. 1854

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

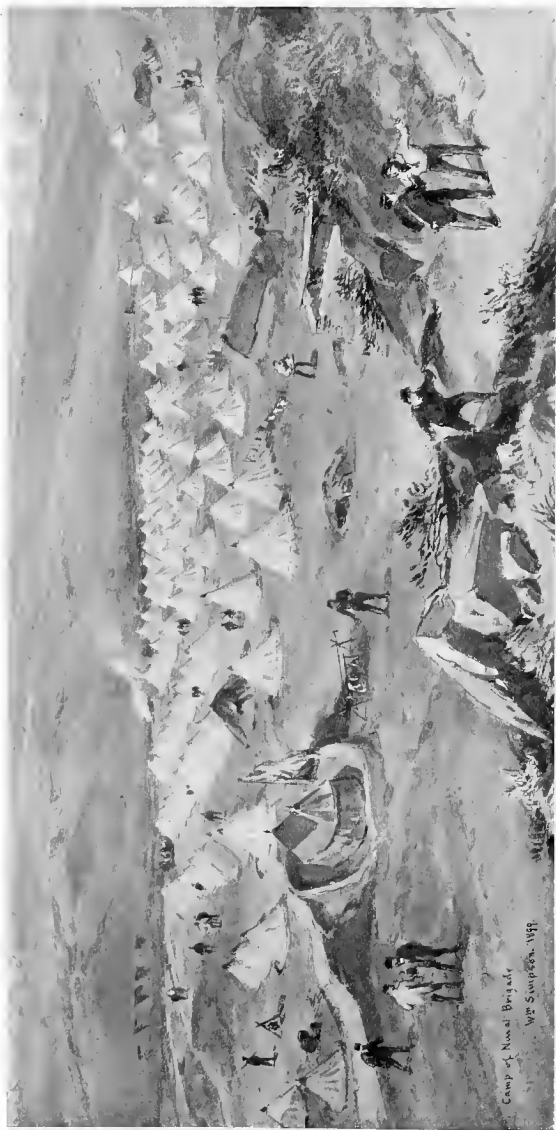
October 12th, 1854.

I am again laid up with a bad attack of low fever and influenza, and cannot help congratulating myself that I am under blankets and between sheets, instead of having my miseries aggravated by tormenting "whisks" of hay and irritating bites of fleas upon the heights of Sevastopol. This little illness has delayed my departure for the camp, and I shall now remain behind until after Sunday, when I hope to be able to take my own duty. With much to be thankful for, I find myself almost wishing that I had a better excuse than this attack for remaining in bed, since it prevents me visiting my own sick here, and also devoting myself to the severer duties of giving help to the Amazonian sister of the healing art—military surgery upon the field. We have a good deal of fever of typhus type in the ship, although I am happy to say cholera has degenerated into cholera. One of our men has recovered from a bad attack of cholera, and the shock to his system has been so great that he is completely "struck comical," as the sailors accurately express it; his mind is filled with the strangest and most extraordinary fancies, to the utter derangement of his usual mode of thought. He insists upon my conferring with him three or four times a day upon the best means of stopping the war. I am, however, now unable to go to him. The weather is one day very hot, and the following alternates to cold, rain and wind. From 74° to 30° are the usual variations of the thermometer. You may imagine what effect this must have upon many of us, the French especially, who are not accustomed to the alternating variations of our more northern climate. The constant succession of heat and cold, snow and brilliant sunshine, rain and

1854 drought which we experience at home, accustoms Englishmen to the changes they meet elsewhere.

There is no great news from the camp. We are getting our guns into position as fast as we can, but as yet none have answered the heavy cannonade which has been made upon our lines day and night. I am only afraid that, with such practice, the Russians, who are indifferent artillerymen, will become expert. Yesterday two of our transports got in shore, and the forts of Sevastopol opened one hundred and fifty guns upon the devoted craft; one escaped and the other was stranded, as the crew deserted her at once. I do not know what our merchants will do, if this war continues; they have now a bad set of men in many of their ships, dirty, self-indulgent and regular "sea lawyers," ever a plague on board a man-of-war. To which stock of qualities must be added another, viz. :—many are deficient in that courage and determination which generally distinguishes a seaman who has been, man and boy, bred to the Service.

Our Blue-jackets are working very hard at the camp. We daily expect them to commence operations, but are quite satisfied with the delay, for unless every preparation is made with the calmest forethought and care, all our pains will be thrown away. The strength of Sevastopol has not been exaggerated. It has now a capable general directing operations (Luders); a large force is known to be at no great distance; and reinforcements are daily pouring in. The Fleet cannot assist with any prospect of benefit, since shoal water prevents our near approach. The hopes of the Allies must be in the superior spirit, courage, intelligence and skill of our troops. All will be risked upon a single die, but there is no want of confidence felt in the result.



NAVAL BRIGADE CAMP.



## CHAPTER XV.

IN the beginning of October, 1854, a strong conviction existed among the chiefs of the Engineers, and at the French Headquarters that no assault of Sevastopol should be attempted till the fire of the enemy had been overcome by siege guns. General Canrobert, who had succeeded Marshal St. Arnaud, expressed a grave dread that Prince Mentschikoff would take advantage of premature action to bring his field army into operation against the vulnerable positions of the Allies.

Although they had to face an impregnable and extended line of defences, barring their inroad to the town, happily more than half the land on which they had established themselves had a seaboard. There was also a natural parapet against an advance from the east in the Sapuné Ridge, though, in the north-east, where it declined towards the Inkerman Valley, their position was weak and assailable, as was soon to be proved. It was here the notable Sandbag Battery was planted, but, with a diminishing army and the necessity for urgency in the preparations for the siege, sufficient infantry could not be spared for its investment.

The heights occupied by the invading armies were intersected by ravines which, though they made communication difficult, could have been well garrisoned by an adequate number of troops, and the ensuing disastrous encounters might thus have been prevented.

On the 5th instant some tents arrived, but already the men had slept two wet nights in the open.

1854 Lord Raglan established his Headquarters four and a half miles from Balaklava, and from the high ground close by, Sevastopol could be distinctly seen.

The one boon the enemy desired was time. In sickening fear he was looking for the arrival of reinforcements by the northern entrance to the town, which was still clear; and time he knew would bring them. With unflinching energy he toiled day and night to strengthen his fortifications and to connect them by gigantic earthworks, and all he needed was time to complete them. And only time could yield up to him the secret intentions of the Allies, and enable him to increase his batteries and rifle pits in places where he could bring his heaviest fire to bear on their proposed constructions.

Admiral Korniloff and de Todleben made the most of the freely offered boon, and, with amazing quickness, completed various operations imperative in a beleaguered city. They improved and developed their entrenchments; strengthened the whole of the line fronting the Allies; and converted the warships in the harbour into floating batteries.

From the coast to the River Tchernaya, and even beyond where the Sapuné Ridge turns south-west, the invaders considered their position tolerably safe. Warships guarded the entrance to the harbour of Balaklava, so that their base was securely protected seawards; and the ships conveying supplies had no blockade to defy to gain their destination. Till the end of the war these waters were as full of every kind of vessel, with bustle and movement coming and going, as if Balaklava had been a great mercantile port; and the perpetual activity on the wharf was also a feature of resemblance to a trafficking centre. But, notwithstanding the enormous sums which the Transport service cost, our troops were dying of cholera and fever, for lack of suitable provisions for their needs.

The Allies being minded to first construct batteries



that would command the Redan and Flagstaff Bastion, and their advanced posts having no shelter from the Russian guns, trenches now became an essential part of the works. 1854

The disposition of the guns was of vital importance, and so carefully were the preparations executed, that the enemy was ignorant of the placing of some of the pieces which were destined to cause him terrible loss. The Russian fire was now irritating the troops at the front, shot and shell being sent over incessantly; this artillery practice was very disturbing, though it effected little, and drew no response from the British, for the Commander-in-Chief was averse to desultory firing. Munitions were not too plentiful, and there was other sterner work on hand.

Since becoming acquainted with the character of the ground, Sir John Burgoyne was less sanguine, for the engineers were baffled by the rock masses which met their attempts to find earth for their purposes. Two of the principal batteries were, however, planted about 1,400 yards from the Redan, between ravines that reached down to the harbour; on the Woronzoff height was the British Right Attack, and there Gordon's Battery (26 guns) was placed. Between the Woronzoff Ravine and the fitly-named Valley of the Shadow of Death, where corpses and cannon ball were the most familiar obstruction to the passer by, on Green Hill, was the Left Attack, where Chapman's Battery mounted forty-one guns. The Right Lancaster Battery, a short distance to the north east, placed 2,500 yards from the enemy's lines, was furnished with six guns, five being Lancasters, whose long range, it was expected, would reach the ships in the harbour. There was also a battery with one gun in the rear of the Right Attack, called the Left Lancaster Battery. The Naval Brigade worked vigorously aiding the completion of these erections.

Some of the *Terrible's* guns were placed in the

1854 French lines to be worked by British seamen. History does not furnish any record of Jack's impressions of the surroundings in which he then found himself, and even conjecture might be at fault; but the proximity of two such opposite types suggests curiosity about the humorous tales that would afterwards be related by those who survived to return to their comrades in the ships.

To estimate correctly the work which was undertaken on land by the Fleet, it may be stated of the 126 pieces in battery, 73 were English, and 29 of these guns were manned by sailors.

Our Ally determined to direct his cannonade against the Flagstaff Bastion, and, with great discernment, fixed upon Mount Rodolph (which was only 1,000 yards from the Central Bastion) whereon to erect his batteries, and was fortunate in finding sufficient earth there for the purpose. General Lœurmél established himself with nine battalions under the crest of this mount.\* It was hoped that the bombardment would at least make such an opening in the enemy's entrenchments as would enable the Allies to push on with the assault, which, it was proposed, should immediately follow.

The 4th Dragoons and the 11th Hussars were sent down to the camp near Balaklava on October 14th under Lord Cardigan.† A commissariat search expedition, consisting of five British and four French ships, was ordered to Yalta for the purpose of finding a reasonable market for the purchase of provisions, but was not successful.

It was frequently remarked how much more clever the sailors were in convenient devices than the troops. British soldiers are generally indifferent to creature comforts in a campaign, but even the Turks, now

\* "Invasion of the Crimea," page 309, vol. III.—Kinglake.

† "Old Evans" (Sir de Lacy Evans, who commanded the Second Division) "made a strong push to keep us, but I fancy Lord Raglan is apprehensive of this post."—Page 58, Diary, October, 1854.—Lord George Pa get.

landing in great numbers, though not Omar Pacha's 1854  
 tried veterans in the Crimea, were more resourceful than they. In their trench work "they made much snugger places for themselves, scooping out the earth and fencing the hole with boughs, than the English would have thought of doing ; \* and the Osmanli piped wild barbaric music all day, and nightly ended the strains with loyal and fervent cheers for his most sacred majesty, Abdul Medjid Khan.

The British soldiers had to prepare their own food. The Turk at first had none to prepare ; the French system of a cook for each mess of twelve or more was certainly the better arrangement.

There was no music at this time in the British lines ; all the bandsmen were kept at more laborious duty. Our gay Ally, on the contrary, was not disposed to forego his bugles and his drums : perhaps he was right. With sickness rife in the camps, men needed all the cheer that could be given, and soon they would require even stronger persuasion to induce hope, than trumpet-sounding or any other martial strain.

Regiments were frequently roused up from sleep. "We are now regularly turned out about midnight," wrote Lord George Paget, . . . "but we always turn in again in half an hour. Every fool at the out-posts, who fancies he hears something, has only to make a row, and there we all are, Generals and all."† A determined sortie was made by the Russians on October 12th, which was resisted by the 2nd and Light Divisions with field guns ; but the line of entrenchment in construction was not disturbed.

Lancaster guns, howitzers and mortars had been placed wherever it was judged they would do deadliest work on the Russian fortifications, which had been well strengthened to withstand attack.

Sevastopol was completely garrisoned by the 17th.

\* "The War," page 211.—W. H. Russell.

† "Journal of the Crimean War," page 57.—Gen. Lord George Paget, K.C.B.

1854 Troops from Bessarabia were also arriving, and, now that the artillery of the Allies was within firing distance of their goal, Europe waited impatiently for the end.

It was considered that it would be a waste of powder if the bombardment did not include a combined attack from the French and English Batteries simultaneously delivered with the guns of the ships; and Admiral Dundas concurred in this proposal. But shoal water, sunken ships, and stone forts had still to be reckoned with; and they were mighty factors on the side of the enemy, rendering a great naval victory almost impracticable.

When the general cannonading of the sea forts was decided upon, Sir Edmund Lyons was permitted to take the *Agamemnon* out of Balaklava Harbour. He joined the Fleets under Admirals Dundas and Hamelin at the Katcha, who were there preparing for the attack.

The British Fleet was not satisfied with the position assigned to it. Some regarded the arrangement as giving our ships no chance of distinguishing themselves, while it was obvious they would have chance enough of receiving a raking Russian fire. All experienced navigators are aware that the soundings on one side of the ship may differ 2 or 3 feet from those on the other side, and that even a foot less water will, in certain conditions, be hazardous to the safety of a vessel. Our Ally preferred not to risk the shoal extending from Point Constantine, and well might our Admirals and Captains feel aggrieved that their ships were to be exposed to the fire of forts out of the reach of their guns. The Frenchman has rarely a moment's hesitation in any emergency of daily life about the best possible good obtainable for himself. The history of the campaign proved this individual trait to dominate the race collectively. Our Ally took in every condition at a glance, and, even on the sea, determined to secure the position which of right belonged to the greater Naval Power. Close range to the North of the Road-

stead was absolutely dangerous, and the instructions issued by Admiral Dundas contained the following:—  
 “So much must depend on weather, currents, etc., that it is not possible to direct whether an anchor is to be let go from forward or aft, or even at all.”

The supply of munitions to the ships being limited, it had been arranged that half was to be used at the time of the land bombardment, and the other half when the fire from the trenches had ended, which would indicate to the Fleets the moment when the assault was to begin.\* It was presumed that the land defence would be weakened by the necessary diversion of returning the fire of the ships from the forts, and thus the assault could be more easily effected.

Though the men were in high spirits because action was imminent, the Admirals and Captains were annoyed that the place of honour had been relegated to our Ally—by himself.

And on the 17th before daybreak the attack began. In the town Admiral Korniloff rode from bastion to bastion regardless of the terrible fire which was doing stern work among the ranks around him. His presence prevented the panic which would in no small degree have helped the Allies. But his enthusiastic devotion ended his career. Careless for his own safety, and eager about the defence, in an exposed moment a round shot directed towards the Malakoff, shattered the body of this brave servant of the Tsar.

The letters give the sequel to certain ambitious but problematical designs; while the log of the *Queen* contains a long list of the casualties which occurred to her during the bombardment. The writer's health at this time was not good; notwithstanding the regular fumigation (of which the *Queen's* log also tells) with the primitive disinfectant, boiling vinegar, the chaplain remarks very frequently: “We are still sick on board this ship.”

\* “Invasion of the Crimea,” page 328, vol. iii.—Kinglake.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

18th October, 1854.

We fought a long action yesterday of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours against the forts of Sevastopol, the army likewise attacking it on the land side, but I have not time to let you know particulars, as the mail leaves with just half an hour given us to write to our friends and say that we are safe.

We in the Fleet got pummelled exceedingly, but the army escaped, we hear, with very little loss. The place is, I fear, quite impracticable. We in the *Queen* alone fired 5,000 shot and shell from her broadsides, but I do not suspect five men were killed on the Russian side, or a single stone dislodged. It is a fact, that with all our expenditure of men and ammunition, not a fort was silenced. The reason of this is, we cannot get in close enough for the shoals, and the Russians fire shell and red hot shot with impunity.

I was on deck a good deal from time to time; for two hours our only casualty was one of the quartermasters, whose leg was shot off by a shell close above the ankle, or rather it was smashed to a pulp, and we were obliged to take it off. I was on the poop at the time when the shot crashed through the side. He bore the operation very well, and would not take chloroform. We were struck many times and had but one killed and seven badly wounded. One shell came into the cockpit, burst at some distance from us, and blew our candles out. We were at last obliged to haul out of action, having been set on fire by red-hot shot. Altogether, in the three Fleets, there were 29 killed and 167 wounded. The Turks fought well, but stupidly. They kept no order, and got into our way all through the day; but they fired their broadsides beautifully. Some officers have been killed. Love to all.

P.S.—John Adye was safe yesterday. He is Major now.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

18th October, 1854. •

I have a few minutes to spare to give you hurried intelligence of our having fought a long action yesterday, with

loss on our side to both ships and men, and, I fear, to no great advantage, as we could not get sufficiently near to breach the enormous walls nor to dismount the guns. The *Queen* led into action, but we did not fire until the enemy's shot were flying thick and fast around us. I had no idea of the power of heavy shot until I had seen it with my own eyes. 1854

My Hungarian friend, Mr. Eber, came to visit me the second time the day before yesterday. He was on deck all day, and I ran up to join him whenever I could leave helping the doctors to dress the wounded. My nerves were the only ones in the cockpit which served their masters at a pinch, except, of course, the doctors'. We had one case of amputation. I saw a good many at Alma, and could do it myself if forced. It is a simple matter, all but tying the arteries, and these are difficult to find in the midst of spurting blood and raw flesh. One of my protégés, a midshipman, was knocked and cut in the hand, and—I won't say where—as he lay on the ground. I tell him it was an excellent thing for him, and the splinter was a very discriminating one!

I have just received my Mother's note, and cannot stop to answer it, as a ship goes directly. I send a list of killed and wounded, as far as can be ascertained. You may publish it. Mr. Eber is correspondent for the *Times*. He is now writing by my side, and you will see an account of the affair from his pen.

I think to-morrow we shall go in again.

*Vengeance*, 2 wounded.

*Trafalgar*, 2 wounded.

*Rodney*, 2 wounded.

*Firebrand*, Captain Stewart (slightly) and 2 wounded.

*London*, 4 killed, 18 wounded.

*Terrible*, 1 killed, 8 wounded.

*Triton*, Commander Lloyd dangerously (since dead), 24 others.

*Sphinx*, 1 drowned by the swamping of a boat.

*Sampson*, 1 killed.

*Britannia*, 8 wounded.

*Arethusa*, 4 killed, 14 wounded.

*Niger*, 1 killed, 4 wounded.

*Furious*, 4 wounded.

*Queen*, 1 killed, 7 wounded.

*Cyclops*, Lieut. Purvis and Mr. Forster slightly.

1854 *Spiteful*, Mr. Baillie and another officer and 2 seamen severely by shell.

*Agamemnon*, 2 officers wounded, 20 seamen ditto, 4 killed.

*Sanspareil*, Lieut. Madden killed, 10 seamen killed, 60 seamen wounded.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

21st October, 1854.

We have heard little of the result of our doings on Tuesday last. It seems that our shot told upon the surface of the stone walls, and here and there knocked two embrasures into one. The ground is covered with splinters and that is all. We have lost many valuable lives, and several gallant ships are altogether disabled. The *Albion* and *Sanspareil* were riddled with shot, and the Rear-Admiral said on his quarter-deck that he should never get out of the fight alive. Just in the thick of the fire we stood in and drew it off from the brave Lyons. It was the admiration of all who could see it; imagine a large three decker like ourselves, standing inside all other ships into less than six fathoms of water, and opening broadsides with admirable precision. Had we not been set on fire by red-hot shot, and been obliged to haul out of action, we should have demolished the battery in a quarter of an hour, although at heavy loss to ourselves. The several times I was on deck, the enemy's shot was falling like rain through our rigging, and rockets and bar shot cutting away the backstays and braces in great numbers. To this exceeding elevation of the Russian guns we may, under God, attribute the little loss *we* suffered. Only 13 shots struck us, although as many hundreds passed through the rigging. Everyone says it was an ill-judged affair, especially as we shall have to go in on the day of general assault. We must take Sevastopol, cost what it may, probably at the loss of ships. There is no news from the army, except that the place is impregnable by cannonade, and all are anxious for a general assault. We see a good many explosions in the lines, I suppose French batteries blowing up. One of our officers has just returned, with the loss of an eye. He brings no news, having been on the sick list since Wednesday last. The French are all quarrelling amongst themselves, which retards operations very considerably.





White Point  
C. P. L. S.

Fort Alexander

Sphinx

Bellérophon -  
Cyclops



I hope you are all well. I am getting better, but am troubled with weakness and sore throat, and bleeding at the nose. The climate does not agree with me, but there is not much the matter. Kindest love to all. 1854

TO HIS SISTER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

22nd October, 1854.

I wish to write a few lines to you before going to bed, although all the little news I have been able to gather was sent home yesterday.

\* \* \* \* \*

Since Monday last, I have had a visit from my Hungarian friend, Eber, who is of some literary celebrity in London, and is one of the writers in the *Edinburgh Review*; he has a military name too, having been a general in the Hungarian war. He is a tall, distinguished looking man of about 30 years of age, and is now a correspondent of the *Times*, for which he tells me they give him £1,000 a year, besides paying every expense. He mentioned this as an inducement to me to allow him to bear his own expenses when visiting me. This, I must confess, has heightened the pleasure of his stay with me! He is an excellent linguist, having been trained as an Austrian diplomatist; they are "picked men" in that country, not, as among ourselves, young fellows who spend a few years at foreign courts, and so qualify for ambassadors, getting their education upon the "hook or by crook" system. As a writer, his essays in the *Edinburgh* show a great mastery and power over the English tongue. He was also the writer of the letters in the *Times* upon the Greek disturbances, and very excellent they were. Not very light and airy, it is true, but historic, philosophical, and full of good practical thought.

We have but scanty news from the camp since I wrote yesterday. We hear that the Russians are becoming greatly demoralized, and require force to keep them at their guns. This may, or may not be, true. I believe an important fort was taken yesterday. The Russian loss is stated to be nearly 1,000 a day, whereas in the English camp 50 killed and 300 wounded is all we have as yet suffered. Thank God for it.

Ever yours.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Katcha River,

27th Oct., 1854.

\*                    \*                    \*                    \*                    \*

I am getting along, but am not well. I dread the winter here, being even now a sufferer. But I must take my chance with many better men. You ask me what my doctor says of me. Naval medical men are not much in the habit of conferring with their patients, except when absolutely necessary, and so I really do not know. I have, in fact, never consulted the surgeon, an old "Scotch body," who dislikes medical practice and, I believe, hates patients. I go to the senior assistant when I want medicine; he thinks I have a bad cold, which is getting better; that is also my opinion. You know I never look ill, and naval doctors are not paid for showing sympathy. If I like to go on the sick list, they are too polite to refuse an officer, and then I can obtain what medicine I ask for, if it be only moderately noxious, and not absolutely poisonous. I did hear the assistant surgeon say I wanted some bracing exercise at home, but as that is out of the question, his prescription is valueless. There is after all no great cause for anxiety that I know of. Want of exercise is the evil, and cold (as well as excessive heat), affects me a good deal.

When the ships in the dark moved to their anchorage on the evening of the 17th, men were grimly conscious that the attack had not been successful. It was galling for the naval commanders to face this deplorable fact, and especially for those of the *Agamemnon*, *Sanspareil*, *London*, *Queen*, *Albion* and *Triton*, as well as others, whose vessels had grievously suffered from the enemy's fire, to have to acknowledge the paucity of advantageous result. Their regret was mingled with no little envy of the French position, where deep water had made close range practicable, though proximity had not

been attempted. The silencing of the upper tier batteries of Fort Constantine was bought at far too dear a price—loss of life, disabling of ships, and the useless expenditure of munitions for eleven hundred pieces of artillery. A naval demonstration, which included great risk and effected little save the alarm of the inhabitants of Sevastopol, while it lasted, was not the kind of engagement to inspire the British Fleet with satisfaction. 1854

It is probable that a slight diversion from the land operations had been made, but the town by this time was so well garrisoned that the defence of the besieged was of no uncertain quality.

Notwithstanding that on the 16th bets had been freely offered in the camp of the Naval Brigade that the city would fall in twenty-four hours,\* the impression being general that the fire of the Allies could not be withstood, the enemy had obstinately resisted the combined attack. His fire had been hottest upon Mount Rudolph, where explosions in the magazines of the French silenced their batteries early in the day; but the British continued cannonading, hour after hour, directing their fire from Chapman's and Gordon's batteries, against the Flagstaff bastion and the Redan. The artillery brought to bear on the latter had caused an explosion of a powder magazine in the salient, which resulted in havoc and consternation. Some of the guns of the Malakoff were also dismantled, and shells which missed the earthworks, generally reached the open parts of the town, where many were passing to and fro. Although gunners were killed at their posts, others quickly replaced them, for the Muscovite soldier is no coward, and our forces were beginning to find, to their cost, that in Sevastopol he did not belie his historic character. The French were not able to resume offensive operations on the 18th, as it was considered by their commanders that increased pre-

\* "Crimea in 1854 and 1894," page 88.—General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

1854 parations were absolutely necessary, but the British cannonade was continued day after day till the 25th. The enemy suffered greater loss than the Allies, yet their vigorous fire was ceaseless during the day, and by night their ramparts were repaired in an almost miraculous manner, the ruins being rapidly replaced by formidable earthworks. The Naval Brigade lost Lieutenant Greathead on the 18th. From chief downwards, rough heroic work was performed by this arm of the Service. There was difficulty in the practice of the Lancaster guns, and one unfortunately burst, but the Blue-jackets remained undismayed. When the horses would not face the fire, volunteers dragged the ammunition wagon to its destination, but, ere the powder was removed into the magazine, a shell dropped upon it. The sailors were still close by, and Captain Peel, too, was there. Quick to recognise the danger, without hesitating a moment, he sprang forward, and taking the deadly thing up, flung it right over the parapet, where it immediately burst, fortunately harming no one.

And if *esprit de corps* were not a characteristic of the Naval Brigade, its lack could not be laid to the charge of this brave and daring leader, who, dreading lest his Blue-jackets might experience any lapse of that zealous valour of which he, as well as their chaplain, was justly proud, begged four of his brother officers to "set the fashion in the battery of always walking erect without undue haste." \*

Admiral Dundas's despatch of the 23rd October tells of an addition to the Naval Brigade of four hundred and ten men.

To increase the prospective hostilities which, at this time, threatened the Allies, they became aware that a great Russian force of all arms was assembling at Tchorgoun under Liprandi.

The cannonading upon Sevastopol went on, and was stoutly answered; even though the enemy was con-

\* "Crimea in 1854 and 1894," page 97.—General Sir Evelyn Wood.



CAPTAIN PEEL, R.N.





tinually engaged strengthening his line of defence in places which had proved vulnerable. De Todleben and his engineers were also devotedly endeavouring to frustrate the progress of advanced parties constructing approaches. Our brave fellows were incessantly subjected to a pitiless fire, but, notwithstanding the fact that the French and British were gaining closer, disease and Russian mitrail were rapidly diminishing the number of the Allied troops in condition to bear arms. 1854

Lord Raglan had been apprehensive of the defences of Balaklava before he heard the rumours of Liprandi's intentions; and it must have been obvious to all concerned that great advantage would be gained to the Russians if the British base could be cut off. Its protection was a mere makeshift, because nothing better was practicable.

The natural formation of the ground offered considerable security, and the Commander-in-Chief had not been disposed to sacrifice, from the imperative business of the siege, a single company more than seemed absolutely necessary.

The inner line was held by Sir Colin Campbell and his 93rd Highlanders, with the marines, "a superb corps—all the men being broad shouldered, straight limbed, and above the average height of our infantry."

The outer line of defence, extending nearly a couple of miles, was entrusted to two battalions of inexperienced Turkish recruits, whose redoubts were not near enough to each other to be mutually supporting, and contained only nine and twelve-pounders. This position could only have been securely held by ten times the number of troops employed. The lesson of Silistria, too, had been forgotten, or did not now serve, for here the Osmanli had not, as there, British captains of undoubted skill and deathless courage, to inspire and to lead them.

In the attack of the Russian squadrons on the 25th October, the Turks, feeling they were in isolated small

1854 bodies of troops, overmatched by tremendous numbers, gave themselves up to panic. Sir Colin Campbell's despatch, however, contains the significant testimony that "the Turks resisted as long as they could"; but after witnessing the terrible slaughter of their countrymen in the redoubt on Canrobert's Hill, and not being rallied by British officers, a stampede was inevitable. It would seem as if the stars in their courses fought against the Allies all that memorable day.

The Infantry had had their chance at Alma, and it had not been missed; and now, in deadly earnest, the Heavy and Light Brigades were to show their gallant mettle was equal to the sorriest opportunities that an evil fate could devise.

Many great authorities on strategy have held that cavalry should be used sparingly, and the records of famous military achievements show that this wise rule has been followed with advantage. At Balaklava it was otherwise. Absolutely regardless of consequences, our brigades spent themselves, riding in a keen brave spirit, while recognising the palpable close prospect of death as their only reasonable goal.

The following chapter contains an account, from a military point of view, of the never-to-be-forgotten battle of Balaklava. I am indebted for these reminiscences to one who himself took no mean part in the action, which our chaplain graphically described as a great body of splendid horsemen scampering down; then two or three struggling back, while riderless steeds stray hither and thither as if, in their dismay, they were seeking for the voice or touch of masters who would never guide them more.

## CHAPTER XVI.

MR. W. H. PENNINGTON'S NARRATIVE.

“WITH the scanty knowledge of the facts known, at the time immediately succeeding the event, one might well have despaired of arriving at a just conclusion, regarding upon whose shoulders should be laid the weight of responsibility in the misjudgment and imbecility which sent a skeleton brigade, numbering only six hundred and seven sabres, down a valley some mile and a half in length, under a withering front and flank fire, without supports, to confront a well-disciplined army in a well-chosen position! 1854

The published minutes of the commission of enquiry which sat after the war, only added to the mystery which enshrouded the criminal blunder, and resulted in nothing more than a “confusion worse confounded.” It may have been necessary to have yielded to the public outcry for an investigation, yet impolitic to have arrived at a definite conclusion. But those who could have cleared up much which was then obscure, and reconciled the astonishing conflict of evidence, were never under examination.

Lord Raglan's intention cannot be doubted for a moment when he entrusted the fiery Nolan with his instructions to Lord Lucan, commanding the cavalry division. This gallant aide-de-camp had conceived the highest opinion of the capacity and possibilities of cavalry. He had written a book in which his con-

1854 ception was set forth in the most stirring and compendious fashion : and it is a matter of general knowledge that he bewailed the fact that the cavalry had not had the opportunity of demonstrating in practice the value and veracity of his theories by some achievement at once brilliant and startling in its character. But all this was wide of the mark ; for our handful of cavalry had done yeoman's service, if not of an especially showy kind.

The Light Brigade had protected the left flank of the British against all possibility of turning it at the battle of the Alma, and were of infinite service in the détour which was made when the Russians were surprised at Mackenzie's Farm. We know the love some of our brave Irish comrades display for theatrical effect ; and the gallant captain would seem to have found all interest lacking in the great drama of war, so far as the cavalry were concerned, and to have been longing for some sensational action which should rival the boldest performances of the infantry. But we shall see presently what observations he addressed to Lord Lucan. I must come to the initial incident which gave stern intimation of the serious designs of Liprandi's army at daybreak on the never-to-be-forgotten 25th October, 1854.

The early morning muster, at an hour preceding daybreak, of the brigades of cavalry, upon the plain and in the chill air, always had an effect at once gloomy and impressive. It is within the experience of us all, that there is usually no time at which the pulse of nature beats so faintly and inarticulately ; and it is even so with the pulsations of human life. There is a depression, often indescribable, in the suspension of an active vitality, affecting both mind and body, to which almost any state or condition is preferable ; and so far as I can recall the occasion, I was specially conscious of it upon the early morning of that exciting and eventful day : but perhaps this unusual depression may

1854  
have been the result of a mysterious premonition of its coming fatalities. We had turned out morning after morning, and had generally retired to our respective lines when the sun was well above the horizon, without any incident of a startling kind. We were about to do so on the morning of the 25th (and quite ready to partake of our rough meal, and were, indeed, mounted for that purpose), when the silence was broken by a sound too ominous to be mistaken. It was the distant boom of a big gun, repeated at slight intervals. Something serious was now impending. Our outlying picquet at Kamara driven in, signalled the approach of the enemy in force, with cavalry, infantry, and artillery. He was advancing from the Tchernaya, having crossed the Traktir Bridge, and also from the hills of Kamara. He drew nearer, and his first point of attack was Canrobert's Hill (No. 1 Redoubt). His guns were admirably served, silencing the fire of the Turks, which was by no means effective; and some gaps were made by his artillery in the ranks of the Heavy Brigade, who were dismounted and "standing to their horses" in rear of the redoubt, but ready upon the instant to resume their saddles. Our Ottoman Allies, it has been alleged, retired without spiking the guns; but they made a show of resistance, for many were killed and badly wounded, but I saw some of them making every effort to escape with "bag and baggage," madly rushing through our intervals in the direction of the harbour, crying for "Ships! Ships!" There was every excuse for their feeble stand: they were overwhelmed by numbers. The redoubts were therefore carried without the enemy receiving a check; and he occupied them to our detriment, when, later in the day, he turned our own guns upon us. The brigades of cavalry were now retired out of range, and the enemy for a time made no further demonstration.

To oppose the Russians, we had only the cavalry brigades (weak as to numbers), a battery or troop of

1854 Horse Artillery, and the 93rd Highlanders, who were posted at the foot of the Marine Heights. Our situation was certainly critical. Now the day was wearing on, and the enemy, emboldened by his good fortune in the capture of the redoubts, advanced his numerous cavalry in the direction of Balaklava, probably with the intention of holding the approach until his possession of the village might become confirmed by the presence of his strong battalions of infantry. But the Muscovite was not destined to meet with unvarying success. Hidden behind the crest of the hillock, the Highlanders, who had been reclining and waiting to surprise him, sprang to their feet and coolly received him in line with such well-directed volleys, that, suffering considerable loss, and leaving many dead and wounded to attest it, he reeled back; then as if ashamed to desist from all purpose, changed his direction, thus confronting the splendid regiments of our Heavy Brigades.

The enemy halted. Three thousand, or two thousand nine hundred strong, his columns were far too close and dense; and possibly to this cause may be attributed the fact, that the Russian cavalry had but scant opportunity for using their sabres freely from the shoulder.

The Heavy Brigade, eager for the *melee*, put all possible speed into their chargers; and only two deep, led by General Scarlett and his aides, dashed forward, and plunged into the surprised and immobile ranks of the enemy. Few indeed, but stout of purpose, our Heavies, though immensely outnumbered, fought as only men could fight, who served their Sovereign of their own will; and who, associated with their comrades during long years of service, had cultivated an *esprit de corps*, which the later conditions of our Army are but ill calculated to foster. The "rank and file" of the British cavalry has always consisted of a very large percentage of men of a class vastly superior to "the horse" of any other European army; men,

with rare exceptions, filled with a true sense of military obligation ; and having among them many gentlemen of honourable if broken fortunes, upheld by a spirit of the most unbounded patriotism. There were only some three hundred of these splendid horsemen really brought into collision with the Muscovite cavalry at the first shock, comprising squadrons of "The Greys" and "Inniskillings," whose success was presently confirmed by the 1st, or Royal Dragoons, the 5th Green Horse (so called from the colour of their facings), and the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, who fell upon the overlapping wings of the enemy when their centre was wavering from the vigorous onset of the two first-mentioned regiments of our "Heavies." But the infinitely superior physique of our men, the weight of their horses, and their determination to sustain and add to the glorious traditions of their regiments, made them, indeed, irresistible. So few were they in comparison to the enemy, that, as the ranks intermingled, it appeared impossible that they should prevail. It seemed as if a wave had passed over them ; and, emerging here and there amid a sea of grey coats, at distances far apart, a red coat might be descried struggling not ineffectively to open a way through the human billows opposing him.

The anxiety of Lord Raglan and his staff was painful in the extreme.

"There was silence deep as death,  
And the boldest held his breath  
For a time."

But many have averred that the issue was never doubtful. Without undue disparagement, it is safe to affirm that the Russian cavalry was at that time in every respect immeasurably inferior to our own ; and its efficiency was also far below that of their infantry. The machinery of slavery is the inspiration of the Muscovite soldiery ; and when opposed to that sense

1854 of individual interest and responsibility that the most stringent martinet regulations can never extinguish in the breast of the volunteer who serves a free country, generally proves more or less valueless and ineffective. The Russians offered but a brief resistance, and disentangled themselves as best they might from the Paladins opposed to them; then broke and fled, leaving many killed and more prisoners in the hands of our Heavy Brigade.

And now a grim and solemn silence prevailed. The enemy, still in possession of the redoubts (our outer line of defence), appeared satisfied with this success, and refrained from further demonstration.

But from his high post of observation on the elevated plateau commanding a view of every part of the valley and plain beneath, Lord Raglan discovered that the Russians were bending every effort towards carrying off the guns captured by them in No. 3 Redoubt, known as Arabtabia. The Commander-in-Chief had already twice communicated with Lord Lucan, the Divisional Commander of the Cavalry; but now he instinctively realised that a forward movement of the Light Brigade would tend to frustrate the purpose of the enemy. He sent an aide-de-camp to Lord Lucan, urging him to press the Russians in that part of the field; for the fourth infantry division, under Sir George Cathcart, and the Duke of Cambridge, with the Brigade of Guards, were hurrying down from the high table land to our support. Obtaining no response from the commander of the cavalry division, he dictated the celebrated order, written by Quartermaster-General Sir Richard Airey, marked "immediate," which was entrusted to Captain Nolan (15th Hussars), on the staff of the Quartermaster-General. It was worded thus:—

"Lord Raglan wishes the cavalry to advance rapidly to the front, and try to prevent the enemy carrying



away the guns. Troop of Horse Artillery may accompany. French cavalry is on your left. Immediate. 1854

“(signed) R. AIREY.”

The eager and enthusiastic messenger entrusted with this order, so full of direst import, rode at headlong speed until he had placed it in the hands of Lord Lucan, who read it with a sense of the gravest responsibility and concern. There was no enemy with guns in sight, and his lordship most pertinently and anxiously enquired “What guns?” With a bearing, which has been described as insolent and disrespectful, Captain Nolan, waving his sword in the direction of the enemy at the bottom of the valley, answered, “There are the guns, my lord; and it is for you to take them.” When it is understood that the aide-de-camp had gathered knowledge acquired from the scrutiny of the field from an elevated ground, where every disposition of the enemy was fairly discernible, it surely must have been his duty to have furnished the cavalry general with information at once explicit and reliable. Captain Nolan knew well indeed the intention of the Commander-in-Chief; which was, as we have seen, that the Light Brigade should advance down the valley far enough to thwart the design of the enemy to remove the guns captured in Arabtabia, otherwise No. 3 Redoubt.

In the judgment of Lord Lucan, without clear instructions, it appeared to him that the order was intended as a command to advance the Light Cavalry in the direction of the Russian twelve-gun battery at the bottom, or furthestmost slope of the valley. It must have been with a feeling well-nigh approaching consternation that Lord Lucan concluded that nothing remained to him but to instruct Lord Cardigan to advance his Light Brigade in the direction of the Russian battery. Lord Cardigan, of course, as he

1854 should have done, strongly remonstrated, but was compelled to obey an order received, through his immediate official superior, from the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief.

Lord Cardigan gave the word, "The Light Brigade will advance, walk, march," succeeded almost immediately by the command "Trot!" He placed himself at the head of the first line and led, as he himself has said, "right for the central gun of the Russian battery," more than a mile and a quarter in his front. And now, Captain Nolan, who, we must still bear in mind, was perfectly aware of the project of Lord Raglan, attempted to rectify the error which his lack of explanation had occasioned. As the Light Brigade advanced at a steady trot towards the main body of the Russian Army, he galloped across the front of the noble Brigadier, in a diagonal direction towards the right, frantically waving his sword in the direction of No. 3 Redoubt. But the attempted rectification of the error came too late. Earlier words would have been better than his later pantomime. His action was misconstrued by Lord Cardigan, who deemed that, contrary to all etiquette, the gallant aide-de-camp was about to address the Brigade. This nettled the Brigadier, whose situation, it must surely be conceded, was most trying and critical. On the left were the Fedouikine Hills, occupied by the artillery and infantry of the enemy, who was also in possession of the redoubts upon the right. Thus in advancing the Light Brigade not only encountered the fire of the twelve gun battery in front, but they were also exposed to the cross fire on their right and left. Could anything be hotter? The first man to fall was the intrepid Nolan. The splinter of a shell struck him upon the heart, and he fell a victim to his own impetuous daring and lack of discretion in the exercise of his duty as agent between the Chief of the army and his cavalry subordinate.

Now let us pause for a moment to consider this hastily written order, delivered without a word of explanation from the officer who carried it; and who, as we have seen, must have been perfectly aware of the design of Lord Raglan. Let us peruse it with calm, unbiassed, judicial consideration. "What guns?"—who could say so well as Captain Nolan? Undoubtedly he knew "what" guns. But his discretion did not equal his arrogance and temper.

That Lord Raglan meant our own guns, lost in the early morning, is now perfectly clear; but surely it cannot be contended that the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief was perfectly explicit upon the face of the written order that is before us? All those implicated in the magnificent disaster have long since passed away; and therefore, at this distance of time, it is open to us to form an opinion without prejudice. As Captain Nolan knew the design of Lord Raglan, he should have made it equally clear to Lord Lucan. In my humble judgment, the order, without the interpretation which its bearer could have rendered, was fatally open to misconception; and, terrible as were the results, impartiality is constrained to exonerate Lord Lucan from all blame. To sum up briefly: Captain Nolan knew well the intentions of Lord Raglan; it was therefore undoubtedly his duty to have enlightened the divisional commander.

The written order was, I dare aver, without verbal supplement, dangerously vague and misleading. And so it proved!

The Light Brigade moved at a steady trot, with a subsequent *slight* increase of pace.

The first line, led by Lord Cardigan, comprised the 11th Hussars, the 17th Lancers, and the 13th Light Dragoons; the second line the 4th Light Dragoons, and the 8th Irish Hussars, under Lord George Paget. But the 8th, through some misapprehension inclining away too far to the right, became separated from the

1854 4th, with whom they should have remained in alignment.

Lord Cardigan led steadily onwards, looking neither to right nor left, and, with the object of keeping his Brigade well in hand, restrained, with heroic firmness, the tendency of his excited men to break from the trot into a gallop.

The Brigade had not advanced two hundred yards, when they were as well arranged for receiving the murderous fire of the enemy, as if their annihilation had been ingeniously planned. Artillery and infantry on the Fedouikine Hills poured a heavy fire into our left flank; the guns and musketry on the Causeway doing even more execution upon our right; while the twelve gun battery in our front was served with terrible effect, and with a constantly increasing precision: for here was the enemy free for the practice of his gunnery and musketry, undaunted by any possibility of response! Men and horses fell thick and fast. The roar of artillery, the hissing shells, the "pinging" musketry, dealing death at every discharge—with the agonized cries of the horribly mutilated, and ever and anon, at lull intervals, the groans of the dying, the thud of hoofs, with the clatter of accoutrements—the clouds of smoke and dust (which possibly may have aided in hiding some portions of our ranks from the observation of the foe), made up a scene of horror and despair, which baffles all description! My comrades in the 11th Hussars on my immediate right and left, met with a speedy death; and, in another instant, my mare "Black Bess," possibly, like myself, seeing but dimly through the blinding dust and smoke, bent her knees upon the carcase of a dead horse right in her path (the cross fire now was appalling), and would have brought me to the earth, but that with a nerve and will the occasion called forth, I lifted her to her feet, and we resumed our onward ride towards the dozen fiery mouths of the belching battery still far in front of us.

(I was light in those days, riding under eleven stone). 1854  
Under such conditions it was marvellous, how, by closing up the gaps the enemy was making in our ranks, we yet preserved something approaching to an orderly formation. There never for a moment was anything like the mad and disorganized rush, which has so long been accepted by the general body of our countrymen as descriptive of the wonderfully well-sustained and steady advance under that murderous front and cross fire. And I am proud that it was so. Lord Cardigan would not be beguiled out of his steady trot. Great as was the continuous peril of the hour, he refused to increase his pace; indeed, when Captain White (17th Lancers), would have broken to a gallop, and appeared about to pass his leader, the Brigadier gently laid the flat of his sword across his breast, as if to say: "No, sir; not in front of me!"

It must have been when about two-thirds of the North Valley had been traversed by the Light Brigade, that my mare received a bullet, which lamed her very badly. This, of course, decreased her pace, and I found myself at some distance in the rear of my regiment, and quite alone. The enemy's fire seemed for a time to slacken. Finding myself quite unable with my crippled mare to proceed in the direction of the still advancing Light Brigade, I was about dismounting, with, as it may be imagined, considerable reluctance, when Providence decided for me. The smoke and dust raised by the heavy fire and trampling horse, had partially cleared away; thus rendering me, in the open, a more distinctive mark for the enemy's attention. I received a ball through the calf of my right leg from the infantry concealed on the Causeway ridges, succeeded immediately by a grape shot, which, just clearing the top of my skull by a hair's breadth, tilted my busby to the right side; "Black Bess" fell prone to earth without a struggle; she having accepted

1854 the *coup-de-grace* with a bullet through her head. She dropped right down between my legs, leaving me standing over her clear though shaken by the fall. As I stood for the moment "perplexed in the extreme" with "the bullets still making dust spots on the green" (for the wound in my leg was bleeding somewhat freely), and was scrutinizing the ground in every direction, with intense and anxious gaze, I observed on my right front several parties of the enemy's lancers engaged in the cruel and cowardly work of maltreating and murdering some of our dismounted men. One man of my own regiment, whose face was streaming with blood (I knew him to be one of ours by the colour of his overalls), was, in his wounded condition, which might have evoked the pity of the hardest heart, ruthlessly attacked and slain by some half-dozen of these butchers. The wretches were at no considerable distance from me. I was also collected enough to observe with more distinctiveness, another man of the 11th left dismounted and unarmed. Nathan Henry had lost his sword, and was of course quite at the mercy of these fiends; but, in his case, from some unexplained cause, they desisted from their murderous practice, and made him a prisoner. I think it is probable that the appearance of an officer may have acted upon these ruffians as a deterrent; for I believe there were but few cases in which the enemy evinced unnecessary harshness when their officers were present. Tom Spring of ours, who was taken prisoner, however, had a cruel experience, which must be quoted as an exception to this rule; and I have only lately heard the story from Tom's own lips, with feelings of burning indignation.

He fell with his horse after passing through the battery; and was unable to extricate his foot from one of his stirrup-irons, which was overpressed by his horse's dead body. He explained that his sword at this time was discoloured with blood, and that this

sight may have kindled the cruel ire of his assailant. But a Russian officer (Tom thought of high rank), descriing him in the plight I have shewn, in the most dastardly manner fired every chamber of his revolver at the prostrate and helpless hussar. It was only a month or two ago Tom shewed me the deep indentations from these bullets directed at his breast ; any one of which would doubtless have proved fatal, but for the resistance offered by the woollen padding of his hussar jacket.

But as I still stood dismounted, the sight of the atrocities in front of me, gave me nerve, and steeled my beating heart. I had but faint hope of ever reaching the British lines ; but I resolved to make something like a stand. I disencumbered myself of my waist-belts and scabbard, of course retaining my sword, for our carbines were attached to the saddlery and not available.

My situation seemed desperate, for no one appeared in sight but these blood-thirsty Cossacks. I had not yet been seen by them, but could hardly expect, as I stood there detached and solitary, much longer to escape their observation. I had abandoned all hope of escaping with life, though resolved to sell it dearly, when I heard behind me the "thudding" of cavalry, and to my infinite and indescribable relief, I discovered it was the good old 8th, who had, I assume, remedied their mistake in losing their original alignment with the 4th Light Dragoons.

But the position of the 8th at this crisis shows how rapidly the drama of war was passing before us. The regiment was led by Colonel Shewell ; Troop-Sergeant-Major Harrison ("Old Bags" the men called him, for he would wear his overalls loose and easy), took in my situation at a glance. He was leading a riderless grey mare, in the belief that she might presently prove of use. He reined up close to me, and cried, "Come on, my boy, mount her !" I needed but

1854 slight instigation, and contrived, wounded as I was, to scramble into the saddle ; and it was by the side of "Old Bags" that I continued to advance with the 8th Royal Irish Hussars. He lived to receive Her Majesty's commission ; and twenty-five years after, I had the pleasure of dining with him ; the renewal of our acquaintance having arisen in consequence of a letter I had written to the *Daily News*, which he had read, and in which I had related the story of my rescue.

My deliverer was much gratified when we recalled the incident, for it had been almost as strongly impressed on his memory as upon mine. He had then retired from the service, and was in a very good position in one of the Australian Banks, where his late chief (Colonel De Salis) was upon the directorate. "Old Bags" has long since been gathered to his fathers. May he rest in peace !

We had not ridden fifty yards under a now slackening fire, when we became aware of stragglers mounted and dismounted, badly disabled, making their way past us, as best they might, in the direction of our lines.

We had to exercise considerable caution, for the valley was strewn with the helplessly wounded, the dying, and the dead. Things looked black, indeed. This rearmost regiment of the Brigade was now far from all support, or hope of assistance.

It was about this time that some alert individual observed a body of lancers ranged across the valley in our rear, thus interposed between us and the British lines. In the excitement which prevailed, many mistook them for our own 17th, forgetting for the moment that those fine fellows were in front. "Hurrah! the 17th Lancers!" But a more careful regard revealed the grey-coated Russian. "My God! cut off!" We were now halted by Colonel Shewell, who quickly decided upon his course of action ; and gave the word,



“8th Hussars, right about wheel,” a manœuvre which was completed as steadily as on a peace parade. “We must break through those men; keep together, and follow me,” he commanded, or words of the same import. The Russian cavalry remained stationary, until we had nearly reached them at the highest rate of speed we could attain; and, as if astounded at our determined rush, allowed one flank to fall back; though many of us had to break through their dense and deep formation. They offered but a half-hearted opposition; as we cleared them, and flew free, they commenced a pursuit; but by no means one of set purpose. I found myself separated in the rush from my friends of the 8th, and was then singled out by half a dozen lancers, who kept me employed at my best in parrying their points; thus urging me to use all my efforts to encourage the pace of the mare. She went with a splendid stride, and I began to leave my pursuers behind. A few bullets raised the dust about her hoofs, but she escaped unhurt.

I shall never forget to my dying hour, the deep thankfulness with which I caught sight of our gallant “Heavies”; at which time my grey-coated pursuers turned their horses’ heads about, and left me safe and sound; for my wound, though disabling, was fortunately not yet unbearable. How I lost touch with the 8th I never knew; but I did so, and for some few minutes had a very warm time!

I remember that the first man I encountered was a sergeant of the 13th, who rode towards me, and grasped me warmly by the hand. I had never, to my knowledge, met him previously; but the feeling which inspired him, may be readily understood, if not easily defined. It was the “one touch of nature.” I was now of course free from any chance of further molestation, and rode towards what had been the Light Brigade encampment in the early morning. Some good fellows assisted me to dismount, for my right leg

1854 was now stiff and useless; but when I reached the ground, I contrived to get in front of that grey mare's head, and I kissed her on the nose. "The grey mare" had indeed, in my case, proved "the better horse." I parted from her with feelings of mingled gratitude and regret. I rested at full length upon the ground, near the side of Lieutenant Trevelyan of "Ours"; indeed I belonged to his troop. He was *hors de combat* from a wound very similar to mine, a bullet having passed through the calf of his left leg. He very generously handed me his haversack, and invited me to partake of its contents. I have seen him upon several occasions of late years, but have not thought of recalling the incident.

The vicissitudes of war tend to create a strong feeling of comradeship between all ranks of the service; and this feeling will exist, while duty and discipline yet conserve a line of demarcation, which may not be overstepped.

I have frequently been interrogated as to the nature of my feelings as we advanced; and what might have been the power that sustained me. But it is difficult to lay bare one's soul, or to analyze its emotions, even under the happiest conditions, for thought passes through the mind as rapidly as the errant forces of electricity. Personally (and it is probable that my experience may have borne a general application), though far from possessing nerves of iron, and believing that my last hour had come (for every man in the Brigade must have realised the awful hazard of that mad advance, and that a fatal blunder was being wrought), I proudly braced myself to preserve an outward bearing which should give no indication of the conflict within. In riding to what appeared certain death, I must have involuntarily and instantly resolved that no shadow should fall upon me as a soldier; and that no kin of mine should ever have cause to blush at the mention of my name. And the glorious traditions

of our army must have flashed across my mental view ; the love of England and her great name in arms—pride, self-respect, a sense of duty—perhaps these all tended to outweigh that common instinct which recoils from scenes of blood and death, and has aptly been described as “the first law of nature.” And then I hold that the immediate expectation of a certain and honourable death has no such terrors as the continual apprehension of a danger which is prospective, and when there is time for deliberate reflection upon the possibilities of an eventual catastrophe. But how difficult it is to reason upon the faith that may be in us, or to track the source of thought or emotion to its hidden spring. It is not impossible that mine may have been the general experience, though I can accord it but inadequate expression. Perhaps, some may say, that the operation of emotions such as I have faintly endeavoured to indicate are too sacred and inexplicable, and are better left unspoken in the secret chambers of the soul.

This by the way : but I must not quit that terrible North Valley without recording my admiring sense of the splendid service rendered to the Light Brigade, by the French Generals of Cavalry, Morris and D’Allonville, with their magnificent squadrons of the Chasseurs D’Afrique. These gallant horsemen silenced the batteries and infantry on the Fedouikine ridges, and compelled the enemy to withdraw. They sprang like lightning upon the Russian flank, and threw the division posted there, into something approaching confusion. And I also will take the opportunity here of referring to the perplexity which has arisen in the public mind, in consequence of the recent sale of a trumpet, at a fabulous sum, with which it is alleged “the Charge” was sounded when the Light Brigade advanced ! As a matter of stern, incontrovertible fact, I can positively state that no trumpet sounded in the Light Brigade that day. There is evidence, positive

1854 and negative, of every person in authority present to disprove the assertion.\*

In Lord George Paget's "Journal," Colonel John Douglas, 11th Hussars, furnishing some friendly criticisms in the Appendix, writes: "After passing through the right of the battery, I here saw a body of Russian cavalry on my left front, and on the impulse of the moment determined to attack them. My first impulse was to charge, but, on the instant, I saw how fruitless such a proceeding would be."

With regard to Lord Cardigan's bearing in the fray, I think I have never read anything with deeper feelings of repulsion than Mr. Kinglake's unwarranted innuendoes upon the fair fame of my brigadier, which

\* Mr. Kinglake, the historian of the war, never hints at such a detail in his account of the Light Cavalry advance: and we have the evidence of Lord George Paget, second in command; of Lord Tredegar (then Captain George Morgan, 17th Lancers), in a recent letter to the *Times*; of Colonel John Douglas, and many others, to prove that such assertions are misrepresentations, and that the pace never exceeded a "brisk trot," even when our brave fellows rode through the Russian battery. I have never been confuted by any one of the pretenders who have laid claim to the distinction of having "sounded"; and I will quote a couple of sentences from my last and recent letter to the *Standard*, which has elicited no reply, nor contradiction. "Lord George Paget, in his 'Journal of the Crimean War,' says, 'I prefer to call this charge an advance, for we rode at a brisk trot nearly two miles, without support' (I think he unwittingly exaggerates the distance) 'flanked by a murderous fire from the hills on each side': and I have also written thus: 'There is not a particle of reliable evidence that the Light Brigade moved in response to any trumpet sound; but I suppose we must take it that these unworthy mis-statements have been repeated so often that those giving them publicity have, as Shakespeare has it, become such "sinners unto memory," as really to regard them true.'

It is unfortunate that Sir William Russell should have left himself open to be quoted as lending the sanction of his authority to the "trumpet" myth. He writes the following in the midst of other eloquent passages:

"The instant they (the Russians) came in sight, the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast." I doubt not, that when Sir William wrote the above, he attached but slight importance to such detail; but only intended it as a graceful rhetorical flourish (of trumpets!) not to be taken too seriously. I again wrote in *The Standard*:

"My old friend, Troop-Sergeant-Major Keyte, of the 1st, or Royal Dragoons says, 'No bugle nor trumpet sounding took place in either Brigade.'"

In an unpublished letter dated October 26th, 1854, written by Lieutenant Seager, adjutant of the 8th Royal Irish Hussars (afterwards Lieut.-General Seager, C.B.), occurs the following: We advanced at a trot, and soon came within the cross fire from both hills, of cannon and rifles. The fire was tremendous, shells bursting among us, cannon balls tearing up the ground and Minie balls coming like hail. Still on we went, never altering our pace, or breaking up in the least . . . Our men behaved splendidly."

See Appendix III.

amount to aspersions upon his fortitude and constancy "in line of battle." That my old commanding officer was by no means faultless, is unfortunately beyond question. His manner was somewhat harsh and overbearing, and the rank and file of the 11th Hussars, were accustomed to refer to James Thomas Brudenell, seventh Earl of Cardigan, as "Jim the Bear." And though there were occasions when his lack of judgment, in my humble opinion, evinced his unfitness for independent command, it would have been dangerous to have even hinted at such charges as have been openly discussed by the writer named, in the presence of the men of his regiment at any time. He possessed little mental capacity, and owed his military position to the power of wealth. He was one of the results of the unjust and degrading system of purchase; and I have learnt, upon pretty good authority, that he expended a fabulous sum in acquiring the colonelcy of our regiment. 1854

"O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour  
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!  
How many then should cover that stand bare  
How many be commanded that command!"

He carried pride of birth and position to the point of snobbery, and his nature was by no means lovable. He was disliked, and, as a consequence, has been greatly disparaged by officers; but I never heard any of the "rank and file" speak of him, as a soldier, in other than admiring terms; and, astonishing to relate, I have even heard him referred to by his men as "The Murat of the British Army."

That he could at times relax his martinet tendencies, a constrained personal interview I had with him will sufficiently attest. I had been "on pass," the margin as to time of course being limited, and which I had overstayed many hours (a glaring breach of discipline). When I reached the barrack main gate, I was, as I

1854 expected, made a prisoner by the sergeant of the guard, and detained in the guard room until the usual mid-day orderly room business. Lord Cardigan happened to be in Dublin, and, Rhadamanthus-like, was sitting in judgment upon offenders. The adjutant is usually present to testify to the character of the delinquents. My case came on. "What have you to say?" my colonel growled, in harsh, fell tones. Instinctively I felt that no excuses, even could I have advanced any, would here avail. Looking him full in the face, without any hesitation, I frankly replied: "Nothing, my lord, but it shall not occur again." He appeared, I thought, surprised, and I fancied I saw an expression of gratification flit across his stern features, for he doubtless credited that I should be as good as my word. He turned shortly on old Sergeant Ennis. "What sort of character?" "Very good, my lord," was the reply, with a stress upon the "very." Still regarding me fixedly, and seeing I did not shrink from scrutiny, "Fall away!" commanded "Jim the Bear," meaning "Make yourself scarce." He impressed me strangely in that interview.

Lord Cardigan's account of himself when he had reached the Russian battery, and became separated from his Brigade, seems to me perfectly straightforward and consistent in all its details; but I fear that his great unpopularity with all ranks of officers told very much against him, as his story appears to have been somewhat discredited.

He certainly did not bring his Brigade out of action, but he led them nobly in. Lord Alfred Paget once said to me, "Cardigan took you in, Pennington, but my brother George brought you out."

Captain Morris, a most intrepid soldier (known as the "Pocket Hercules," for he was forty-three inches round the chest, though under the middle height), in command of the 17th Lancers, impatient to be up and doing at so stirring an hour, urged Lord Cardigan to permit him with his two squadrons to fall upon the



THE EARL OF CARDIGAN

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right flank of the Russian cavalry, when, in the earlier action, they appeared to be overwhelming our Heavy Brigade. Cardigan, conceiving that the instructions he had received from Lord Lucan did not warrant him detaching any portion of his command for this particular service, refused the gallant captain's request. I understand that Lucan was, upon many points, in disagreement with Lord Cardigan, and was, therefore, by no means disposed to concede anything not due to the credit of the unpopular brigadier; yet he said of him, in a spirit of something approaching to admiration, "He led like a gentleman." This testimony to the account of my much maligned commander I derive from the "Crimea" of Sir Evelyn Wood, himself a leader "*nulli secundus*" in the British service.

While much disparaging censure was being cast upon him by his numerous enemies, Mr. Kinglake's account was in course of compilation; and a correspondence took place, from which we may gather that Lord Cardigan fully recognised the gravity of the indictment against him, and appealed, in no craven spirit, to Mr. Kinglake to accept the explanation of his return from the valley without any injurious reservation, that no impeachment upon his honour and courage might stand permanently recorded.

To my mind, there is something bordering upon the pathetic in the solitary and friendless figure which this distinguished, but unfortunate, military commander presents in the history of the Crimean war; his memory uncared for by one intimate and loving heart, proudly isolated and apart, with his reputation at the mercy of the verdict of a harsh and pitiless adjudicator."

The following brief letter contains all the account of the memorable 25th October found in Kelson Stothert's correspondence. Calamities occurred with such frequency during this Autumn that the men who were

free to record them seemed to put down only the facts report brought them, without indulging too freely in expression of the sentiments and emotions which their oft-roused feelings of pity and indignation might have warranted. Accurate news of the Army's doings did not invariably reach the Fleet for some days, and the uncertain and meagre tidings of the tragic occurrences of the 25th October, proved no exception.

TO HIS MOTHER.

27th October, 1854.

We hear that yesterday a severe affair of outposts occurred at Balaklava, our *Point d'appui*, which had been left guarded by the marine force from the Fleet, three thousand Turks, and all our cavalry. The Russians, who were known to be in the neighbourhood, attacked this position with a heavy force of cavalry, and, driving the cowardly Turks from their guns like sheep, succeeded in capturing two of the cannon. Our marines immediately opened fire, both upon the Russians and upon the retreating Turks also. My informant (one of our blue-jackets who was carried by at the time upon a bullock cart, badly wounded) tells me he saw an officer of horse artillery cut down four of them as they ran from their guns. They are bad soldiers, maintain no look out, and Allah himself cannot keep them from their beds and their pipes, to enjoy which they consider it legitimate either to destroy a friend or to lose a battle. We hear that they actually ran away with their beds on their backs, and never awaited the Russian charge, and did not even spike the guns. Lord Cardigan made a desperate charge with his cavalry brigade, and, with his gallant horsemen, swept through the Russian ranks; and, aided by the fire of the marines, finally drove back the enemy. The loss has been great to our little band of horsemen: 120 brave fellows were killed outright, and many more wounded were speared without mercy as they lay on the ground by the Cossack lancers. The Russians have orders to give no quarter, and therefore I hope that if we catch Mentschikoff we shall hang him as an example to all inhuman wretches like himself. His diplomacy brought on the war, and his merciless cruelty will quickly make it one of extermination.

28th October.—A smart action has taken place on the Simpheropol road to the east of Sevastopol, but I have not been able to learn particulars.

[This postscript must refer to the sortie towards the camp of the 2nd Division from Sevastopol on the 26th, when Captain Gerald Goodlake, of the Coldstreams, with his sharpshooters, gave so good an account of themselves. The Rifles, too, had some honour in the victory, and Mr. Hewett,\* by adroitly slewing his Lancaster gun, gave the retreaters a suitable valediction. Sir de Lacy Evans was the moving spirit in this daring repulse. Told briefly, the combat was this: "An advance of some 5,000 Russian infantry encountered for a while by a chain of slowly receding pickets, and then crushed all at once by artillery."† —Told in Lord George Paget's terse manner: "Evans's Division gave them a rare *slating* on the 26th."‡]

This sad campaign has plunged many into sorrow. God be good to them! John Adye was very well a few days ago, but he may be dead now. Such is the uncertain state in which we all are. He has done a great deal of work, and would be a lieutenant-colonel if the war should last another year. Very few of our men have yet been killed in the trenches, although the loss of the Russians is stated to be a thousand a day. The firing is very slack at present, but I can hear it rumbling in the distance. It is a toss up whether our powder or theirs lasts longest.

The want of medical men is very severely felt, and the wounded are in a wretched state. From the hardships they endure, and the bad climate of this horrible place, gangrenous sloughings commonly occur to every serious wound. Poor fellows! You have, of course, read the descriptions of the sick and wounded given in the *Times* by Chinnery, the sub-editor, who is now at Stamboul. They are in no wise exaggerated.

Why do not the people of England send out help, and Sisters of Mercy, and linen bandages?

\* Afterwards Sir W. N. W. Hewett. For this action he got the V.C.

† "Invasion of the Crimea," page 17, vol. V.—Kinglake.

‡ "The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea," page 77.—Lord George Paget.

## CHAPTER XVII.

“ Now the good Gods forbid  
 That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude  
 Towards her deserved children is enroll'd  
 In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam  
 Should now eat up her own.”

NEARLY fifty years have passed since Kelson Stothert penned the sentence which ends the last chapter. It is curious that after so long an interval a similar question, concerning the welfare of some of the very sufferers about whom he then wrote, must be asked to-day.

Why do not the people of England make some tangible provision for the survivors of the Balaklava Charge?

It may be that no practical nor large-hearted attention has been called to their present condition, else it is incredible that a National offering has not effected the desired result. Men who have been recognized as heroes are not appropriate recipients of charity; and the much-boasted pride in their gallant feat must indeed appear farcical and hollow to those of their number who can look forward only to indigence, now increase of years has crippled and wasted their energies.

Even the most casual study of barbarian traditions yields profitable hints about the treatment of veteran warriors. By civilized nations it has been invariably considered a disgrace that soldiers, who have fought

and bled for their Sovereign and country, should not be protected and cared for, especially in their old age. While deprecating all prejudiced estimate of conduct, and false sentiment, it must be acknowledged that Englishmen, in this one particular instance, appear to have been infected by the Turk, with that indifference to the needs of disabled soldiery, for which he is so notorious.

The relation of a great historic event naturally leads to enquiry about the careers of those who were in any way responsible for it. Tragedies do not always end with the principal act; there are sordid and pitiful scenes which have to be played out ere the curtain drops on each individual's last appearance, which lack the novel, sudden life-and-death situations of the earlier parts, but *are* life-and-death situations all the same.

A strange shadow sometimes dogs the footsteps of those upon whom the gods have once smiled. Some deeper joy than others grasp may have been theirs for a little while; they may have even heard their own poor names shouted by the fickle voice of fame, but, nevertheless, the victims seem compelled to expiate by slow, long hours of endurance and toil, the brief, though brilliant, indulgence aforesaid wrung from an unwilling Fate, who must thus be appeased.

It is a unique fact that the survivors of an unsurpassed deed in an unsurpassed reign, have been permitted to go on from year to year fending for themselves as best they have been able. Although their heroism has over and over again inspired the genius of both painter and poet, the heroes themselves have received, in generous England, only that perfunctory notice which has effected little more for their benefit than ignoring them altogether.

It is true that upon a memorable occasion in Parliament questions were asked as to a report that some survivors of the Balaklava Charge had ended

their days in the workhouse, but certain ingenious replies silenced the well-meant inquiries.\* When an outside agitation ensued, and a great National tribute might have been offered, a number of military notabilities formed themselves into a grand committee to head the movement, but their zeal fell short of making speeches in public to urge the country to respond liberally. There was also a sub-committee organized, comprised of survivors, non-commissioned officers, and rank and file. It is permissible to believe that, in other hands, the inception of the appeal, as well as the subsequent operations, would have had a more substantial result. "No precedent for such a course" was doubtless the more-than-probable reply to enthusiastic suggestions for honouring the men, who had not only done a deed for which there was certainly no precedent in the records of the War Office, but who had also borne the privations of the whole campaign, aggravated, as they had been, by official mismanagement and neglect.

The beggarly sum of £6,000 was all that was

\* It may be well to cite the case of Sergeant Richard Brown, which is vouched for by one who long knew him intimately. It is a significant fact that his death occurred years after the Light Brigade Fund had been subscribed. He belonged to the 11th Hussars, and served with the *Light Brigade through the whole of the Crimean Campaign*. He had been the favourite orderly of Lord Cardigan, and was for some years the devoted and trusty henchman of Colonel John Douglas. Handsome and honest, he was truly a model soldier, for, in his long service of 21 years, he was never in the defaulter's book. It was known that if he had not been illiterate he would have borne Her Majesty's commission. He certainly had a pension of the heroic sum of one shilling and threepence per diem, and for twelve years subsequent to his retirement from the service he worked (often ankle-deep in water) at a canal side in Manchester, but when age and rheumatism rendered him incapable, he was compelled to go to the workhouse.

A friend strongly urged the scandal of so good a soldier, and so honourable a man, being allowed to perish by the way, and obtained the promise of the post of messenger in the War Office for the veteran, but when papers, attesting the truth of all that had been stated, were furnished to the department, it was discovered that he was past the age which *precedent and routine* required he (a "hero" of Balaklava, God save the mark !) should be under for the appointment.

"We are too well acquainted with these answers."

Sergeant Richard Brown, forgotten by his country, died in the workhouse, and yet it has often been said of him, that "no better man ever drew the breath of life." How often he must have regretted that he had not died with his comrades in the fatal North Valley, instead of having to look forward to filling the grave of a pauper-hero in his native land.

subscribed by Great Britain and her Colonies; and of this a thousand pounds were the proceeds of a *matinée* given by the generous directorate of the Empire Theatre, who, it was said, were refused even a Guard of Honour to grace the occasion. A large balance of the six thousand collected, is still in the hands of the Committee of the Patriotic Fund, who are also in possession of an immense sum given during the Crimean War, by all sorts and conditions of men and women, with the object that no British sailor nor soldier should in future die of starvation.\*

: A Parliamentary Committee, in giving judgment on matters connected with the war, used these words :

“The patience and fortitude of the Army demand the admiration and gratitude of the nation, on whose behalf they have fought, bled, and suffered. Their heroic valour and equally heroic patience under sufferings and privations have given them claims upon their country which will be long remembered and gratefully acknowledged.”

The irony of circumstance is often more than suggested by the contrast of promise with fulfilment, and in nothing has this same irony of circumstance been more forcibly exemplified than by the fact that certain individuals who have been employed in the distribution of the Royal Patriotic Fund, are now, no doubt justly, in receipt of pensions provided by that fund, while the urgent needs of some of the very men who inspired its inception, are totally ignored both by the Royal Patriotic Fund Committee and the “nation on whose behalf they fought, bled, and suffered” nearly half a century ago.

Most of the survivors of the Light Brigade received the sum of fifteen pounds before the residue of the £6,000 was made over. 'Twas verily a cheap method of teaching frugality, and a gift that could not fail to

\* See Appendix IV.

induce thrift ; but the pathetic humour of the consummation of the formal proceedings strongly suggests the chorus of an appropriate song, which contains the disappointing order :

“Tommy, fall be'ind !”

Had the Corporation of London, or a number of influential citizens, taken upon themselves the actual business of raising the Fund, or had the *Daily Telegraph* made one of its eloquent appeals on behalf of the Light Brigade, the country, so proud of her gallant sons, must have responded with her usual munificence, and a sum would doubtless have been subscribed that would have given every survivor (possibly including those of the Heavy Brigade charge also) at least one pound a week for the remainder of his days.

With no painful questionings of a prying or inquisitorial character, these individuals might have been asked if they accepted or declined the income, for some of them still receive the pittance—pretentiously styled pension—which barely suffices to keep soul and body together ; while even the few surviving officers might have been offered a “grant” by a grateful country.

The accuracy of the roll published in 1879, under the auspices of the Balaklava Commemoration Society, was never called in question till Mr. T. W. Roberts issued invitations to the survivors of the Light Brigade to be his guests on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Men then came forward claiming the distinction of having shared in the dangers of the 25th October, 1854, who had hitherto remained silent.

Of the 673 horsemen who rode down the North Valley only 197 rode back, and it is an indubitable fact that there are still over thirty genuine survivors of



that unparalleled military achievement. It is probable they were all either gallant lancers, gay dragoons, or rollicking hussars; and among them may have been many thriftless ones, who did not invariably take life very seriously. In that hour, however, duty was the dominant impulse, and no army of paladins ever sat their horses with graver resolve. Riding to almost certain death, they never swerved, and they held their reins in no uncertain mood; their gloveless hands were firm, and a high-mettled courage impelled them bravely to uphold the honour of England before the world.

The story of that ride has been often told, and will be recounted to generations yet unborn. *For the honour of England 'twere well no question should then be asked about the manner in which these heroes were permitted to end their days.*

Though there are legislators who seem to believe that if the distribution of prize moneys were expedited, the result would be a panacea for all the troubles of superannuated soldiers, it would not meet the present case. Fortunately, it is not too late, even now, to repair a National wrong by a National offering to the few surviving veterans of a deed that will ever illumine a dismal chapter of history. In all the doubtful happenings of a doubtful campaign, there were certain potentialities on which the leaders could always rely; for grim self-sacrifice, and splendid zeal, were the invincible weapons of every crew in the Fleet, and of every battalion in the Army.

To the British cavalry the word Balaklava must long be a spur to grand endeavour, and it is indeed incongruous that any man who survived so fatal a charge should now be worsted and despoiled by ruthless time or evil circumstance.

Although the result of that unparalleled ride was no coveted concession of territory, nor ambiguous commercial treaty (the ultimate but unconfessed objects

of too many of the wars of the nineteenth century), it shed unsullied and imperishable glory on British valour. Therefore, the present unrewarded condition of the men who took part in it, should surely appeal more directly to the true heart of the nation, than if their act had merely brought about some material advantage, over which diplomatists could wrangle and speculators gloat.

Chivalrous justice has an ardent following in every land of the Empire. Their countrymen need but to be assured that the heroes of the 25th October, 1854, have not had any real provision made for their old age.

The rest can be safely left to Englishmen.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

WE must turn once more to the 25th of October, 1854, which began ominously for the Allies. The British base was in jeopardy, and the enemy appeared to be about to mass his colossal army to attack the rear of the invaders. In a letter written by Sir Arthur Blackwood on that date occurs the significant sentence:—“Everybody in Balaklava in a great funk; ships getting under way.” Disastrous as the day proved, its glorious incidents added, in an unparalleled degree, to the renown of British cavalry, and a fresh laurel was also won that morning by the 93rd Highlanders.

The Turks in the redoubts were overmatched both by the numbers opposed to them and calibre of artillery. They had opened fire on the approaching enemy, and in No. 1 redoubt one hundred and seventy of ragged but resolute believers perished gallantly. The survivors in the isolated earthworks were far from supports, and panic was inevitable. When the eager Calmuck countenance glared at close quarters, “Allah! Allah!” was the terrified Mussulman’s cry. ’Twas a goodly salutation for death truly, but even so sacred an invocation did not ward off the fatal thrust.

Liprandi, having become possessed of all the abandoned redoubts, a considerable body of his cavalry was shortly sent to the northern valley; but four squadrons were moved to the south-west, north of Kadikoi, where was now the Heavy Brigade, watching and alert.

Sir Colin Campbell, commanding the 93rd High-

1854 landers, had here also a battery of Field Artillery, some Marines, Turks and invalids, for defence of the gorge which led to the port. A determined resistance was made to the enemy by the Highlanders, who received his cavalry in line. The astonished Russians were forcibly driven back, and, because of this unique feat, the 93rd is the only infantry regiment which bears on its colours the memorable word Balaklava.

And now Lord Lucan's responsibility begins. The Russian squadrons suddenly appear, and General Scarlett, perceiving the advantage of charging the moment they come to a halt, is seen with his aide-de-camp, trumpeter and orderly, at the gallop, yards in front of the Greys and Iniskillings, who follow his lead, and plunge right into the enemy's column, while quickly the Royal Irish and the "Green Horse," on flank and rear, press the now broken but determined foe. The infuriate Russians are burning with frenzy, for "how to kill two at a blow" is each man's sole desire. To the onlooker it appears that the dauntless "three hundred" are inextricably wedged in by the dense masses of Russian Light Cavalry. In the violent impact the very closeness is safety, and the impetus holds good while "the demoniac element" which, Carlyle says, "lurks in all human things," gets vent in a swift, wild struggle. The firing from the uplands aids the brave and daring Heavies, and soon the squadrons of the Tsar, doubtless taking with them a salutary dread of such another encounter, are in retreat, followed by Captain Brandling's troop of Horse Artillery.

If Lord Cardigan at that hour missed the chance he had of aiding General Scarlett, as has been asserted, he found, ere noon, another opportunity to prove the mettle of his courage—a forlorn hope of exceeding certainty. In defiance of an almost universal military rule that to take guns cavalry must be supported by infantry, he essayed obedience to an ambiguous order

which sent his peerless brigade riding straight to the death-dealing cannon at the end of the north valley. Some strategists have called that ride a useless feat of daring, for, even while they rode, the victims must have known they were being uselessly sacrificed; and yet, recognising this blunder, they rode on. Fire from musketry and from batteries on the Causeway Heights on the one side, and from the Fedouikine Hills on the other, did not deter them, but, with set purpose, they faced their goal, the twelve-gun battery in front, which was incessantly belching forth its dire and terrible warning. Saddles were emptied and horses killed in appalling numbers. Squadrons of Muscovite cavalry and masses of Russian infantry awaited their oncoming; but it was only the wreck of the splendid brigade that reached the guns, where they made some wild havoc ere they turned.\*

Generals D'Allonville, Morris and Champeron, with the Chasseurs d'Afrique, opportunely, and with gallant alacrity, attacked the batteries on the Fedouikine Heights, which had harassed the advance; dismay and rout relieved the stragglers-back of the fire from that side. The leader emerged from the deadly onslaught only slightly wounded, but that day's work smirched more than one reputation.† Fame was quickly won, and quickly lost, in the Crimea, as in other wars.

The breath of the people; the whisper of the de-tractor; the heedless word; the word withheld; these were all-powerful factors industriously employed by the god Jealousy, and Lord Cardigan had to bear the brunt of praise, much mingled with censure, as well as that cheap criticism which is the characteristic offering of individuals to whom heroism is mere "Quixotism."

\* "After this hard day (over about one o'clock), we were not allowed to go back to our lines till 5 p.m., though only five hundred yards off, and none of the men or horses had had anything to eat since the night before."—Lord George Paget's "Diary," page 72.

† "The Russians have since inquired who led the charge." "Life of Admiral Sir W. R. Niends, C.G.B."—Bowen Stilon Mends.

1854 To single out the names of the daring swordsmen of the 25th would crowd the pages, and it would be invidious to select from a Valhalla-roll where all were brave. Modest Scarlett was proud enough of his chief's "well done." "More than one good tall fellow," who bit the dust of those valleys, must have had something beyond a dim suspicion that, though there would be no earthly promotions nor rewards for them, they had put forward all they knew in every clean stroke they had wielded against an enemy who was certainly no coward, and strong to boot. The old French motto, *Plus d'honneur que d'honneurs*, their conduct, and fate, alas, indeed, had justified.

Although the uniform and equipment of British officers renders them very distinct to their foes, were the vote taken among themselves, it would, in all likelihood, result in favour of their appearance making them conspicuous rallying points when troops are scattered in action. Of the dead and desperately wounded in this advance, the officers made a sad proportion; notwithstanding an oft-quoted brilliant soldier-author wrote: "The 25th of October, 1854, may be set down as the date of a drawn fight, the failures of which were pretty equally divided between the combatants, the honours of which undoubtedly belonged to the English trooper." \*

As cavalry alone is not ever expected to *take* cannon, and the Light Brigade having almost perished in an unsupported attack on a line of field guns, some consciousness of the superiority of the Army to which it belonged, may have been forced upon Russian troops. Victory, however, in the ordinary sense of the word was not the result of the day's occurrences, for the material advantages remained with the enemy.

Liprandi was still in possession of the Causeway Heights, and a Turkish standard and seven English

\* "Our Veterans," page 255.—Colonel Wilson.

guns had fallen into his hands, while loss of control of the Woronzoff Road proved more serious than could possibly at that time have been foreseen. This metalled highway to the Upland had been of the utmost use, especially for the transport of heavy munition. The improvised Commissariat Transport Service had trudged up and down upon it every hour of the day and night. As winter advanced the other road, from Balaklava over the Col, became a track of slush and mud, where the going at best was miserable toil, and often a distressing six miles fight with broken-down bullock carts, the sickening hindrances of dead and dying mules, and the scattered impedimenta of vanquished wayfarers. And all the spoil that the devoted blue-jackets and ill-fed soldiers secured at the port, was often no more than a scanty supply of indifferent salt pork and weevilly biscuit.

Balaklava was still in our possession, but means had to be taken from an army which was diminished to 16,000 bayonets\* to guard it more closely. The *Sanspareil* was ordered into port, and there were even discussions about abandoning the town; but Sir Edmund Lyons energetically opposed this measure; Mr. Fielder even went so far as to say he could not provision the army unless this base was retained, and Lord Raglan acquiesced.

Siege operations were continued at the front. In the ships the booming of the guns of both sides could be heard, and from the rate of firing supposition as to what was taking place was frequent, but the incessant noise must have been very irritating to those who could only conjecture.

\* "The Invasion of the Crimea," page 27, vol. v.—Kinglake.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*, off Katcha River,

1st Nov., 1854.

November has come at last with a vengeance; for three days it has been blowing the heaviest gale I ever yet experienced, and the weather is foggy and piercing, enlivened at times, however, with bright gleams of sunshine. It is so cold that, although I am sitting in a great coat, I am so chilled that I can hardly hold my pen. What those poor fellows will do at the camp it is difficult to say. John Adye was very well three days ago, but some of my friends have been killed. Our loss, with the exception of the cavalry affair which I mentioned to you in my last, has, on the whole, been moderate since the disastrous day of Alma. Of course since the gale we have had no communication with the shore, and though fighting has occurred every day, we do not know what has happened. Nobody talks of anything now but the failure of the Expedition. I think that it will be easier work, and less loss, to make a dash at Sevastopol, rather than to embark so large a force of men and guns in the face of such a powerful enemy. On the other hand, if the gale continues, we, in the Fleet, cannot take part in the storming, and then the army will have the whole of the north forts upon them as well as the batteries of the southern side. If we have to give up the place it will be the fault of the Government at home not having sufficiently provided men and stores in time. Would you believe it? to this hour the army have never received more than half the necessary amount of powder, and we are daily sending them it from the ships! One thousand rounds for each gun is a very ordinary supply for a siege, and 500 is the utmost the Ordnance have despatched. This is a fact you may depend upon. Lord Aberdeen and all the Ministry deserve to be hooted from their posts. I even hope now, almost against hope, that a final combined effort by sea and land may be found to be successful. The cost will be more than it was six weeks ago, and few will survive it. But if the work be done——?

I shall send this away as it is, having really nothing to tell you, except that it is very cold. My best love to all. I wish I had an hour a day at a fire to warm my bones. Do not send out the Poncho I wrote for, I must buy a "Grego" at Stamboul, or I shall be perished before the other comes. Please forward the marmalade soon, for I live almost upon bread. The meat is so bad and the butter so rancid that I am nearly starved, but—I am ever yours affectionately.



TO HIS FATHER.

November 1st, 1854.

I had a letter from you yesterday. It is very unfortunate that so many things miscarry, as our only hopes of enjoyment consist in the parcels of books, etc., we get from England. With this exception a man might as well be in Juan Fernandez. The marmalade was for myself, as I can get nothing to eat now except dry bread, salt meat, and onions. All our supplies are stopped. In all probability we shall be here for the next two years, and so I am desirous of not being famished. The stationery is for my school. It is one of the regulations of Government (and very properly so) that chaplains should superintend the ships' schools, and the schoolmaster is under their entire control, the naval instructor having nothing to do in the matter. It is usual for chaplains to provide books and stationery—I grant you a very hard regulation, but it is one in full accordance with the usual liberality of the Admiralty, who give the good things to those at the top of the tree only; not a single book is provided. I have a few the S.P.C.K. gave me, and some I have purchased. We are now quite out of copy-books, ink, slate pencils, and the various things I wrote for, and are this week at a dead stop. It vexes me a good deal, for people look to the chaplain (who "has little to do for his little pay!") to keep the school going.

I was much interested in your account of the Russian damsel who has been visiting you. The race is so mixed that to speak of a Russian merely conveys the idea that the person is a Russian subject. There is a good deal of German blood amongst them. The true Muscovite is to be detected only by—the smell! This is supposed to be very rare and peculiar, but, as the doctors say, "I never experienced it." It is chiefly confined to the higher ranks, the Imperial family, the Gortschakoffs, the Menschikoffs, *et omne quod exit* in "off." I suppose it would be complimentary to speak of the "ancient and fish-like smell" which attaches to a Russian man of family. *We* say a man "looks like a gentleman," but I suppose it would be correct in these parts to say a man "smelt like a prince." I am not quite sure that the theological expression, "the odour of sanctity," did not take its rise in this land of holiness, *Te Deums*, and twaddle. If ever I marry a Russian lady I will have satisfactory evidence that she is strictly of the plebeian order, if possible, of English and German stock. What think you?—Ever affectionately yours.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off the Katcha,

Nov. 3rd, 1854.

Things are still in statu quo. This "statu quo" is the greatest abomination in nature, especially when the weather is cold and the nature impatient. The preservation of the "statu quo" was the rock upon which diplomatists split before the war, and the keeping of this in its miserable integrity, is the agony of generals and the disorder of statesmen. It has been blowing a strong gale from the N.E., and we have had no communications even with each other, much less with the army. The weather is piercingly cold, although for the last two days we have had it dry and bright. One could be as healthy as a trout with plenty of exercise, and just the smell of a fire at nights. My friend Eber, who has taken up his quarters here, has gone to Balaklava to-day, as the wind has moderated a little, to try and pick up news. I wish he had done so sooner, and then I might have sent you some intelligence. Our wounded men who are sent back from the camp, feel confident the Russians cannot hold out much longer, their loss is so great; but this is all nonsense, for reinforcements of men and ammunition are poured in on the north side as fast as they are "expended" on the south. We have not a sufficient force you know to invest the town on all sides. No, I am convinced the fearful alternative to the Allies is to *give* or *take* the bayonet. And the sooner this is decided upon the better. The assault is now said to be postponed another week.

We are longing for winter quarters, although there is a strong probability that we anchor out here. I hope it will be Stamboul, for then I shall "lionize" to my heart's content. I am bent upon a trip to Palestine, which, situated as I am, only requires money. I have the route laid out, for nearly all around me have travelled there, and it is easier than I thought. The only drawback will be that the season of the year will shut up the Lebanon and its cedars to me. Still, I am prevented from going at any other time by reason of my occupation. Ever yours.



ONE OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE.



## CHAPTER XIX.


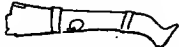
TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off the Katcha,

6th Nov., 1854.

There was a terrible action fought yesterday. General D'Osten Sacken has arrived from Odessa with 30,000 men, and the whole of the Russian battalions attacked the English position at daybreak. The action continued till noon, when the Russians retired, having inflicted a great loss upon us, as, with the exception of one French Division, we were the only troops engaged. Sir George Cathcart, the hero of the Cape, was shot through the heart, and five generals on our side were severely wounded. We have lost a very large number of officers and men, for the enemy stood well to their guns and at one time had even captured five of ours. These were eventually retaken by the cavalry. Our loss, as I have said, is very large, but the full particulars will not be in our possession for some days. What John Adye's fate may be I do not know. The lives of all are in the hands of God, and no surprise is ever felt now at any casualty. He may be dead for all I know, most probably is, as the artillery, I hear, suffered more than usual. I dare say I shall be able to find out before this letter goes. Two of my friends in the 11th Hussars were killed in the cavalry action on the 25th. They were admirable fellows, and I deeply regret them. Our guns are nearly worn

out, the touch-holes being  so, and many of the brass field pieces have dropped at the muzzle 

so, from heat and wear. This is often the case with light brass guns, and makes them objectionable for heavy work.

1854 Ammunition, provisions, everything runs short, except the indomitable spirit of the men, who, like the Alpine Firs, receive new life and spirit from every gash of the woodman's axe.

I have no hope myself of our reducing Sevastopol, at least this year, but I do trust that Lord Raglan will brave even the heavy odds yesterday brought against him, and will fight to the last man. Reinforcements are promised us, but they will come too late, like the ship loads of nurses, sago and arrow-root, which the good people of England are sending out in such haste for the benefit of those who are now either well, or but masses of corruption in their last resting places. The more one thinks of it the more indignation burns against the solemn stupidity, or apathy, or treachery of those who doomed a gallant army to inactivity and miserable death, instead of promptly supplying them with stores, ammunition, and all the provisions for fighting, and for flinging them against Sevastopol the moment the first note of war was heard. Had this been the case the day had been our own; the cause of Justice triumphant; and 20,000 men in health and strength. Now many families are needlessly in sorrow; our enemy scorns us; and both army and navy begin to be shaded in gloom. However, here we are. It is no use repining; although the expression of our indignation *will* find utterance, you may be sure that not a single individual in either service will flinch from his post. The hills of the Crimea and the bays of Sevastopol will be stained this winter with a deeper shade than their accustomed snow.

Few, few will part where many meet,  
The snow will be their winding sheet,  
And every turf beneath our feet  
Will be a soldier's sepulchre;

but visible to all is the noble and cheerful spirit of every victim who has been, and will be, sacrificed on the altar of political apathy or duplicity.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Nov. 7th, 1854.

I think I mentioned to you, in one of my late letters, that the *Himalaya* was supposed to be lost. I am happy to say

that such is not the case. She is still in existence at Balaklava, although rendered almost useless and quite unfit to go to sea. The gales which last week and the week before swept the Ægean and the Euxine, have not spent themselves without very serious damage. Two Egyptian frigates have been lost at the very jaws of the Bosphorus, and the French steamer *Ganges*, taking to England the mail of the 30th, has been wrecked off Tenedos. This last misfortune will deprive our friends at home of many interesting letters. I hear you have been enjoying yourself once more at Jenner Marshall's. I wish I had been with you!

I have as yet been able to glean but few particulars of the engagement on Sunday. That it was more severe than Alma, and of longer duration, we could satisfy ourselves at this distance. The loss has not been so great on our part as we at first heard, but report does not mention any diminution in the supposed loss to the Russians. Our Turkish Allies did nothing but strip and mutilate the dead. It is quite true that after running away in the affair of the 25th, they passed through the tents of the 42nd (who were fighting on the ground they had deserted) and robbed them of three days' rations. A captain of a transport has just told me, that when at Eupatoria, on Sunday, he saw the Turks dragging the dead body of a Russian soldier at the tail of a horse. I really think the generals of the French and English armies should put down this barbarity with a strong hand. It is a reflection upon us, and our enemies will not fail to make the most of it. Sir De Lacy Evans is wounded and on board the flag ship since the action of the 5th. The Duke of Cambridge is also *hors de combat* for a time from loss of blood. General Cathcart was shot on the field, and General Strangways has died of his wounds. You see I am sending you disjointed particulars relating to two actions, but I hope to be able to gather more information for you before the post goes. These casualties, however, all relate to the action of the 5th.

*November 8th.*—Letters go immediately, so I must hurry this over. The affair of the 5th is called the battle of the Inkerman, from the valley in which it was fought. I enclose you a list of the killed and wounded, as accurate as can be obtained at present. I have made anxious enquiries about John Adye, but I can learn nothing of him; as good news is often in silence, I hope it may be so now. I cannot get an hour's leave to go to Balaklava, as we are expected daily to

1854 engage again at any risk. It is hard to have missed the place by one week. Oh for 30,000 men of the army of Boulogne ! but *à la guerre comme à la guerre*. If we cannot take the place we, as schoolboys say, have given them a good "licking." The rest is the fortune of war. Still we are firing desperately to-day, and I hope shall hold out yet. The 46th arrived yesterday in the *Prince*. "We don't recollect" anything that has occurred, and trust that their conduct now will wipe off dishonour. I must stop no longer.

Kindest love.

Ever affectionately yours.

[The 46th Regiment was at the time under a cloud, and the above refers to a certain Court Martial, when each officer cited as a witness invariably replied : "I do not recollect." It thus acquired the name of the *Non mi recordo* Regiment. Happily the cloud has long since blown over.

Surely the 46th expiated everything that in the past had been laid to its charge, when it was on duty "no less than six nights out of seven," and, doubtless, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, and to frequent bullets also. To have been in constant danger of an enemy in the dark, and, instead of clashing swords, the dread of shattering musketry fire, without even the shrift of one whole-hearted, clean back-stroke, was a sorry fate which might well wipe out any sort of rumour.]

## BATTLE OF THE INKERMAN,

November 5th, 1854.

### *Killed :—*

Lieut.-General Sir G. Cathcart.  
 Brigadier-General Goldie.  
 Brigadier-General Strangways.  
 Brigadier-General Adams.  
 Brigadier-General Torrens.

### *Wounded :—*

Lieut.-General Sir G. Brown.  
 Brigadier-General Buller.  
 Major-General Bentinck.  
 Brigadier-General Eyre.



## GRENADIER GUARDS.

*Killed :—*

Lieut.-Colonel E. W. Pakenham  
 Capt. Hon. H. A. Neville.  
 Capt. Sir R. L. Newman.

*Wounded :—*

Capt. A. Tipping.  
 Lieut. C. N. Sturt.  
 Lieut. Sir J. Fergusson.

## COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

*Killed :—*

Lieut.-Colonel Hon. T. V. Dawson.  
 Lieut.-Colonel J. C. M. Cowell.  
 Capt. L. D. Mackinnon.  
 Capt. Hon. G. C. C. Eliot.  
 Capt. H. M. Bouverie.  
 Capt. F. H. Ramsden.  
 Lieut. E. A. Disbrowe.  
 Lieut. C. H. Greville.

*Wounded :—*

Lieut.-Colonel Hon. G. Upton.  
 Lieut.-Colonel Jas. Halkett.  
 Lieut. Colonel Lord Aug. C. L. Fitzroy.  
 Capt. Hon. P. R. B. Fielding.  
 Lieut. Hon. W. Archer Amherst.

## SCOTS FUSILIER GUARDS.

*Killed :—*

Lieut.-Colonel Francis Seymour.  
 Capt. Allix, A.D.C. to Sir De Lacy Evans.

*Wounded dangerously :—*

Major E. Wal. F. Walker.  
 Lieut.-Colonel J. Hunter Blair.

*Wounded :—*

Capt. and Adjutant H. F. H. Drummond.  
 Capt. R. Gipps.  
 Capt. F. Baring.

## 7TH FOOT

Major Sir Thos. St. Vincent H. Cochrane Troubridge, lost  
 both legs.

## 41ST FOOT.

*Killed* :—

Lieut.-Colonel Carpenter.

## 63RD FOOT.

*Killed* :—

Lieut.-Colonel E. S. T. Swyny.

## 68TH FOOT.

*Killed* :—Major H. G. Wynne.  
Lieut. T. Grote Barker.

## RIFLE BRIGADE.

*Killed* :—

Captain Cartwright.

*Wounded* :—

Lieut. Coote Buller.

## 17TH LANCERS.

*Wounded* :—Cornet A. Cleveland.  
Captain Clifton, A.D.C. to the Duke of Cambridge.

Only Brigade of Guards and Rifles given, other returns not sent me.

2,000 men *hors de combat*.

97 officers wounded, 25 killed.

A report exists that the Duke of Cambridge has been wounded, and is on board the *Sanspareil*, but this needs corroboration.

No one seems to understand how the action commenced. The Russians debouched suddenly from the valley of the Inkerman and attacked the British rear, who were unprepared for them, and at first retired, leaving several guns in the hands of the enemy. These were afterwards recaptured by the heavy cavalry. The British soon rallied and returned upon their footsteps, and after many hours' fighting repulsed the Russians with great loss. The Guards behaved splendidly. One French division was engaged and fought with their usual success. The General penetrated into Sevastopol in repulsing

a sortie of the garrison, but was killed as he retreated. The firing continues to-day (8th) with greater impetuosity than ever.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

12th November, 1854.

Matters have been very quiet since this day week. When I say, quiet, I mean that there has been no great battle, although a heavy cannonade has been kept up every day. It is said, ten thousand allied troops have arrived this week; but I believe the total to be over-rated. At all events, it is pretty certain that a good number has come, sufficient to strengthen the rear guard, and allow more men to be pushed to the front. The attack is put off *sine die*, that is to say, it is abandoned unless some unforeseen circumstances produce an effect which will enable us to carry the place by a sudden assault; such circumstances as, for instance, the arrival of 30,000 men from the moon; the simultaneous blowing up of all the Russian magazines, batteries, and ships; or the death from drinking of all the Russian officers! Then, I think, we might take Sevastopol. It is pretty certain that we shall winter here, without fires or bulkheads. Ugh! Still, it is not worse than the fate of the officers and men in the trenches and camp, except that they can take warm exercise and we cannot. Huts are being made for the reception of the troops during the winter months. Reinforcements are said to be on the road for the Russians to the amount of 60,000 men. If so, it will make them 130,000 to our 70,000. With such odds we must go down. A fatal mistake was made in allowing the Austrians to occupy the Principalities and paralyse the Turks. The Danubian army of Russia is now upon us, instead of distributing its favours to Omar Pasha. Had he been allowed to proceed, the event would not have been so doubtful.

Our Captain of Marines (March) has been sent home badly wounded; he was in the front this day week, and in the engagement received a ball under the right ear, which came out of his mouth, scoring the inside of the cheek in its passage. The jaw is slightly fractured, and some of the auricular nerves cut, so that his mouth is twisted on one side and his beauty gone for ever. However, we are very thankful that he is progressing favourably, and will soon be at home. He was picked up for dead, but may, after all, be not much the worse,

except weak and disfigured sadly. I have heard nothing of John Adye, but suppose him to be well.

kindest love to my mother and the children.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

13th November, 1854.

No news has reached us since the battle of Inkerman, except a few particulars of that blood-stained field. Night attacks constantly occur, but what they are we do not know. Last night a furious affair took place, which lasted half-an-hour, and then suddenly ceased. I have made every enquiry about John Adye's fate, and presume him to be alive; an official of his importance would be mentioned if killed. Probably you know by this time. The Quartermaster-General does not seem disposed to furnish the Fleet with very accurate information. In the dark in the battle of the 5th, the Russians surprised the pickets and made a dash at our lines, hoping to seize them and intrench themselves in force upon the heights we now occupy. The struggle was very obstinate and bloody, no quarter being shown on either side. At one time the Guards were entirely surrounded, and they formed back to back, the front rank defending themselves with the bayonet, and the rear rank clubbing their muskets. There they stood like a wall of adamant until supported by fresh troops. They lost a great many men as you may suppose, and their firmness and gallantry have earned from all the highest praise. The Russians exasperate our men by the cowardly trick they practise of pretending to be wounded, and then destroying those who come to relieve them. But the British soldier's blood is up, and no mercy will be shown from this time forward. Unfortunately many cases of treachery have occurred that it is now known, or believed, to be a system. It is a terrible feature in Christian warfare, is it not? I will give you an instance of Russian barbarity. Captain Peel, of the *Diamond*, a son of the late Sir Robert, was talking to a friend during the action, when a shot knocked over the friend and smashed his leg. "Peel," he said, as he lay on the ground, "you will come and see me when the affair is over." "Yes, certainly," replied the other, and moved off to his post in the batteries. When the fight was nearly done, and the Russians had been almost driven in, Captain Peel, now relieved from duty, went to pick up his wounded

friend. He found him dead, with both his arms pinned to the ground with a bayonet, and his eyes torn out! This so shocked and exasperated poor Peel, that, in the agony of his heart, he mounted his horse and rode through the ranks, bidding them spare none, himself setting the example by destroying ten or twelve with his own hand. I tell you this *as it was told to me*, without vouching for its truth or inaccuracy. I myself believe it, as it came from a source I rely upon, but so many tales of horror upon the subject circulate from mouth to mouth, that one is willing and desirous to disbelieve some. The fact is certain, that "war to the knife" is now the cry, and I am quite convinced in my own mind, from what I know of *our* customs of war (of the natural humanity inherent in the breast of every Englishman and further strengthened by practice and the precepts of education, added to the memory of the many acts of kindness I saw lavished upon our enemies at Alma), I am quite certain that internecine warfare would never be sanctioned, unless its horrors, so repugnant to our English natures, were made imperative by the fearful necessity of the case.

The weather is very bad, heavy gales of wind, only varied by floods of rain. Our poor fellows suffer dreadfully. I myself have got rid of my fever, and have now an inflammation in my eyes, which is the result of climate. My eyelids are so swollen that I can hardly see. However, this is nothing. Kindest love to all. Give my best congratulations to Feltham.

Ever, my dear mother, affectionately yours.

I heard to-day that there is again a probability of my going as chaplain to the camp. I am, indeed, anxious to be there, but my spirits are so low that I almost fear, feeling ill, to encounter wet, cold, and hunger. This, of course, is a species of cowardice; if I am sent I shall pluck up heart, and doubtless do very well. Kindest love to all.

## CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER great conflict had indeed been fought, though it is evident the Fleet was furnished, as usual, with only the most meagre details. The Quartermaster-General, doubtless, had his hands full enough of work which must have had more serious and imperative claims than the despatch of complete accounts of the quickly-succeeding, disastrous incidents that were taking place on land.\*

Unfortunately, the fulfilment of the Oriental proverb, "When the battle is won, see that the edge of your sword is keen!" was frustrated by death and disease in the interval between the 25th October and the fatal day of Inkerman. The unsuccessful sortie from Sevastopol of the 26th had given the enemy an accurate idea of the undefended condition of the north-west portion of the Chersonese, which actually invited attack, especially to such a superior force as now was his. Sir John Burgoyne had harassed the defence here, and Sir de Lacy Evans had urged the necessity for entrenchments, and for investing the works that should be prepared on this part of the position taken up by the Allies, but the Commander-in-Chief was too grievously pressed for men to complete the business of the siege to accede, and, consequently, the open ground was guarded only by picquets.

\* The Sailors' camp kept in as close touch as possible with the ships. In the log of the *Queen* are frequent entries which show this: "4th November. Gunners filling cartridges for the Naval Brigade." On the following day the heavy firing at Inkerman was distinctly heard by the crews of the Fleets.

There appears to be no satisfactory answer to a question which frequently presents itself in the study of the campaign: Why was it not a condition, insisted upon by the Governments concerned, that, in the earlier stages, instead of a mere paltry contingent, a great Turkish army, officered by Europeans, and fed by the Sultan, should take part in *their* struggle against Russian aggression? Foresight might have saved the lives of thousands of our soldiers, for, with a sufficiency of hard-working Mussulmen, guns of heavy calibre could have been placed so well to the front, at the beginning of operations in the Crimea, that the strengthening of the outworks of Sevastopol, which fronted the Allies, might have been continually harassed, if not altogether prevented.

A few extracts from Sir Evelyn Wood's terse and comprehensive description of the ground whereon the struggle for Inkerman took place, will help the reader to realise more clearly the complex and terrible scenes that were enacted there:—

“The Sandbag Battery, round which the Russians and English struggled so desperately, had no guns in it, they having been removed to Balaklava after they had crushed an opposing battery, which the Russians erected on the real Inkerman heights, north of the Tchernaya river, for the hills we call Inkerman have no name known to the Russians. The position of the Sandbag Battery was, however, of some tactical value, for immediately below it the ground drops rapidly for forty yards, and then falls almost precipitously to the Tchernaya valley. This ledge, therefore, was important as affording a foothold to assailants or defenders, and each side held it alternately. The battery stood at the north-east shoulder of what Mr. Kinglake terms, the ‘fore ridge of the Inkerman crest.’ This crest line runs east and west, and is nearly level for half a mile, being bisected by the road, which comes up from the

1854 head of the harbour, through the Quarry Ravine, and as it emerges on the open ground, runs nearly north and south. At about four hundred yards from the road as it passes over the crest, the ground falls rapidly to either side. To the west it descends to a branch of the Careenage Ravine, and to the east it sinks to the steep edge of the upland overlooking the Tchernaya valley. The 'Fore Ridge' extends four hundred yards north of the crest, and to the east of the road, with a gentle upward slope of one in sixty from the crest to the northward, equal to a rise of twenty feet. Then from the north end of the Fore Ridge the ground falls for three hundred yards, at a gradient of one in ten, and at this lower point is the ledge on which the Sandbag Battery stands.

"From the crest-line of our position the ground to the westward of the 'Fore Ridge' falls gently for four hundred yards northwards to the head of the Quarry Ravine, up which the post road is engineered, rising nine hundred feet from the valley, in curves to obtain gradients possible for loaded vehicles. We always had a picquet just where the road leaves the ravine, and across the road the picquets had built with loose stones a low wall. This extended into the scrub on either side, and was called "the Barrier." The Russians were constantly on the British side of this obstacle during the battle, but except for half-an-hour, about nine a.m., it was, nevertheless, held by us all through the day, even when the enemy had got farther to the southward. The Sandbag Battery stands five hundred yards east of the head of the Quarry Ravine, but out of sight of travellers emerging from it, being hidden by the spine of the 'Fore Ridge,' and at two hundred and fifty yards, or half-way, the head of a lesser ravine juts in, thus rendering difficult any advance by a formed line from north to south. Westwards of the Post Road exit from the Quarry Ravine, the ground is fairly level for three hundred yards, when it falls into another



branch of the Carenage Ravine, distinct from that which bounds the crest-line on its western side. 1854

“From about the head of the Quarry Ravine the ground rises gently to the northward for eight hundred yards, where on the highest part (called by us Shell Hill) there is still (1895) a redoubt, erected in the spring of 1855. It is thirty feet below the crest of the English position. From Shell Hill spurs run out, sloping down to either side, but not so steeply but that they afforded the Russian artillery a frontage on a North-East, South-West line, of three quarters of a mile. When the infantry advanced, however, Southwards, its front was narrowed to the three hundred or four hundred yards lying between the branch of the Carenage Ravine and the Post Road; and to get to the Eastward, the Russian troops must either have crossed the Quarry Ravine, or have moved to a flank under close fire of our picquets. All the ground was covered by a low coppice of stunted oaks, and, except where it was nearly level, by large boulders, or crags.”\*

Kinglake states that the slope between the brow of the Kitspur and the Barrier “went by the name of the Gap.”

Only a lengthened and minute account of each of the terrible attacks of the 5th November, 1854, could convey an adequate idea of the fierce character, and pitifully unequal conditions, that beset the defenders of the Allied position: a mere tyro in knowledge of military matters must confess to the difficulties presented by the numerous technical descriptions from which the following general outline has been evolved.

The camp nearest to Mount Inkerman was that of the 2nd Division, whose picquets did duty on the ground soon to be so hardly contested. Sir de Lacy Evans, commanding this Division, having fallen with

\* “The Crimea in 1854 and 1894,” Chapter IX.

1854 his horse on the 29th, and at this time being on board ship at Balaklava, its temporary leader was General Pennefather. If "valour is the chiefest virtue," then, for a few dread hours on the 5th November, heroic virtue did not lack a stalwart exponent, even though, paradoxical as it may seem, Pennefather's one and only thought was to spread death and devastation around. The ruthless impulses which frequently sway mankind, as well as all the gravest facts concerning human conduct, are alike shrouded in mystery ; but that the curse of warfare should have survived the Christian era, and that so primitive and gross a way of settling international differences should still be the approved method of civilised beings, is a problem which baffles and bewilders all who seek its solution.\*

In the rear of the 2nd Division was the Guards' camp, for the Guards' Brigade were the supporters of this Division from attacks on the north, as well as the watchers towards the east. The position of Bosquet's army of observation lay "along the edge of the Chersonese from the Woronzoff Road to the Col." †

Vinoy and his whole brigade, and battalions of Turks, were now in readiness for the defence of Balaklava. Lushington's brigade was engaged "on the siege batteries, but the reserve was stationed near the head of the Victoria Ridge, and its camp guard had lately been supplied with three hundred rifles." ‡

The 10th and 11th Russian Divisions had marched from Odessa, and Prince Mentschikoff, who had established his headquarters near the mouth of the Tchernaya, had an immense field army now at his command.

\* History might furnish an answer : For nineteen centuries so absolute has been the distortion of our Lord's teaching of fundamental truth, that its benumbing effect has paralysed the moral apprehension of the nations, else why should the recently raised question of European disarmament have universally met only with that mild tolerance bordering on contempt, which is the natural outcome of a tottering conscience and a nebulous faith ?

† "Invasion of the Crimea," vol. v., page 40.—Kinglake.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. v., page 38.

Sevastopol reinforced, he formulated a great scheme to strike a final blow at the most vital and vulnerable corner of the invaders' position, the avowed purpose being to exterminate the Allies, or to drive them back to the sea. Their "complete disaster" and "exemplary chastisement," however, did not accrue in the manner predicted by Prince Mentschikoff's letter to the Governor of Warsaw, though the sons of the Tsar, the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, had arrived at the seat of war to make the projected victory appear of greater importance.

It was planned that General Siomonoff and General Pauloff, each with his enormous battalions, should converge on Shell Hill, when they would be joined by the renowned General Dannenberg, who was then to direct the operations. Forty thousand troops and one hundred and thirty-five guns, divided between Siomonoff, who was to proceed from the Karabel Faubourg, and Pauloff from the old City Heights, made up a stupendous force that, if numbers were all, certainly gave hope of success.

Prince Gortschakoff had assumed the command of Liprandi's army, which was daily augmented by vast artillery and troops of infantry, and numbered, on the 5th, 22,000 soldiers of all arms, with eighty-eight guns.

Prince Mentschikoff had evidently rehearsed his scheme, with all its details, so confidently in his own mind that certainty appeared to him inevitable.

Kinglake states that the number (gathered from Russian sources) of the enemy's troops operating on the open field on the day of Inkerman, with the "force guarding the road," amounted to 71,841. The English infantry "which, sooner or later, were present on Mount Inkerman the day of the battle, numbered 7,464;" the French infantry 8,219. We had also what was left of the Light Brigade, about 200. "The French also brought up 700 cavalry."

According to the above authority, the Anglo-French army at this time consisted of 65,000 men, with 11,000

1854 Turkish auxiliaries, while the Russian force was computed at 120,000.

The boundary of the Allied position, extending about twenty miles, had to be watched and defended all along the line. The enemy was free to attack when and where he chose, and his means of increasing numbers, in any direction, were ample. The Allies had absolutely no reserves, each brigade, at this date, having an inadequate strength, and the troops generally not in good fighting condition. The Russians were well aware of the lack of defence in the north-east, and this knowledge was, doubtless, a temptation, though, ere the day ended, they proved how ignorant they themselves were of the character of the very ground which they had chosen for the struggle.

As stated in Kelson Stothert's recent letters, the weather had already become wintry. In the wet mist, following the night of rain, on this early Sunday morning, there was loud ringing of bells in Sevastopol; free drinking of vodki to induce valour; and much blessing of troops, accepted as a sacred promise of victory. Unprepared by any warning, sleep reigned in the camp of the 2nd Division. The oncoming of thousands was not indicated; a rumbling in the valley was all the alarm the picquets had; their long, dreary watch of the night had not been disturbed by any special sound of approach. It must be confessed that the British were taken by surprise (as they have often been before and since Inkerman) in the only corner where they were absolutely unprotected. The rumbling was made by artillery moving towards the valley; soon this was followed by the forts of Sevastopol opening fire on the entrenchments and defences of the Allies, when the hideous noise of ordnance in the mist seemed to proceed from all quarters.

\* \* \* \* \*

General Codrington, on the Victoria Ridge, is up betimes this misty morning, and, returning from the

Lancaster Battery, hears sharp musketry fire across the Careenage Ravine, and knows danger is threatening the picquets of the 2nd Division; he gets his own brigade quickly under arms, and holds the Ridge during the long hours while the terrible fight is proceeding. Three companies from Buller's brigade (its camp a mile and a-half from that of the 2nd Division) are also brought, during the action,\* to aid in safe-guarding this Ridge. The part of Mentschikoff's scheme, which included an attack here from 20,000 infantry and thirty-eight guns,† is, happily, not carried out, and, though the Lancaster gun is subjected to a severe enfilading fire, Codrington stoutly defends his position, and, as the enemy's troops try to scale the sides of the gorge, they are furiously driven back at the point of the bayonet.

Siomonoff, advancing by a way not planned, meets only picquets of the 2nd Division, and is not long in establishing twenty-two of his guns on Shell Hill. General Pennefather sends out small bodies to reinforce the picquets, for it must be remembered that, "for the earlier stages of the battle, he has, in all, with six hundred and forty-nine of the Light Division and six guns of Townsend's battery, only a force of 3,600 infantry and eighteen guns.‡

That gruesome march in the shrouding mist proved the last for hundreds of the brave, doomed fellows in those silent grim companies! General Adams, with the "forties," moves up to the central and most important point of the position to be defended, the Sandbag Battery. Except for its natural advantage—the ground dropping from the ledge and sloping to the valley of the Tchernaya—it is not a position of any defensive value, because nothing had been done to make it so; but the men are eager to reach it, and, to

\* "The War in the Crimea," page 139.—General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B.

† "Invasion of the Crimea," vol. v., page 84.—Kinglake.

‡ *Ibid.*, vol. v., page 138.

1854 the death, passionately in earnest about not yielding an inch of it up to the enemy.

The enemy's cannon are firing volleys from Shell Hill, and Siomonoff further advances some infantry, who, meeting a wing of the 49th, are repulsed. Other battalions come on which take three ill-to-be-spared British guns.\*

The contest is becoming fierce, for now the enemy is reinforced by Pauloff's army, which, though its magnitude is not visible to the British troops, covers the ground from the Post Road in the Quarry Ravine right on to the Sandbag Battery. A very weak wing of the 30th and the 41st regiments "runs at these masses and routs them." †

Siomonoff is killed, as well as many of his senior officers. The dismay which some of his troops experience is partly attributable to the remembrance that they lost numerous comrades at Alma, though the vigour with which they are met by their foe may well fill them with a salutary despondency.

General Pennefather on the Ridge with his own Brigade, the 30th, 55th and 95th Regiments, is giving fight to the oncoming battalions, but the murderous fire of a long line of artillery (before the fighting begins to wane the enemy has between eighty and ninety well-placed guns in battery) is raking the ranks of the defenders of the crest with terribly telling effect, and this destructive fire reaches even the camp on the slope behind, and kills the poor tethered horses, as well as scattering disaster around. ‡ Gorschakoff, performing feints in the valley, delays the Guards advancing to the help of the sorely pressed Second Division. Though battle, murder and sudden death are, by no means, confined to any single spot, the actual heart of the contest is Mount Inkerman, where, for possession of

\* These guns were subsequently left on the field.

† "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," page 141.—General Sir Evelyn Wood.

‡ "The War in the Crimea," page 141.—General Sir E. Hamley.

the Sandbag Battery, the troops on both sides fling themselves into the demoniac struggle with a kind of awful eagerness. 1854

Dannenberg arrives before eight o'clock to command Pauloff's battalions; their fighting quality proves more resolute than has yet been encountered; but their lack of exact knowledge of the uneven conformation of the ground near the points of defence, impedes the quick and orderly movement of such large bodies of troops. The limited space renders tactical manœuvres impossible; the enemy's numerical superiority is of little advantage, the crowding together on the plateau resulting in the direst confusion.

The mist lies heavy in the valleys, shrouding the troops, and thus the combatants are misled, for they cannot possibly descry what is only a few yards ahead; and are quite unable to compute the numbers to which they are giving battle. For the Allies this is a fortunate circumstance, as the Russians must imagine that the determined opposition made to every onslaught can be justified only by the mist-hidden presence of strong supports, which, in reality, do not exist; probably this mistake is actually preventing their annihilation. General Adams's brave troops have already sent back a body of Russian infantry, but at length, by sheer force of numbers, they have to evacuate the Battery.

Pauloff's battalions are numerically overwhelming, but the Guards are coming on and the position is not given up.

The awful resistance which is now made has no precedent in the annals of warfare. The enemy crowds in dense masses up the slope, unseen till at close quarters, the Minie thinning their ranks as they approach, though, as the soldiers fall, their places are immediately filled; they advance over the dead bodies of their comrades, advance to find a foe emerging from the mist, with a lust for blood strangely transfiguring his kindly, impassive, British countenance.

1854 The officers endeavour to keep the troops together, but in this "soldiers' battle" the rank and file seem instinctively to apprehend what is required of them; there occur some slight mistakes, mostly heroic. No ordinary formation is practicable; and when the few hundred Grenadiers, followed by the Scots Fusiliers, arrive, they have to encounter 7,000 of the enemy, who, for the moment, have ousted the English out of the Sandbag Battery; the advantage is quickly turned, though the confusion and carnage are indescribable.

It is the sheer power of numbers that to-day gives to this determined enemy even a momentary victory. Amid the terrible slaughter up come the Scots Fusiliers, led by Colonel Walker. The Battery without a banquette is almost useless, but the soldiers pertinaciously cling to it as if it were a shrine their foe was trying to desecrate. The Grenadiers are stung to desperation by the failing of their cartridges; Colonel Walker sends a company to drive out the exultant Russians, which is effectually done, but the column, pressed down, reforms, and comes up in terrible strength, so that Walker has to give command to charge. The Fusiliers drive them back to the death that is waiting them over the parapet and down the steep.

General Pennefather, defending the Home Ridge, now gives up some of his troops to aid the Guards, and the enemy is finding that, jammed together, his overpowering numbers are not leading to victory.

The din and tumult have spread; companies are accepting battle wherever they chance to meet, but the troops of both armies, advancing in detachments in the smoke and fog, under incessant fire, are shorn of much of their pride and strength before the actual encounters begin. The wreck and devastation are not confined to the central position; all round is there fighting, and the slaughter is appalling. The crack of rifles and noise of belching guns, shot and shell spreading death and havoc on every side, and with



no knowledge, while the mist lies thick, of where the enemy will next appear, have turned the soldier's world to-day into a shambles, where assuredly the carnage might well have glutted even a leader in old Judea, and would certainly have been only consistent with the desperation of peoples who never knew the Shibboleth of the Cross. 1854

Sir de Lacy Evans hurries up from Balaklava directly he hears of the battle, but does not take over the command of the 2nd Division; when he returns to the port it is as one of the wounded.

Sir George Cathcart, whose Division (the 4th) has been broken up and mostly pushed forward wherever they were thought to be wanted on the ground, now looking intently through a field-glass, decides to attack a battalion of the Selinghinsk ascending the slope. Had he closed the Gap, as Lord Raglan directed, the troops would not be subjected to be taken in reverse, as, alas! they are with their numbers sadly diminishing: General Torrens is dangerously wounded, and brave Cathcart shot dead. Hemmed in the hollow, the strength of men who have not tasted food since yesterday, may well seem spent.

The almost impossible points at which defence is absolutely necessary are increasing, for this breaking up of the line of resistance introduces a new element, and there follow numerous onsets and confusion, in which is realised how bitter is the mockery of "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war"—to its victims. What a horrifying meaning the words convey here, among the mutilated and the dying huddled together, trodden upon; here, where brave men have to leave their post to be stretcher-bearers to gallant leaders who can ill be spared. Sudden cannonading cuts short many of these attempts to find the rear.

The rattle of the Minie, and the clash of steel never cease, and, stupendous as is the power of the Russian Artillery, our shot and shell appear to be more deadly.

1854 The Guards fight like—like themselves, against a stern and resolute foe. As battalion after battalion presses them, and, gaining momentary advantage, sways them out of the Battery, they gather fresh courage to resist; mounting on the dead and dying bodies covering the ground, they hold their position with wild determination. In the ghastly conflict hundreds are perishing because there is now no one who can convey them from the struggle. The stretcher-bearers have nearly all themselves become the wounded.

Tenacity, invincible bravery, and the moral force resulting from discipline, keep the Guards steadfast and unyielding. Colonel Walker, wounded for the third time, is now disabled. The Battery is again in possession of the Russians, when the “intrepid Coldstreams” appear, but the infuriated Grenadiers and Fusiliers, not wishing to be indebted even to them for relief, rush upon the masses of the enemy and drive them down the slope.

General Bosquet, early in the day, offered help in a practical manner, but it was declined by Sir George Brown and Sir George Cathcart. Lord Raglan anon cancels this refusal, and Bosquet sends of his best to aid the defenders of Mount Inkerman.\* General Bourbaki hastens to the aid of the Fusiliers when they are struggling to recover the summit, and, by this time, officers are not so anxious about the order of battle as to exterminate the troops opposed to them.

A sortie under Timovieff attacks the siege works of the French on Mount Rodolph and spikes some of their siege guns, but, having to retire, the French follow, and Lourmel is killed.

The field is covered with the dying and the dead, the awful *débris* of the morning's gallant army; round

\* Concerning the French aid, Lord George Paget somewhat laconically remarks: “As usual, our fellows had to bear the brunt of it, though some French troops came to our assistance at last.”—“The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea,” page 81.

shot and splinters of ball are mixed in ghastly confusion with mutilated limbs, and bodies crushed out of all human shape; features blackened and distorted; here and there a face whose familiar look is still serene; gay, glittering accoutrements, blood-stained and torn; manly forms lying in ghastliest helplessness with all the terrible evidences of sudden misery; the ground riven and wrecked; agony and death the absolute and undisputed sovereigns of a scene so degrading and heart-breaking, that it can be likened to nothing save the imaginable orgies of devils whose fiendish power is uncontrolled.

The strength of the Okhotsk corps, the power of the Selenghinsk battalions, and the force of the Takoutsk troops, have all been thrown against the few determined hundreds, who, from hour to hour, have held, though they have more than once been temporarily driven out of, the Sandbag Battery; "the battle is not to the strong"; notwithstanding the appalling number of British slain, the Allies to-day are still unvanquished. See the gallant Chasseurs d'Afrique charging the enemy, who is endeavouring to retreat under cover of his guns!

Sir George Brown is wounded and is being taken down to the *Agamemnon*. Canrobert, too, is hurt in the arm with a splinter of shell. Brave Adams is mortally stricken. General Strangeways, on the knoll where a group of horsemen with Lord Raglan are intently watching, is also a victim, for the bursting of a shell amongst the Staff is cruellest of all to him. "Will someone be kind enough to lift me off my horse?" Major John Adye hastens to his side, and tenderly supports him. And then is heard the pathetic request: "Take me to the gunners! let me die amongst them!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Mentschikoff's programme was comprehensive enough; in brief, victory by overwhelming disproportionate masses of troops; defeat; annihilation; the

1854 siege ended; ringing of bells again, and loud *Te Deums* in every church of Holy Russia.

The programme is not fulfilled.

True, the dead lie in great masses all over the ground between Shell Hill and the crest of Inkerman; thick are the heaps round the Sandbag Battery; and right down to the Barrier the corpses are clustered together; but the Russian slain far exceed in numbers the British; moreover, Dannenberg is routed, and the decimated legions of the Tsar are retreating in bitter humiliation.

\* \* \* \* \*

An enormous disproportion in the numbers of the combatants made the victory of Inkerman unique; the artillery power of the enemy also was vastly greater than that of the British; the disparity in everything being in favour of the Russians. Many, indeed, were the disadvantages under which the English fought; their poor numbers were grievously lessened by those who had to carry away the wounded, and their defensive power weakened by failure of ammunition at the most critical period.

While prince and peasant, officers and men, showed equal fervour, the impracticable condition for planning attacks or defences, during the misty early morning, was calamitous. Companies hurrying up had to engage whatever battalions they encountered; and well may writers dwell upon the innumerable separate actions, and the brave individual deeds, on this deadly field. The charge of the 77th, the forcing of the retreat of the Borodino Battalion, the sudden contests by ridge and ravine, when neither opponent could descry in the separating isolation of the mist, how great, or how small, the body in front; are they not all recorded in the pages of the several military histories of this war? Sir Evelyn Wood states that when officers and non-commissioned officers fell, privates would gather under some "natural and self-elected leader of men," and

immediately act with daring spirit and resolute zeal. It was told next day in the Naval Brigade that Captain Peel had led seven separate attacks with these improvised followers. 1854

Young captains had to take command of battalions, and, without preparation, to sustain incredible defences ; men who had not tasted food since yesterday had to slash and slay without breathing space. The lack of food was ignored by these brave troops ; the lack of ammunition, too, was grimly endured ; and the fighting was stoutly persisted in even when the only weapon was the club-end of the musket. Amid the thunder of artillery, the rattle, clash, and din, the moans of the wounded were maddening. And, when the stress of the battle precluded care for the mutilated, it was not strange that their involuntary groans should be mingled with agonising prayers for the Great Deliverer.

## CHAPTER XXI.

“ANOTHER such victory would annihilate our sufficiently reduced army,” wrote Sir Arthur Blackwood on the 8th November.\* For many hours the sickening scenes on the battlefield had continued. Bosquet sent mule litters and 500 Turks to aid in conveying the wounded down to the ships; an agonising journey under the best of conditions, but the rains, and much traffic, having made the track unfit for ordinary transport, the state of the sufferers, with their broken limbs unset, and their gaping wounds undressed, rendered them keenly susceptible to the inconceivable pain of movement. On reaching Balaklava, there being no provision for housing, many of the poor fellows had to be laid on the ground till their turns came to be carried on board. Even in the ships numbers had to lie on the decks during the voyage to Scutari, a hardship only equalled by the heroic resignation displayed by all; well might Colonel Wilson, in writing of the fortitude of these rank and file, remark: “A bullet through the heart alone conquers such soldiers.”

Humorous and sordid situations may be presented even on a field of slaughter: caterers, French and English, from messes where salt pork had been used to satiety, were seen hunting round for generous slices of horseflesh,† and no doubt these make-hay-while-the-

\* “Life of Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B.,” page 72.

† “Eupatoria . . . the head is the delicacy of which none can be procured (in the market) except only in the morning.”—“Lord G. Paget’s Diary, 1854,” page 134.

sun-shines economists thoroughly believed in the truth of Whyte Melville's aphorism, "War's a mistake, but dinner never deceives you." 1854

The ghastly task of burying the dead occupied three whole days, and even on the 10th there were "heaps" of Russians still upon the ground.\*

One of the fatal results of the freedom of the British Press at this time, was the disclosure of the weakness of the Allied Armies. The Russians were, by this means, kept fully informed of the almost insuperable difficulty found even to maintain a defensive attitude. The error was irretrievable. Had only despatches been published, as in the days before that ubiquitous individual, the war correspondent, was abroad, conjecture, instead of certainty, must have frequently misled the enemy.

Lord Raglan's position was now complicated in the extreme, and he was also needlessly harassed. Having to rely on a fast-diminishing force alone for the defence of an extended front, the bitter knowledge that his Government had imposed a task upon him for which it had not counted the cost, must have galled his spirit incessantly. Sternly self-repressed, he was too proud to complain of an Ally, who, though brave enough, was lagging and often impeding; and who could always proffer plausible excuse for not taking a fair share of the work of the siege.

While waiting for supplies, which he would now be compelled to do, Lord Raglan knew the enemy would be strengthening his already almost invincible fortifications, and that meanwhile to expose the condition of the troops, and the straits of their commanders, in the newspapers, was calculated to augment their terrible and increasing difficulties.

\* "They must have fought with great bravery, as the embrasure of the Sandbag Battery or Redoubt—for there were, alas! no guns in it—was filled with the corpses of men who had tried to creep through."—"Life of Sir Arthur Blackwood," page 73.

1854 But the British Commander-in-Chief bore this trouble, as he bore others—in silence.

Hemmed in by the enemy on the east, with a fortified city to besiege on the north, the position of the Allied Armies was becoming more and more critical ; nothing of use was obtainable on the ground, and the outlying lands, where sheep and forage might have been procured, were not in their possession, nor indeed accessible to them.

Dependence was now solely upon the sea ; and on a menaced port, where an unreasonable amount of traffic would still have to be accomplished. Outgoing freights of mutilated human beings, and eagerly-waited-for ship loads of munitions, had no other harbour for embarkation nor for landing.

When it was realised that till ammunition arrived the siege would not be ended, experienced soldiers could not shut their eyes to the miseries that must ensue from having to maintain open trenches during the rigours of a Crimean winter, while it was only too obvious that great mortality must result from defending such an exposed position with troops living upon scant food ; whose clothing was dirty and threadbare ; whose boots were worn out ; and for whom neither fuel, nor expectation of better equipment, had been provided. There had been no preparation so far for wintering on the Chersonese, nor visible effort to infuse hope into the hearts of men who were so patient as to appear almost apathetic about their own hardships. The tacit compact which every voluntary soldier makes with his Sovereign was, in this campaign, on one side fulfilled to the uttermost, and a mischievous system was compensated for by the moral fibre of officers and men, who accepted the needless evils as though they had been terms of the chivalrous covenant by which they had sworn to abide.

Experience can generally foretell what may be dreaded in camp life on new ground, where, as in



the Crimea, neglected sanitation, bad food, inclement weather, exposure, and over-work, insure a list of diseases, which, until the conditions are changed, medical skill is powerless to stamp out. The troops after Inkerman were in a lowered bodily state, and in grave need of rest; their lack of vitality made them ready victims to all the poisonous ailments that were rife. 1854

The British soldiers had little energy now for any work not included in their imperative round of duties, yet hundreds, wearied and ill, refrained from going into hospital. It must have appeared to them that precedent gave little hope of alleviation or cure in the death-traps where their comrades had succumbed. Possibly they knew that mere change of surroundings would not include absence of their present hardships, and that the hospitals offered only the same lack of decent comfort, the same sordid, repulsive experiences which they were manfully enduring. The ambulance service, too, proved a deterrent; it was casual and clumsy; often improvised in extremity; and the invalids carried down for embarkation had hours of agony, through no fault of their kindly bearers, who generally did their utmost to lessen the tortures of the road. And so it befel that sick men languidly continued on duty; dragging their weary limbs; daily growing more feeble; too indifferent to quarrel; too sad to swear; and so changed in habit that saluting, being an effort, was given up, and officers were too wise not to ignore the omission. Hope had vanished; the hospitals did not suggest it; so the sufferers frequently waited till they were mortally stricken ere they would give in. Being used to a certain round of privation and pain brings a conviction that good has lapsed beyond recall, and thus it often

“Makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of.”

1854 The hospitals, however, were crowded. Ship after ship brought its load of wounded, and fever-stricken, to Scutari, where the hapless individuals, if not too ill or too apathetic, hoped to recover, though had they known the frightful statistics, weekly increasing at an appalling rate, they might well have preferred "easeful death" on the voyage to the almost certain fate awaiting them in the pest houses, which the splendidly spacious buildings at Scutari had become.

It was a fortunate coincidence that Miss Nightingale and her band of brave nurses arrived there only a few days before the overwhelming influx of work was brought from the battle-field three hundred miles away. Though possessing a rare aptitude for business, and zeal for redressing mistakes, for a considerable time even she was baffled by insidious forms of the malignant diseases which decimated her wards. Before her arrival the hospital staffs had been quite unable to cope with the fearful strain put upon them; they did not possess the requisite authority for obtaining even absolutely and instantly-needed aids to cure, nor had they in anything like adequate numbers, nor quantity, the indispensables of large infirmaries.

Miss Nightingale's anxiety increased with the increasing death rate. In her crusade against crass ignorance, she had a powerful ally at home in Mr. Sidney Herbert. After a considerable period, in which thousands died of zymotic diseases, a thorough investigation resulted in a complete system of sanitation, when the death rates decreased, and soon were no higher than those of military hospitals at home. But the improvement did not begin till March, and meanwhile desperate calamities occurred.

The amiable spirit, expressive of confidence in the Government, manifested by certain officers of high grade in the services, both in their private and public despatches, was the very antithesis of the outspoken emotion of others, whose duty kept them in constant

touch with the terrible sufferings of that terrible winter. 1854  
*They* witnessed the speechless endurance of Lord Raglan's "faithful workers of miracles," who were too intelligent to be insensible to the fact that their lack of suitable clothing, and proper food, was the effect of official blundering. The evil results of mismanagement no doubt surprised the individuals who were responsible for them, as well as the soldiers themselves; but servants of the Crown must have been well aware that, though they had undertaken duties circumscribed by long usage, they had failed in providing for the very emergencies they had created.

The loyal rank and file, whose numbers were lessening daily (for the recruits arriving were often stricken immediately after landing), were quiet, unspeakably patient and reserved. With their heroic endurance was mingled a certain pride, which forbore openly to show how deeply the spirit of a true man must always resent having been made the victim of heedlessness. The soldiers' experience had bitterly proved the unreadiness of the country for war, and, notwithstanding his silence, his strange, almost despairing, calm, he could not ignore what was so apparent to all.

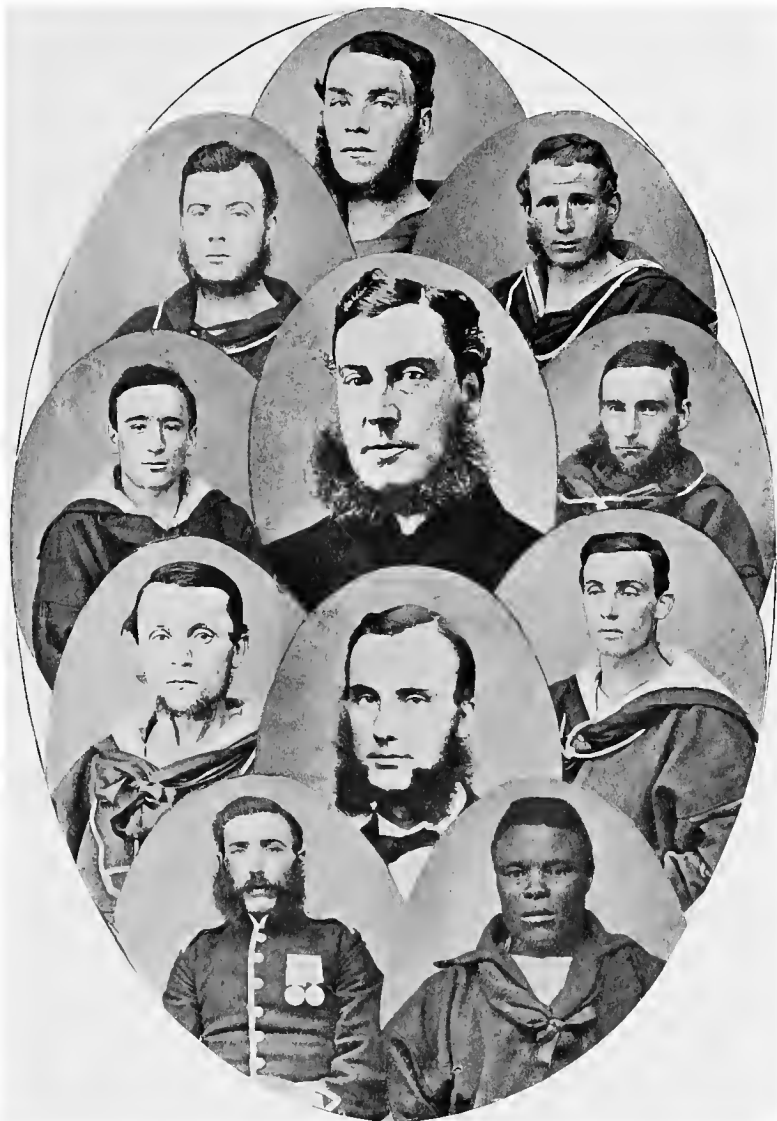
Kelson Stothert had ample opportunity for knowing the condition of the different camps, and his descriptions coincide with those of the various writers who had similar facilities for judging. Although not yet officially appointed Chaplain to the Naval Brigade, he was practically its chaplain already, and regarded the Blue-jackets there, his "parishioners," his own special charge; and his frequent visits to them brought him into close contact with the soldiers also; besides, he had many friends among the officers, who, doubtless, talked over these grave matters with him as opportunity offered.

The decision to go on indefinitely with the siege was arrived at on the 6th of November, when it was also determined to fortify the Ridge of Inkerman. The

1854 French here agreed to aid the work, and Turks, under English supervision, were also to be employed.

Excessive strain and weariness, stress of work and adversity, rendered the troops unfit to withstand the biting cold of the bleak, barren, wind-swept plateau, where there was neither natural, nor improvised, shelter, and they were certainly so reduced in numbers that to undertake more labour was almost suicidal. The work of the soldier exhausted him; he was now seldom dry, for the rains were incessant; when he was free to snatch sleep, he lay under canvas that did not cover him, and his one dirty blanket could not possibly keep out the cold.

The French were not much better off as regards shelter, for their wretched *tentes d'abri*—bits of canvas held up by short poles—gave neither protection nor comfort. These *tentes* were shelter enough under an African sky, but of small service in Crim Tartary. Fuel was so scarce, the men had no time, no energy, no desire to look for it; there were certain imperatives they recognised as duty, but care for their own well-being was not one of them; and there was assuredly no one to watch on their behalf. Much of their clothing was the loot taken from Russian bodies on the field, and the wreck of the Guards' Brigade presented a varied and surprising sight to new comers. It was a woeful fact that the men were perplexed to understand why they were permitted to wear rotting garments, and to eat food unfit for dogs, while England's heart was aching to serve them, while transports were plying between the shores, but all to no purpose, as far as their welfare was concerned. It was said that information to the effect that the troops might require every sort of provision for prolongation of the campaign, should have been sent much earlier to the Government. The Commissary-General did not know till the 8th of November that the army would remain in the Crimea during the winter, which had then actually begun, without a single preparation having been made.



THE REVEREND KELSON STOTHERT AND "PARISHIONERS."



## CHAPTER XXII.

IN the rapidly-succeeding tragic events of the severe winter of 1854, which began in November, the Allies were spared no vicissitude nor suffering. The noble temper of both officers and men was tried to the uttermost by every sort of dire experience; by loss of comrades from death in the field, and from disease; by sickness and increasing hardships; and by a dreary outlook from which all expectation of speedy relief was conspicuously absent.

History offers frequent instances of the sharp, stern discipline of war resulting in new life and greater energy to the peoples involved, but the awaking seldom comes before the slain are counted, for

“He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.”

The campaign had, so far, produced much dissatisfaction and doubt, as well as untold misery—a pitiful harvest, where the self-sown seeds were already yielding abundant fruits meet for repentance.

But now a terrible calamity overtook both the Navies and Armies of the Allies. On the 11th of November, Captain Mends\* in the *Agamemnon* makes this significant entry in his diary: “What a night we have had of it, with a terrible sea running.” Kelson Stothert’s letters, too, make frequent mention of the

\* Afterwards Admiral W. R. Mends, G.C.B.

1854 inclement weather. It continued variable and threatening till the 14th, when a great storm from the south swept sea and land with hurricane violence. The *Queen*, off the Katcha, was right in its teeth, and at its height the gale blew directly on to the shore, so that ships that parted their cables and could not steam out to sea were dashed to pieces on the rocks; and fourteen wrecks that bay alone claimed. The *Sampson* was dismasted in a moment owing to being fouled by two transports drifting on shore. At the mouth of the Belbec, where ships of the English and French Fleets were also at anchor, destruction and havoc prevailed. At Eupatoria, the devastation among the shipping was appalling.

Both inside and outside the harbour of Balaklava, the sea and land were strewn with wreckage, which was afterwards utilized for the construction of platforms for the Artillery guns. Transports containing necessities, as well as comforts, for the troops, were driven on shore and became wrecks, or went down almost before the danger could be realized. In the Roadstead the scene was one of wild confusion; vessels jammed together; riggings adrift or inextricably intertwined; bulwarks stove; boats riven; sails torn and masts broken. Terrible injuries were inflicted, for, while the tempest raged, the sailors were unable to protect themselves from inevitable catastrophes caused by the displacement of guns and heavy gear, and the falling of masts. Much valuable property was either lost or rendered useless.

Outside the Roadstead, the fury of the gale had spread destruction broadcast; ships had been driven on the rocks in the very sight of men who could lend no aid. The British lost the *Resolute*, which was filled with ammunition, and the *Prince*, filled with stores and much needed warm clothing. The French two-decker of 100 guns went ashore at Eupatoria, and the Turkish 90-gun ship went down with all on board.



On land old trees were torn up by the roots, and tent poles broken as though they had been toys. Even the wounded and sick in the hospital tents were for some hours without shelter, for the gale swept off whatever it could unship. Nearly one-half of the cavalry horses broke loose; \* the ground being in a state of slush and mud increased the difficulties tenfold. 1854

When the storm had somewhat subsided, Captain Ponsonby, of the steamer *Trent*, did splendid work in aiding those still in danger; volunteers at Balaklava were let down by ropes to reach the drowning sailors from the wrecks. For the gallant service done by those from the chaplain's disabled ship the Admiral signalled: "Well done, *Queen!*" though Kelson Stothert seems to think more of the action itself than the appreciation it won, as he does not mention the well-deserved praise.

His letters contain a vivid account of the calamity.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off the Katcha,

17th Nov., 1854.

I am very glad to hear that you are getting better.

We have had sad doings here during the last three days. Until yesterday afternoon it has been blowing furiously, and our tremendous Fleets have suffered the usual consequence of a lee shore in a gale of wind. Not a pretty thing to read of, and very troublesome to weather. The "oldest inhabitant" never experienced anything like it. During the squalls which every now and then blew through the rigging, some doomed ship snapped her cables and drifted helplessly on to the Cossack-lined beach. There are 13 ships on shore in this our anchorage, or rather were, for most of them are gone to pieces or have been burnt. The men-of-war suffered but little in comparison to the transports. Three French liners and our *London* lost their rudders. Ours is badly sprung, and although with three

\* "The War," page 266.—W. H. Russell.

1854 anchors down, we all dragged. It was a most anxious day and night, I can assure you. The *Sampson* has lost all three masts, and the Turkish Admiral is also dismayed. Our spars were well stayed, and all stood. During a lull in the gale Captain Michell obtained leave by signal to send boats to a wreck, which the sleepy old Admiral ought to have done long before by means of small steamers, who could "veer" their paddle boats astern with hawsers. A volunteer crew was quickly found for three boats, and, at great personal risk, they succeeded in reaching the wreck and bringing off a large portion of the frozen, half-starved crew, together with two women, the wives of soldiers. The Cossacks fired at our boats, and a ball went through the bonnet of a woman and killed a Blue-jacket of ours, passing right through his head. We have saved 80 men, including officers, and the *Fury* 20. The crew of the *Lord Raglan* are all prisoners, with the lieutenant agent who was on board. The crew of a boat from the *Ville de Paris* was taken by the Cossacks. The wrecks in this part are the *Lord Raglan*,\* the *Bodsley*, the *Pyrenees*, and the *Ganges*, all first-class ships and filled with stores. The rest here are French brigs, filled with horses. At Balaklava, I regret to say, the *Prince* steamer went down with 300 souls on board, and 210 men were lost besides out of the sailing transports, eight of which are totally destroyed and many more seriously injured.† At Eupatoria the *Danube* war steamer, the French *Henri Quatre* (70 guns), and a Turkish liner, with 20 transports (more or less, for reports have not been officially received from home) are lost. All the winter clothing for the troops, with vast stores of powder and provisions, are gone! The sailing ships are to go to Sinope, the birthplace of Diogenes and Mithridates, and I suppose the remaining transports also, so that the steamers will have to "battle the watch" by themselves. We would all willingly remain and share their risks if we might. I could not help reflecting on the solemn scene, and thinking how powerless we are, with all our art and all our science. "Be still and know that I am God" will be the subject of my next Sunday's sermon.

It will be a much longer time between each letter now that we are to be in Asia all the winter. I do hope you will all

\* By the presence of mind of the master of the *Lord Raglan*, she was "beached," and got off afterwards.

† The *Rip Van Winkle* went on to the rocks at Balaklava, and was lost with all hands.

write as frequently as you can, and send me books, stationery, and, if possible, half a dozen Christmas puddings and a lot of jam, pray do! Consign it to P. and B. Weare and Sons, Galata, Constantinople, and write to them to say when it leaves England.

Kindest love,  
Ever affectionately yours.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

20th November, 1854.

I am exceedingly anxious since I received Carry's letter giving me perhaps not an unfavourable account of my father, but still a sufficient impression to render me desirous of knowing how he is getting on. I do hope that the next mail may bring me satisfactory letters. Jenner wrote to me, telling me of the death of his brother Nicholas. I had seen it before in my paper, and so expected the tidings from him.

I have been able to glean more accurate intelligence of the late gale. Only 287 were lost at Balaklava, instead of 500 as we heard at first. It was the gross mismanagement that characterizes all our movements which was effective, in this instance also, in causing such a loss of life and property. None of these transports ought to have been anchored outside such a harbour as Balaklava. This disorganization reigns through everything, both in the navy and army. If Admirals have not ability, they are helpless in sudden action, where instant decision is as necessary as a big grasp of mind is essential to the making of a great general. A true commander is a man singled out by nature for his career. No amount of mental culture or professional knowledge will, by itself, constitute the effective commander-in-chief. A great chief, such as "The Duke," Nelson, or Napoleon, must have so sure a capacity for organization, and arrangement of detail, that he can retain or throw out his strength with effect at any moment, and must hold all this within himself, just as the wrist contains all the nerves and muscles, and complex machinery necessary for expanding the fingers at will, or giving full force to the hand. None of our Generals seem to be of this order. The French are better in this respect, partly from education, partly from instinct. Our men are as brave as they, but less effective. Fill an Englishman's stomach and take him to the field in a palanquin, and he will fight to the

1854 last with all the chivalry of the knights of old. The French are ever ready to adapt themselves to the circumstances of the times, full or empty, and do not disdain, if necessary, to run away. Our troops are warriors, theirs are soldiers.

We are going to Stamboul, as it is ascertained that our rudder is in such a bad condition it is impossible we can weather out another gale, so we are about to try the skill of the Turkish Dockyard. If we do go there (of course, nothing is certain but death and the taxes) I shall be able to search out some of my missing packages. My men at the Camp are preparing as well as they can to build themselves huts for the winter, with what success I am afraid to say. The ground in front of the batteries is covered with shot, so that it would be impossible to walk on it, even if the enemy permitted. Great jokes occur in the batteries. One of our Blue-jackets had made up his mind to jump the parapet and pick up a "Whistling Dick" \* a shell which had not yet exploded, and was supposed to have gone out. The sailor, in spite of remonstrances from his officer, leaped the parapet and advanced. Just as he approached, bang! went the shell. His messmate sprang out to pick up his remains, but there stood the man covered with dust, dirt, and gunpowder, but perfectly unhurt. "Ah," he said to his friend with a reproachful air, "Ah, Bill, that's what I call a breach of confidence."

The gun boats have answered badly, and are hardly seaworthy. When they were being constructed the builders pointed out the disadvantages of the design, but the Admiralty refused to allow the plans to be altered. The event has justified the forebodings of the builders. I was talking to my friend Eber as to the propriety of newspaper correspondents urging on the public all this disorganization, and failure from stupidity, but he says, the point has already engaged the attention of correspondents, who had decided that it was not advisable to make it as public as they could wish, lest it should prejudice our cause out here, among the enemy, who would gain fresh courage from our defections.

It is again blowing awfully, and promises to be a repetition of last week. I pray God, it may not be so.

\* \* \* \* \*

Some of Kelson Stothert's letters about this time,

\* A shell from a 13-inch mortar that had rings in which were hooks put to lift the shell into the mortar. As the shell went through the air these rings caused a whistling noise.

relating to the sufferings of the troops, were published in newspapers at home. An article descriptive of a certain action was the first on the subject which arrived at the *Times* office. For this he received a warm acknowledgment, and a blank cheque which he did not consider himself justified in using, as the small service had had its reward in the doing. In after years he regarded his literary labours from a different point of view. 1854

Living almost entirely upon bread (presumably not of the best quality) it would have been unreasonable to expect a healthy condition to be maintained. The dietary of the sick forty years ago was not the science it is to-day, and even had more been known about the various qualities of foods efficacious for precaution and cure, individual knowledge was rendered useless in the Crimea for lack of supplies.

On the 17th, another Russian ship of the line was brought to the mouth of Sevastopol harbour and sunk. To British captains this appeared a wanton waste, not unmingled with cowardice.\* Captain Michell, of the *Queen*, offered to try and break the boom by taking his beautiful three-decker at it under *all plain* sail, but the Admiral would not allow this attempt to be made.

Kelson Stothert's heart was with the Naval Brigade; he wanted to share their perils, and for their sakes, as well as his own, not to remain in what might be considered the safer position. It is this fine chivalrous spirit which, in action, increases the death roll of the officers, but also, in action, inspires the splendid courage shown by men who are confident their commanders will never lead into dangers without themselves taking the risks that are greatest.

\* Captain Mends remarks: "It appears to be done hurriedly. . . . Perhaps they fancied a breach had been made in their barrier by the gale; . . . it is very strange so to ruin their own harbour."—"Life of Admiral Mends," page 204.

The difficulty of getting from the ship to the camp increased as the weather became more winterly, and though the prospects for improving the condition of the army were almost desperate, and his health was enfeebled by frequent illness, he was looking forward with eager anxiety to being sent to that bleak ground to face the hardships and privations of his dauntless Blue-jackets.

Though never apathetic, the perpetual dance of death around him induced a wish to appear stoical. Did men not cultivate, during periods of warfare, the semblance of insensibility to the sufferings they have no means of assuaging, the natural pity inherent in almost every human breast, if not thus checked, would entail so much emotion that the accomplishment of stern duty would be impossible.

Fatal illnesses were now brief and frequent, and the overcrowded hospitals were fast filling newly-made graves. Kelson Stothert knew that at the front he would find work enough, and that, there, inaccurate reports and evil tidings would no longer chafe his spirit, for he would be where he wanted to be, in the thick of the fighting, hearing everything as it occurred, and able to help the poor fellows who might need the comfort he was ready to give. In his announcement of the appointment to his parents he does not underestimate the risk, but his satisfaction can be read between the lines.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

26th November, 1854.

I have been in great distress about you, but the letters of yesterday have reassured me. I go now with a cheerful and thankful heart as chaplain to the Naval Brigade upon the heights of Sevastopol. I have just written to say that letters may be sent to me there, but no! please address to H.M.S. *Diamond*, Balaklava, Black Sea Fleet. I have not a moment to spare. God bless you. Write soon.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

November 26th, 1854.

The order has just arrived for me to go to the camp. I do not think it my duty to excuse myself, for I fear greatly it would be difficult to find a substitute. The hardships will be very great, and it would be wrong if I did not view my position with grave anxiety. But, with God's help, I may evade sickness and danger. If not, His will be done!

Under date November 28th, 1854, the Log of the *Queen* contains the following entry:—

“Sent Reverend S. K. Stothert to *Diamond* to do duty as Chaplain to Naval Brigade.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE prolongation of the siege of Sevastopol was becoming incalculably depressing, for the gale had ushered in upon the invading Armies the most grievous period of the campaign. The victory of Inkerman having fixed a determined conquering spirit, the stubborn hardships, which were daily increasing, gave incessant opportunity for heroic endurance. But mismanagement and misfortune irritated the men, who could not see that matters were advancing. The troops were impatient to be at the assault, and to turn their backs upon a country that had proved deadly to so many of their comrades. It was said that the Russian troops also were so sick of the circumstances of a tardy siege that very considerable inducements had now to be held out to them to persevere. Service could only have been half-hearted under generals who were averse to harassing their operations by care of the wounded, and who deemed it better economy to procure new soldiers than to be at the expense of curing those whom fighting and pestilence had disabled.

The siege work greatly consisted in constructing strong entrenchments, and this involved exposure to bitter winds, snow and rain. The Allies were at the last extremity for clothing. It had not been foreseen that ships freighted with winter garments would be destroyed; and another unreckoned calamity emphasised the privation, for water, which could not be drained, filled the trenches, and in them the once sturdy



flower of England's soldiery had to suffer through long hours of duty that frequently ended in prostration and death, and from which few escaped unharmed. It is doubtful whether the troops, who had to face so much unmitigated misery, would have been at all consoled could they have realised that they were making history. Man is so constituted that a mental vision rarely renders him oblivious to the needs of his body, nor, indeed, can the hunger of the soul be appeased by mere material well-being. While experiencing every phase of squalid undoing, the British soldier in the Crimea, like Luther, proved himself "a right piece of human valour," and, even when the hand of Death was upon him, he was rarely seen to falter.

Tents not having arrived, Lord Raglan sent officers to Constantinople to obtain wood, and the necessary tools for making huts; but, when these were landed, the difficulty of getting the material up to the various encampments was almost insuperable. The loss of the stores at sea made it necessary to reduce rations, and this increased the prevalence of sickness.

Although orders resulted in contracts, there was frequent detention of stores ere ships could be procured to convey them; and detention, too, *en route*, while the confusion about transshipment and freights, caused immense delay. In the Levant cattle and other native supplies could be occasionally procured at reasonable cost; but the scarcity of transport had there also to be met, steamers being absolutely necessary for live stock. It was all too apparent that the ordinary crew did not care to encounter the terribly stormy winter weather of the Black Sea, and the prices of freights rose proportionately; and, even when the ships arrived at Bala-klava, as they were unloaded in their turns, the most urgently-needed stores had often to remain in the holds for weeks (either in or outside the port) for lack of room to unship cargo.

There were certain places in the harbour reserved

1854 for the different disembarkations, cattle, of course, being landed where there was most room to spare. The sick, destined for the Bosphorus hospitals, had one portion to themselves; and there was also an ordnance wharf for munitions, ordnance stores, and shell. The confusion often made men despair, the want of organisation here being keenly felt by all concerned, though certain commanders eventually forced the untoward conditions into working order; but their success was more owing to their personal energy in making the best of circumstances, than to the forethought of the home Government. Unable to conjure back what the gale had destroyed, they hastened the despatch of stores to the front, when it was in their power to do so; but this was daily becoming more impossible.

The rains had made the much-trodden ground a mud track, where wheels had now to be abandoned, and baggage animals were soon either killed outright by overwork and underfeeding, or so used up that they could do no more. Men, as tired as their horses, had to turn them into a yard eighteen inches deep in mud; there were no stable-keepers apart from the drivers,\* and naturally the men thought more of their own utter exhaustion than of the needs of the dumb, hungry beasts of burden, looking pitifully at each other for the sympathy their masters had no strength to give.

A few days of such labour reduced the number of available horses incredibly. Hay did not arrive, and the toil, wet, and lack of food, killed them off quickly. The hay was probably lying in the transports, while the poor brutes were perishing close to their cure.

A road (metalled but not strategic, for, though it was wanted for the purposes of siege preparation, it was more sorely needed for the commissariat transport) over the Col now was a vital necessity. Sir John Burgoyne estimated that a thousand men

\* "The Crimean War," page 167.—Admiral Sir Leopold Heath, K.C.B.



COMMISSARIAT DIFFICULTIES IN CRIMEAN MUD.



could not construct it in even three months, so, after the 14th of November, the work was relegated to Turks, but cold and rain, fever and dysentery, quickly decimated their ranks; unfed and unsheltered, their attempt was a failure. Had a sufficient number of the Sultan's soldiers, supervised by British contractors and officers, been engaged two months previously for this undertaking, the emergency might have been overcome; but the emergency had not been foreseen, and, alas, there were no British officers then, or now, to spare. There was not a single regiment that was fully officered. Colonel Patterson, of the 3rd Buffs, for a time, had to perform the duties of six colonels as best he could.

Kinglake considers that Lord Raglan might have urged upon the French to man part of his siege works, in order to have released those who could have aided the road-makers. The Commander-in-Chief stated that he had gone as far as was politic in trying to get Canrobert to take up part of the position of occupation, and the historian infers that to have pressed the French general more than he had done, for an adjustment of the toil of the siege work between his own diminished troops and the reinforced French army (reinforced by troops brought in British transports), might have imperilled the object for which the Allies were striving. It was openly said that, at this period, some of their work (notably Bosquet's) was actually of comparatively small value, while that which was imposed on the British was imperative. There was no small degree of callous selfishness in Canrobert's reluctance to give relief, which, though his sick were also very numerous, his reinforcements would have rendered possible.\*

Kinglake states that before the end of December warm clothing for the troops arrived at Balaklava, but there was no means of getting it up to the different

\* Sir Arthur Blackwood wrote about this time: "Our men are literally worked to death, and, compared with the French, are an army of scarecrows."↓

1854 Divisions, as already every arm of the service was overtaxed, and impoverished in numbers. Another writer\* remarks, “. . . . Balaklava, where we saw the urgently needed stores rotting in the mud.”

It is almost impossible to imagine what men must have suffered in despair as, the hour before going to the trenches for all-night duty, they watched for the food which did not arrive, because, perchance, the messengers (for men were now the beasts of burden) carrying the meat up from Balaklava, had succumbed on the track, or—surely a pitiful sight—when it arrived too late to be cooked for them. It is not easy to realise the misery of the dreary march with the ghastly feeling of inanition and hunger, and the certainty of increasing weakness and distress as the night wore on.

Lord Raglan heard about this time that the Government intended sending out 300 navvies to construct a railroad from Balaklava to the front, but the navvies did not arrive in time to avert the evils of the winter lack of transport.

There were variations in the capacity and numbers of the different regiments: † the 7th Royal Fusiliers had a colonel whose energy and resource were equal to the feat of arranging that bāt horses and officers' horses, not engaged in outpost duty, should, at least, attempt this burden bearing. And that Lacy Yea (we have heard before of him and his invincible Fusiliers at Alma) succeeded, was proved by the measure of comfort his men experienced during the worst of the winter, though there is no description extant of the way their supplies were dragged through the eight miles of mud and mire. Probably the belated Rough Riders could have told some curious tales of how they, instead

\* Sir Edmund Verney.

† On January 6th, the 63rd Regiment had only 52 rank and file at the morning's parade, and on the 9th that number was reduced to 7! It went out from England 1,080 strong.”—“Letters from Head Quarters,” page 47, vol. ii.

of the horses, had had to do the work. It must have been a sorry errand, if the poor fellows were of those unfortunate recipients of boots so tight that their wearers could not take them off, lest, because of swelled feet, it would be impossible again to put them on.\*

The French had comparatively an easy task in arranging for the transport of their supplies. With space and convenience for disembarkation, and a good road (which they themselves had constructed) from Kamiesh to their camps, food and munitions were assured; but their sickness was terrible. The French régime was very scanty, and the strongest of their soldiers were easy preys to zymotic complaints. The camps on undrained ground were exposed to the rigours of an unusually severe winter, and the bits of canvas raised by sticks above the ground were miserable shelter in the cruel nights. The sufferings from frostbite and scurvy were appalling. The majority of writers on the campaign attribute the prevalence of the latter disease to the lack of vegetables, but a different opinion may, perhaps, be permitted. In a northern climate health cannot be maintained on a vegetable diet; but strength and endurance result, under even extreme conditions of cold, from eating little else but fresh animal food. In the winter temperature of the Chersonese, commissariat makeshifts produced lowered vitality, liability to blood poisoning, and gangrene, while there was no possibility of sufficiently strong recuperative effort to ensure recovery. Even when vegetables arrived the soldiers had not the energy to fetch them from the port, which indicated that much more nutritious food was actually the need of the hour. A strong distaste to their

\* "One poor fellow of the 7th committed suicide when on sentry by blowing his brains out with his firelock. He told a comrade shortly before, that he was determined to put an end to himself, as he could not stand the hard work and the severity of the weather any longer."—*Ibid.* page 57, vol. ii.

1854 meagre and monotonous diet\* must have been engendered when General Canrobert's gift of a ration of bread to the English soldiers, was received by them with enthusiastic acclamation. "The shifts men and officers were put to in order to obtain artificial heat, were, to say the least, cunning, old tin kettles being used as braziers." Large numbers of tent, or hut stoves, were left unsheltered on the wharf; they were perfectly useless because there was no fuel, no means of procuring it either; it was extremely difficult to get enough for the cooking stoves, even roots had to be dug up for this purpose.

The Blue-jackets were more resourceful than the soldiers. In December the *Sanspareil* engineers cleverly invented what had long been sorely needed—a coffee roasting machine. Why roasted coffee, instead of green, was not sent out was inexplicable, but eventually this blunder was rectified. It was not the Commissariat Department only that was grossly defective. Disorganization prevailed throughout the whole administration; it was stated that when the troops got on board the new troopship, *Megara* (built by the Admiralty), they found there were no racks for their arms. On a system, where such mistakes were committed in all its branches, it is hardly a matter of surprise that the daily tragedy enacted in the trenches made but slow effect. Signally failing in its simplest duties, the attention of the country was at length drawn to it. Uninitiated into the mysteries of office, and aggravated by the supineness of Governmental well-meaning servants, the country, whose heart was torn by grief for loss and failure, had the discrimination, which sorrow had made keen, to know where the fault lay; and, with a sharpened sense of injustice, gave practical evidence of its earnestness, and its tender

\* "The troops frequently eat their meat raw from want of firewood to cook it, and lately four pounds of meat only have been issued to 15 men—men who only get one night in five free from guard or trenches."—"Life of Admiral Mends," page 230.



sympathy for the brave and innocent victims of a decrepit routine.

In the following letters some account is given of the various sorties which, during December, proved so harassing to both sides. In them also Kelson Stothert writes of his own sufferings in the brave spirit he manifested throughout the campaign, making as light as possible of severe attacks of illness, and dwelling more on the plans for the work he had so much at heart than upon his own ailments.

TO MR. LYTTON (AFTERWARDS THE EARL OF LYTTON).

H.M.S. *Diamond*,  
Balaklava, Black Sea Fleet,  
December 2nd, 1854.

I have been transferred, *pro tempore*, to this ship, which now forms my headquarters. My present appointment is that of chaplain to the Naval Brigade on the heights of Sevastopol, so that for the future, if my life be spared, I shall be able to give you news from the front.

We have lately constructed a new work, which was opened the night before last, and commenced a very efficient fire on the dockyard creek. It is to the extreme left of our lines, and to the extreme right of the French position.

I was in the Green Hill battery when the first gun was fired, and the Russians replied to it instantly in the most spirited manner, but with little effect, the shot falling either short or far beyond the mark. They appear to have no idea of the *aurea mediocrites*; the golden mean, however, is as requisite in gunnery as to the composition of the most palatable "half and half."

The whole ground to the rear of the batteries is strewn with shot and shell, some of the latter being fifteen inches in diameter. It is a difficult matter to avoid the shot when descending the hill to the batteries. Our men dread the mortars more than anything else. The French advanced post is now close to the Russian outworks, and the intervening distance is mined by both combatants, so the daily fire is nothing to what will come eventually. Colonel Somerset, in my presence, stated that we should eat our Christmas dinner at Sevastopol. I hope and trust devoutly it may be so.

We are all of us very busy now making huts for the winter. My own is a masterpiece of architecture ; certainly not equal to an English cow-shed, but above the grade of an ordinary potato-pit. At present I am on board this ship—the hospital ship of the Brigade—for the sake of nursing a bad attack of low fever and influenza. I am writing in bed ; I fear you will hardly be able to decipher the caligraphy.

This morning the Russians made a sortie upon a work the Rifles had taken a few days since. They were repulsed, I am happy to say, with a slight loss upon our side. This is really the only news from the camp. The ground is saturated with wet, and my tent is in a puddle. Cholera too, I regret to say, has again broken out virulently.

When anything important really occurs, if you wish you shall hear about it from me.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Diamond*,

Balaklava, Black Sea Fleet,

December 2nd, 1854.

I am here on the sick list already, but it is only a very severe cold and cough. I arrived in the *Industry*, and the stupid commander would not give me a boat to come on board. Not being well at the time (I had not quite got over a slight attack of cholera and its consequent fever), I caught a very bad chill by having to sleep on a chest on deck. A walk to the camp up to my knees in mud, a night in a hut dug out of the side of a hill, and a walk back in mud, mud, mud, sent me to bed, and very glad I am to have a bed. These are trifles to us, but exceedingly horrible, I dare say, to you. There is very little the matter.

The Russians made a sortie to-day, and did us some damage, but not much. Two nights ago I went to one of our advanced batteries, distant 1,500 yards from the town, and had a fine view of Sevastopol. All the houses are unroofed. I could not stay long on the look out, for, as my companion and I stood on a gun above the parapet, the enemy fired at us, and the gunners made us come down ; so I cannot give you a very grand account of the place. By Christmas I hope I shall know more. The hill side above the town is covered thickly with shot and shell ; it is rather exciting to have to look out for the shot when a gun is fired from the Russians, and to avoid it if possible. Fancy having to walk down the field



BLUEJACKETS IN BATTERY. LEFT ATTACK.



with 130 cannon on the top of Smallcombe Wood. The men in the batteries at night take it very coolly. They smoke, make coffee, soup, etc., and read books. When I am well I shall have a Sunday evening service there.

Will you ask Mr. East to make application for me somewhere for 1,500 bibles, and as many prayer books as he can get. If they come out by January they will be very useful: if they cannot be shipped so as to reach then, never mind. They must be directed to the Chaplain of the Naval Brigade, H.M.S. *Diamond*, Balaklava, Black Sea Fleet, and sent by P. and O. boats to H.M.S. *Queen*. The men cannot sell them here, and, having no other books, there are several chances that they will read them.

If you can send me a chest full of potted meats (not delicacies, but beef tongues, soup, etc.), it will help to keep me alive, for often rations do not reach us at the camp for two days together. I want an English saddle and bridle, an old saddle and surcingle, and a stout horse-rug. Topsy's will do. My two parishes are eight miles apart, and I have been nearly killed already in the transit. For myself please send me also two rugs lined with oilskin. This is a letter of wants. I am writing in bed, and have only time to say how glad I am my father is so much better.

kindest love to all.

\* \* \* \* \*

P.S.—My letters for the future will be somewhat short, I fear.

I have come to the conclusion that patience *is* a virtue; since I have been ill the Scotch doctors at the hospital have sent for a Free Church clergyman, who does chaplain's duty there, contrary to the rules of the Service. The Scotchmen laugh, and think they have done the parson!

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Balaklava,

Dec. 21st, 1854.

I have just received your letters, which have been delayed for a long time; these are the first I have had for three weeks.

I have now quarters on shore in the town, and they are very remarkable, two rooms over a stable with open floors and broken windows, saturated by filth, and pervaded by smells

worse than Russian. Still it is more convenient than living in a tent, for I have joined myself to an active army chaplain, and now visit the naval hospital ship, the marine hospital ship, the sick in transports, and my own camp seven miles away. Unless you send me out a bridle and saddle from England, I must walk there. The campaign will probably last another six months, and, if it is over before, the saddle will be valuable to me. Send me out a large pair of *best* English spurs as well.

I am very anxious to get a good supply of tracts for my sick people, and have written to Mr. East about it. Pray give him directions how to send them, for I like your idea, although Grace is a great rogue (he is an acquaintance of mine), and is just as likely to lose parcels as anyone else. The general plan is the one usually practised in the way of business. The secret of the safety of Sir John Campbell's parcels is this: he is a general officer, I only a chaplain of brigade. No post-captain in the Fleet ever loses anything, but every other officer has been systematically robbed by steamers and transports. What a benighted place Bath must be. Chobham shirts are only those flannel shirts which are worn in camp, and at home by dandy cricket players. I have no doubt that you will find there are thousands in Bath when you see those from London. I want warm clothes sadly—warm drawers, warm stockings, warm coats, and boots over the knee, with thickest soles. We never can have our feet dry walking or riding through mud knee deep. I am afraid our clerical friends at home, if they saw our clergy here, would be rather scandalised. A dirty white choker, one a week; coat (only one, the apostolic number) with standing collar; M.B. waistcoat up to the throat for warmth, and to hide the flannel shirt; boots up to the knee, and beard and moustache of Oriental length; hats such as can be found. Two precise Oxford men recently came out as volunteer chaplains; but their beauty soon became dimmed, and their ecclesiastical personal lustre as dull as their unblackened boots. They are, however, doing good work, and are capital fellows, wanting only a little flexibility.

Reinforcements are arriving daily, but unless we have at least a thousand a week our cause is hopeless. We hear that Parliament has met; but I see no papers now, and am quite as ignorant of the state of Europe as the dullest Tartar in the Crimea. I have written a letter to little Boyle upon the subject you mentioned. Doubtless a man-of-war is a fearful place for any human soul to live and struggle in, but many good and excellent men are to be found there, and we have got to the

point of public worship being decently performed, and religion not openly scoffed at. The boy was quite wrong in asserting what he did. Pray state so much to A. K. No one can be prevented from offering up his devotions in secret, nor from joining, heart and soul, in public worship. A little thought would show this, but some people do not always discriminate. Besides, his own companions are exceedingly well educated, nice boys, of whom I am very fond, and who, I am sure, are not of the character attributed to them. It must have been a mistake on A. K.'s part. Little can be done, as you know, on board a large and hastily-manned ship like the *Queen*. Old men-of-war's men, taught in the ship's schools when boys, are often most praiseworthy people; but in time of war ships *must* be manned. Indifferent cabdrivers, bargemen, merchant seamen, citizens, labourers, are all taken in, and each does his best to contribute to the little hell upon earth a ship at such a time contains. A chaplain's work is like the charge of the British cavalry upon the Russians' guns at Balaklava; still, now and then, thank God, streaks of sunshine break in through the clouds.

\* \* \* \* \*

Piety is a good old Latin word. It means, in its first sense, love towards father or mother; in its later meaning, love towards our Father in heaven.

Perhaps about June next, if I live so long, I may come home again. The Naval Brigade will, it is said, be released from their labours, and the survivors brought back in the *Albion* about that time. The Army, or rather the artillery and engineers, are very jealous of them, for they do all the heavy work in the trenches, being the only persons capable of "knocking about" the big guns. I wish they had not the reputation of being such a ruffianly set. They go by the name of the "Naval Brigands." But their sufferings are very great. They are badly supplied with food, and every morsel they eat has to be carried many miles. This is, of course, in addition to sometimes thirty-six hours in the trenches, snatching rest as they can.

Yesterday the French made a reconnaissance towards the right of Balaklava, but the Russians were on it very rapidly, and the cavalry retired after firing a few shots. Last night the Russians made a sortie upon our lines to the right and left attacks, and surprised the 37th, leaping down upon them and destroying their blankets, or rather walking off with them. These were recruits, and it was their first night in the trenches!

The 50th, on the left, were suddenly attacked, their sentry stabbed, and about forty men killed. The Russians were easily repulsed, but three officers on our side are missing, and one has since died. The affair occurred about two o'clock in the morning.

I am going, as I told you, to live in Balaklava for a time, but am now suffering from a slight attack of camp fever. It is very slight, and I shall be well to-morrow.

I have no news, except that I am filled with anxiety to be strong for my work, my Blue-jackets, and my services.

    Kindest love to all.

        Ever affectionately yours.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE new year did not begin auspiciously for the Allies. Although, at the end of December, a French loan, of men and horses, had aided the weaker Army in getting up shot and shell, as well as provisions, to the front, the numbers of the troops were now diminishing so fast, it would not have been unreasonable if they had altogether retired from the contest.

Reinforcements partially made up for the terrible devastation of carnage and disease, but they were mostly composed of young recruits, easy preys to the maladies prevalent in the camps, and mortality was very great amongst these untried soldiers; indeed, many only landed to be at once stricken.

The besiegers had a practically inexhaustible enemy, to whom, while perforce almost at a standstill themselves, they were giving the time he needed for skilful and strenuous preparation to resist the most determined onslaught. While cholera, typhus, and other malignant forms of sickness, were sweeping the British and French ranks, the Russians were increasing the strength of their fortress; pushing forward their boundary lines; constructing new earthworks; harassing the invaders; and also bringing in reinforcements from their armies in the field. But a singular fact remains an unanswered problem: no gigantic offensive action from Sevastopol was attempted, nor any really important attack upon the trenches, which were, at this

time, guarded only by 350 men.\* The defensive attitude cost the Tsar less than it would have done to risk another Inkerman. While remaining comparatively quiescent his military prestige was not endangered, but the condition of the Allies was so deplorable, an irresistible sortie might well have been effected.

The modern British custom of sending frank despatches from Headquarters, supplemented by the publicity given to every detail by newspaper correspondents, proved an Intelligence Department of great value to the enemy. From this source he was made aware of the dwindling armies opposed to his forces, and that February and March, which, with grim humour, the Tsar named his best generals, would claim unnumbered victories; and, from the published opinions of English and French military experts, he must also have received by telegraph, from his spies in the West of Europe, many varied suggestions as to the modes by which the schemes of the Allies could be best circumvented.

At one period of the campaign somewhat contemptuous judgment was expressed about the Russian Fleet having been shut up in the Roadstead of Sevastopol, but, in this apparently magnificent blunder, there was an element of sagacious forethought, for the long range guns of the naval ships in the harbour incessantly tormented the camps and working parties of their enemies.

The besieged had every conceivable advantage for carrying out their plans; the town was an enormous arsenal which contained all the tools requisite for their purpose, as well as thousands of hardy labourers well accustomed to make use of them. Moreover the engineering command was vested in Colonel de Todleben, whose consummate skill might well be trusted not to neglect a single item in the preparation for a

\* "The Coldstream Guards in the Crimea," page 218.—Lieut.-Col. Ross-of-Bladensburg, C.B.

mighty resistance. Mines and counter-mines, batteries, earthworks, and rifle pits were vigorously planned, and guns placed in every tenable position where their fire could spread most destruction. He lost not an hour of the precious time the Allies had no choice but to give. Though the French professed readiness for an immediate assault, our batteries were not complete, and, as the roads were quagmires, the necessary munitions could not be brought up from the quays,\* so the only practical course was to abide events, and to prolong the siege, within range of an enemy, who, having men and guns he could have brought to bear on any of the besiegers' weak defences, fortunately remained, for the most part, sternly on the defensive.

It is true that in the middle of January snow was so deep, communications between Sevastopol and the interior were cut off, and the supplies of food reduced. The sick in the town were very numerous, and it was stated that at Batches Serai, where Prince Gortchakoff and his Divisions held the road to the Centre of the Empire, the place was full of houses turned into hospitals. The sufferings also of the Russian troops were great, and there was very inadequate medical aid provided.

But the January death roll of the British Army in 1855 was the most appalling of the campaign ;† and the reasons were not far to seek : bad feeding, and, when snow or rain held sway, scant rations ; sentry work ; duty in trenches where loathsome diseases lurked ; never-ending toil, and always inadequate rest ; and no protection from the severity of the climate, except that which was afforded by the most dilapidated

\* We learn from Admiral Heath (who was at the time doing strenuous labour at Balaklava) that on the 22nd December 300 mules arrived. He states also : "The roads are so bad that at one part it took 60 horses to get a gun over."—*"Letters from the Black Sea,"* pages 130-131.

† It rose to 3,168 (page 216), the number of sick to 23,076 (page 225).—"The Crimea in 1854 and 1894."—General Sir Evelyn Wood.

garments. "Uniforms," tells Sir Evelyn Wood, "threadbare and ragged, in some cases patched with sandbags filched from the engineering stores in the batteries." It was little marvel that sickness during this month grew more and more rife, sickness, too, which had often to be ignored till its victims fell prone at their labours. Short shrift for the bravest, while the deaths and burials alone would have kept the most buoyant in a parlous state.

Lord Raglan, whose unerring insight had foreseen many of his present difficulties, was now frequently blamed for the results of unmanageable and irreconcilable conditions. He was, however, too inherently high-minded to retaliate upon the Government that had put him into a position where he was expected to compass the impossible, which was left for his critics to accomplish—with their pen.

The colonels, generals, and brigadiers, were almost all either dead, wounded, or sick. On January 26th Sir Arthur Blackwood, in describing the state to which the Army was reduced, wrote: "The Guards, about 1,500 strong, have 500 in hospital."

And the brave gallants of Merrie England did not belie their renown. Some of them were very cheery over their own discomforts and hardships, but sorely depressed on account of their men, and the poor stricken transport carriers they passed on their road to the port; for it is always more unbearable to witness suffering that cannot be assuaged than to endure it. A brave man can generally find courage enough to struggle through his own Slough of Despond, but to see others striking out to save themselves in vain, that is ever the true *viâ crucis*. The squalid conditions to which a noble army was subjected must have suggested strange mental questionings to those concerned, about the Government that was responsible, and, in their despair, about the Eternal Justice which permitted such apparently

useless waste of dear human life. In actual fighting it is doubtful whether men can think consecutively on any subject, but in the slow and weary days of a disastrous siege, involuntarily thought, and feeling also, must be embittered. The tasks of those who had temporary immunity from wounds and disease were colossal; certain emergencies had to be met, and it fell to their lot to meet them, and they had also to bear the strain of witnessing the sufferings of dying comrades who would not give in till resistance too was absolutely vanquished.

For his necessities man must labour and endure, but when he has to fight in quarrels he may not understand, or, understanding, may regard with the contempt they merit, it is a galling irony, if he has also to fight to satisfy his necessities, as in the case of the Allies in the Crimea.

The troops who perform much of the imperative work of a campaign, knowing they cannot all personally receive acknowledgment commensurate with their achievements, have to fall back on the broader incentives of duty, patriotism, and valour. Only here and there is a man in the ranks ever singled out for distinction, and collective praise is but sorry reward. There can be no doubt that consciousness of the importance of his most strenuous individual efforts to the success of the general plan, makes the British soldier what he is in time of war—unswerving in devotion to duty, and heroic in the cruellest straits.

In the ethics, as well as the practice of warfare, it is found that the monotony of misery which a siege often entails proves more trying to all concerned than the stress and strain of military action; but each experience in turn evoked in the officers during the Crimean campaign ideal soldierly qualities. There were notable instances where their courage and self-denying endurance inspired in their comrades, and in their troops, a confidence almost akin to hope, and

certain of them disdained to parade the serious impression made by events upon their minds.

The gift of humour enables its possessor to get a wide perspective of each occurring circumstance, and often prompts him with a due sense of proportion, to ignore the pessimism of his fellows, and to make the best of every situation. In the 71st Regiment there was a typical young officer who could always be relied upon to cheer the sick and sorry by his own inherent gaiety and hopeful temperament. George Campbell, son of Sir Donald, 16th captain of Dunstaffnage, did not belie the brave character of his race. He died in 1869, but it was long a tradition how his kindly mirth had invariably brought distraction to the down-hearted; how "handsome George" had regarded all the mishaps of that gruesome winter from a bright and humorous point of view; and how, though his own privations were severe enough, he had found in them constant provocation to whet his wit. Big, alert, and strong, when serving with the Turkish contingent, on one occasion Campbell, perceiving two wounded Osmanli in a very exposed position under fire, darted across the space which separated, and lifting one in each hand by his clothes, carried both men through the fire to safety. "Never," wrote General Gildea, a week before his death, forty years after the Crimean War, "do I remember a handsomer fellow, or a better comrade, than George Campbell. His fascination was marvellous." And many there were who shared his noble task of warding off foes stern as the Muscovite, though of a subtler and more insidious kind.

Towards the end of January the weather became drier, so the ground being harder, advantage was taken to get stores up from the port. Timber also was conveyed, though with indescribable difficulty, to the camps for the huts.

On the 27th, the first shipload of navvies for the



GEORGE CAMPBELL OF DUNSTAFFNAGE,  
71st REGIMENT.  
FROM A MINIATURE.





construction of the railroad, arrived at Balaklava. Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts had arranged with the Government to lay a line between the port and the front, and to take no profits.

Rear-Admiral Boxer, of whom Lord George Paget said: "A more hard working old sailor never lived, nor a better abused," now succeeded Captain Heath, at Balaklava, but the appointment was not a desirable one for an energetic commander, as he had to take upon himself so much of the blame of inevitable hindrances to efficient service. There was actually no means on the confined wharf to disembark cargo, and even when it could be done the transport continually failed.\*

We have Sir Edmund Lyon's authority for the statement that freights were occasionally re-shipped to make room on the very inadequate landing. Although warm clothing was in great quantities at the port the end of January, it was some time before anyone benefitted from the much-needed consignments.

The French works commanded the suburbs, but formidable defences were rapidly increasing in every part of Sevastopol. It now became absolutely imperative that our Ally should take more of the toil which our own soldiers had hitherto performed, and at length Canrobert gave our overtaxed troops some relief by allowing his own to do the duty of the pickets and guards to the right of the Careenage Ravine, a considerable help to Lord Raglan, for this outpost duty had been singularly hard and continuous.

The British advanced works were subjected to harassing skirmishes; cannonades were nightly entertainments; and the firing was often heaviest during the

\* Mr. Fielder says that he proposed for a regular organized transport at the Horse Guards before coming out, but the idea was pooh-poohed. The want of it has been the death of half the cavalry and artillery horses . . . . . Often the men in fatigue parties of 600 or 800 have to go down every day to bring the salt meat up on their backs.—"Life of Sir Arthur Blackwood," page 79.

darkness, when the enemy's sorties proved very disastrous ; the frequent alarms made necessary rest a mere name. It is almost inconceivable how yearningly the worn and weary men on duty must have looked forward to a few hours of undisturbed oblivion in sleep, which they rarely, or never, now enjoyed.

At two o'clock on the morning of February 20th, Sir Colin Campbell, with the Highland Division ("the 71st Regiment in advance"),\* the Brigade of Guards, with Artillery and Cavalry, marched towards the Russian entrenched position on the Tchernaya. The worst snow-storm of the winter met them on their way ; they were nearly frozen ; and all but lost in a snow drift. It had been planned that General Bosquet, with a large force from Inkerman, should join them on the heights near the Tractir Bridge, but he failed to face the weather ; and they had to retire. General Vinoy, hearing of their straits, with 2,500 troops, Zouaves and others, started at daylight and covered their retreat. Had the 1,400 Russians known the helpless state this body of their enemy was in—field guns cased in ice, rifle barrels choked with snow and sleet, and hands absolutely numb and unable to load or fix bayonets—coming warm out of their own underground huts, they would doubtless have made all the poor fellows prisoners. The fact that Sir Colin Campbell in his will left General Vinoy his pistols (worth £500), in recognition of his timely assistance, is significant of his appreciation.

After 14 hours' struggling, the Expedition got back to Balaklava, to find all their camp blown down and buried in a field of virgin snow. Four hundred of the force went into hospital with frost bites. A few days ago a certain gallant general told the writer that both his ears had been frozen on that luckless march.

The French now commenced constructing a road from Kadikoi, by way of the cavalry camp, up to the

\* "Letters from Headquarters," page 152.

front, for, the use of the British. They lent mule litters, too, to convey the sick down to the port.

“They are doing everything for us. Their ambulance wagons take down our sick, their artillery bring up our shells, and their fatigue parties are making a road out of Balaklava for us. One thing is to be said, they have 50,000 and we but 20,000 men, while our line of attack is fully as long as theirs.”

wrote Sir Arthur Blackwood, who did not conceal his chagrin that our army had to be indebted for favours to a sometimes unwilling Ally.

Between Kaldikoi and Balaklava the scum of the East settled itself in huts, and nothing could have been more effectual for the demoralization of those troops who frequented the Babel. There were vendors of everything no one needed; and innumerable importunate sellers of useless superfluities to tempt the unwary. All nationalities were represented; every type of liar, cheat, and rogue had here his unlicensed booth, where excitement often ran high, and where the offscourings of effete and young civilizations needed no reconnoissance to lure a willing prey into their ruinous clutches.

And meanwhile our chaplain has good reason to be distressed in mind, body, and estate, and writes frankly enough to his people of the pitiful experiences of chaplains in general, and of his own rueful lot in particular.

TO HIS BROTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

January 5th, 1855.

Your first letter gave me great hopes that I should see you before long, and I trust that the happiness will not be much delayed.

I do not live above my income, restricted as it is.

I have not seen nor heard of the twelve tug boats, but these

are the kinds I recommended you to try and build. They will always sell. I am going a pilgrimage to Baidar (a long way), to see Eber, and to make some enquiries about the Danube navigation.

Report says we open fire again to-morrow; I do hope it is so, for we are all weary of this life of inactivity.

Were you able to pay for me the Oxford people? I am suffering to-day. You must excuse this, for I have had to lie all the morning, and have more letters to write.

Ever affectionately yours.

TO HIS BROTHER.

January 12th, 1855.

I was exceedingly glad to have a letter from you, but was troubled at your bad spirits. You certainly have a great deal to contend with—your inexperience and other deficiencies (which time alone will make up to you) must stand in your way. But take heart. You have a good chance; great caution and strong determination will carry you through. If you can hold out ten years you will have conquered most of your difficulties.

I thank you greatly for your offer to lend me money. I will not accept it just now, but when I return home, or have the living, I will then ask you, if you are in a position to lend. Could I borrow sufficient money to pay off my creditors, from a reasonable person, I could return it at so much a year, but these people give no law, and what with interest, etc., etc., I really find it impossible to arrange anything. Now I am here I have no money to give them, for I get no pay and am perfectly penniless.

I have been very ill with gastric fever and dysentery, brought on by over exertion and anxiety of mind, and am now sent down to Constantinople for change of air. I hope to be able to return to the Crimea in ten days or a fortnight. There is an immensity of work to be done in the clerical line. I have 300 sick always on hand. In the army 1,400 a week is the average number. Nor can this be wondered at. Men get no regular rations, always something missing, now tea, now beef, now pork; and green coffee is given them with no fuel to roast it. The soldiers have no huts, no warm clothing, no stout boots, and so great is their misery that very frequently they have been known deliberately to stretch themselves out on the wet ground to die. Is not this horrible?

I cannot understand the infatuation of people at home for our Commander-in-Chief. He is far too old and cold to please the army, the greater part of whom have not seen him. He rarely stirs out, and in times of great distress (as in the late gale, when all the tents were blown down) this negligence, in the opinion of some, becomes almost a crime. A few words of encouragement from him would do a great deal.\*

Omar Pasha is about to land 40,000 Turkish troops on the north side of Sevastopol. We do not expect much from them. It would be far better if our Government paid the French Emperor for 50,000 disciplined soldiers.

I do not expect under ordinary circumstances to be home for another year, that is if I live so long, which in this climate is more than doubtful.

TO HIS SISTER.

Beicos,

Constantinople,

Jan. 25th, 1855.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is said nothing is to be done at Sevastopol until April, but, judging from the number of dead horses just beneath the surface, and the number of men and horses on the battle-fields not buried at all, by that time the plague will most likely have carried off the army.

The Russians fire on the burying parties, the brutes. When General Cathcart's funeral was taking place, they aimed a shell at the clergyman, whose surplice afforded an excellent mark. The shell burst thirty yards from him, an eye-witness told me. He never moved a muscle nor lost a tone of his voice, and looked unconscious of the circumstance.

So much for custom and courage!

\* This statement must have been based on hearsay. In "Letters from Headquarters" there is constant mention of Lord Raglan going out to visit the different Divisions. One entry is specially significant: "Lord Raglan, with his usual kindness and forethought, has been oftener lately to the 3rd Division than any other, on account of the extreme sickness that has prevailed in it." The Commander-in-Chief shunned ostentation, and was frequently misrepresented because of his reticence and self-repression.

TO HIS BROTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Feb. 4th, 1855.

I wrote to you on my passage down here, but whether or not you received my message I do not know. I am getting better, but am still very shaky. A long walk, or a dinner better or later than usual, makes me ill for days. Do not say anything about all this, however, at home. I hope you are getting well into the saddle and pulling along strongly.

My Irish friend, whom I still admire and correspond with, is going to be married to a Scotch gentleman of fortune, to whom she has long been engaged. There is a "screw loose," for papa is unwilling to part with his daughter, and the lady writes to me in great tribulation. I rather think the old boy has an eye upon the income he draws for educating his family, who all have small fortunes of their own.

I am forbidden to return at all to the Crimea, and am quite sick of sea service. If I could . . . for the living, which must fall in sooner or later. But as I cannot do this, I fear I must remain abroad.

Three days ago the Russians made a sortie upon the Right French attack, but were driven back with the heavy loss of one thousand killed. The French lost three hundred. On Thursday night the French commissariat was burnt to the ground, and stores for 8,000 men and £22,000 were lost.

I see by the *Times* the *Scamander* is chartered for the French. What a pity you have no agent here. Steam is all the go in Turkey. A small steamer was sold for £8,000 the other day. How much per cent. will you give me to keep an office here on your behalf!!! Do you build locomotives as well as steamships? A few steamships, river boats, would sell wonderfully well. I wish I had a handful of them now.

I am become quite certain that, in the matrimonial line, it is in vain, nine times out of ten, to hope for just the woman you want. I myself, as soon as I can get a house over my head, will decide upon the kind of girl I want. I am sure it is much better, at my time of life, to be a poor man with a small wife and a large family than a miserable bachelor falling half in love with all the pretty girls one meets.

There is a report that the *Queen* is about to be relieved by the *Orion*, just commissioned, and, if so, we shall be at home

in July. I shall exchange, unless you can arrange the little matter of business I spoke of. I do not suppose you can, and so must wait till better times.

Ever, my dear George,  
Affectionately yours.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Beicos,

Feb. 21st, 1855.

I was very glad to receive a packet of letters from Balaklava and England containing the arrears of my mails. I was beginning to fret very much at the long silence from home.\* I am now nearly recovered in health, and am anxious to return to the Crimea, either as a navy or an army chaplain, the latter in preference, for they are better treated, better paid, and, what is a good deal of consequence in military matters, of far higher rank. John Adye has my box, and will take care of it.

I think I told you that when sick another chaplain was appointed to the *Diamond*, who is supposed to attend to the Naval Brigade. He cannot do both, I know, from sad experience, unless he has a heart of oak and a frame of brass. The Admiralty Board treat a chaplain as they do any other officer. He is sent here and there, and removed at pleasure; they consider that he can read prayers in one place as well as another, forgetting, in any serious change, the many ties which a clergyman has formed, and the webs which have been woven round his heart. The chaplain of the naval hospital is ordered to join his ship at twelve hours notice after nine months' stay here. The temporary duties are thrown upon me. I will not guarantee to undertake them, and shall seriously remonstrate, for the precedent is a bad one.

Two of my friends are now chaplains to the hospital at Kulalee, in the Bosphorus, most interesting men and full of work.

Give my kindest love to Dick and Sue, and to all our dear ones. The post has brought me eight letters to answer, so, as "time is up," I cannot write more.

The writer had endured many of the roughest conditions of the campaign, but now his health had com-

\* Kelson Stothert could well endorse Russell's remark: "The post service here is mere organised system of disappointment."

pletely broken down ; he was compelled temporarily to forego his work at the front in the Naval Brigade, and had rejoined his ship, the *Queen*, in the Bosphorus. A certain grim acceptance of the inevitable is always apparent in his letters, which evince, even during his illness, his keen interest in every event of the war of which he and everybody concerned were becoming very weary.

At the end of January rumours were circulated that two Sardinian Divisions, numbering about 15,000 infantry,\* were to be despatched to the aid of the Allies. This was considered a friendly and brave move on the part of the Sardinian Government, for there was so much uncertainty about the results of the struggle that neutrality appeared the only safe and prudent course.

The British admirals had undertaken to bring Omar Pasha's army from the coasts of Bulgaria, and their food from the Bosphorus, to the Crimea.† During January and the early part of February, aided by two French steamers, they effected this transport of between 30,000 and 40,000 men.‡ A strong force was needed at Eupatoria to repel the Russians, who were preparing to regain control of the port, in order that their communications with Perekop might be kept open.

Though an Austrian by birth, Omar Pasha served the Sultan well. Intelligent, and "vivacious in conversation," § he was a powerful influence in councils of war, and a bold and daring leader in the field, as his campaign against the Montenegrins, and his later exploits, proved. At Eupatoria he displayed his fitness for the command of a great army. No time was lost there ; on the isolated mounds or hillocks, which dotted

\* "Letters from Headquarters," page 90, vol. ii.

† "Letters from the Black Sea," page 135.—Admiral Sir Leopold Heath.

‡ Admiral Heath relates that in January about eight hundred weekly were being conveyed to Scutari and other hospitals, in addition to the above-mentioned service.

§ "Life of Admiral Mends," page 266.



the plain round the town, Turkish picquets were stationed as close as practicable to the enemy. On the 17th of February a strong Russian force, with a number of heavy guns, advanced upon the place, but, after a hard fight, it was repulsed and had to retire, leaving more than 400 dead behind. During the engagement the guns of the *Valorous*, *Curacoa*, *Furious* and *Viper* made excellent practise; they had "steamed in close to support the Turkish flanks."\* The army lost between 80 and 90 men, and the gallant Selim Pasha, who had been in command of the Egyptian contingent, his fellow countrymen.

During the following week Omar's troops toiled hard to make Eupatoria safe from surprise or assault, and on April 3rd Admiral Keppel wrote: "It is astonishing the excellent earthworks the army has thrown up during the last fortnight." The Russians, however, did not again attempt to capture or to storm the place.

In the middle of February Lord Lucan was recalled from command of the Cavalry Division. It was said he had "remonstrated" with his chief concerning an expression in the despatch about Balaklava. On that occasion Lord Raglan gave him opportunity to withdraw his objections, which he failed to do. The Duke of Newcastle, two days before the Ministers resigned, recalled him from his command.† Truly in time of war favour is fickle; and reputation is held by so slender a thread the slightest chance may break it, and the whilom possessor never again wrest from the clutches of fate the honourable fame that to him may have been more precious than life itself.

\* "Life of Lord Lyons," page 284.—Captain Eardley Wilmot, R.N.

† "Letters from Headquarters," page 106, vol. ii.

## CHAPTER XXV.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

March 7th, 1855.

THE box arrived early this morning from John Adye. It would have been most valuable to me at the camp, and I shall retain all it contains until I know if there is any probability of my return. My duties at the hospital here will soon be over, as I expect my successor's arrival at a very early period. Strange to say, I am now doing the duty, and occupying the position I myself suggested to the Admiralty. My idea got to Sir J. Graham, through Lord Valentia. I had pointed out the way a chaplain might be made available for service at the hospital, at the same time soliciting the appointment for myself. Lord Valentia met with the reply *in effect* that he was the wrong side in politics. A chaplain was immediately appointed exactly in the manner I had wished; and now another is sent here again, although I am ordered to do duty *pro tempore*. No wonder Lord Malmsbury says the Admiralty is a sink of corruption. I heard yesterday from a friend of mine in the Crimea that there are only three chaplains there fit for duty. Two have died already.

I think I mentioned to you in my last that I had had a visit from the chaplain at Kulalee, who was sick at the same time I was in the Crimea. He was with me last Saturday; I went to see him yesterday, but found him, I fear, in a dying state. I was only allowed to look on his pale face. You may suppose how much distressed I am.

Kindest love to all.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have just heard of the death of the Emperor of

Russia, but no one believes the story. Indeed, even if it be true, I do not think it will make much difference in the policy of the war.

The report was true. The news of the Turkish victory at Eupatoria had been an unbearable humiliation to the Tsar; the bitterness of repulse, by an enemy hitherto scorned and despised, proved the blow which, it was rumoured, was the primary cause of his death. He expired on the 2nd of March, after a few days' illness, from paralysis of the lungs. Notwithstanding the vastness of his dominions, this autocrat by heredity and constitutional exigency, had been dominated all his life by the characteristics of his race, territorial jealousy, and inviolable belief, almost amounting to superstition, in the prerogative of Russia to dictate to the rest of Europe. Defeat in any form he could not brook, least of all from the Turkish Army.

The despotic rule of a paramount State, fostering the military system, necessitates the increase of the armaments of all other Powers alert for their own independence, but while Russia had long been preparing for war, the far-reaching designs of her monarch had been so disguised under his professed desire for tranquil agreement, that, except in rare cases, the actual ambitions which prompted his foreign policy had been unsuspected.

In all great wars civilisation is retarded; and, in the fifties, the world's progress was put back by a campaign which resulted not so much from the miscarriage of subtle points of diplomacy, as from the colossal hankering of one man for his neighbour's ground.

Events at times compel concentration of thought and feeling, in a more or less degree, on self and the near environment; this was specially the case with the Russian army in Sevastopol, and it is conceivable that regret for the late Emperor must have

been brief and formal. The devotion of the soldiers and the populace had been constantly fostered by the priests, who had inspired the fanatical belief that the Tsar was waging a religious war against the infidel Turk, but the stern and immediate duty which faced both Cossack and Muscovite excused any very fervent display of a sorely-tested loyalty, which in their direful straits could hardly have been spontaneous.

The rule of the Russian Empire is a crushing weight of sovereignty, but, without idealizing his actions, the reign of Nicholas I. well bears comparison with the sway of most of his predecessors.\*

But Nicholas Romanoff had suddenly passed from the strife; and the policy which governed the circumstances of the struggle in Crim Tartary, remained unaltered, as our correspondent had conjectured.

The proclamation of his son Alexander II. did not betoken a speedy end to the war, and the announcement that he would join the Conference of the Great Powers at Vienna "in a sincere spirit of concord," must have excited no slight surprise among the envoys assembled in that capital. There appears an incongruity, bordering on the humorous, that discussions about terms of peace should have been progressing between the opponents while their armies were engaged in bombardments, skirmishes by night, and sorties by day. But, though the etiquette of warfare varies with different races, there is one resource common alike to all. The savage chiefs demand a Palaver, the Powers a Conference. The result is frequently the same; those immediately concerned rarely agree about terms of peace, but neutral chiefs then determine with which side to cast in their lot. The Vienna Conference effected nothing, for, as

\* He might indeed have considered his life purposes futile could it have been foretold to him that the whirligig of time would put another Nicholas upon the throne, whose memorable proposition to the Great Powers would be regarded by the majority of those whom it concerned, as the impracticable scheme of a dreamer, though by others, as a test of the world's faith in God and humanity.

usual, Russia wanted more than was deemed just or expedient.

During the whole of the month of March great apprehension was felt less Louis Napoleon, who had had no experience of commanding military operations in the field, should proceed, as he had intimated, to the Crimea to take supreme command in person. This project was judiciously opposed, but it was not till after he and the Empress had paid a visit to Windsor in the beginning of April, when the British Cabinet frankly expressed disapproval, that he relinquished the scheme. The end of the Vienna Conference had given him serious matters to control in Paris, and it was a relief to the Allied Commanders-in-Chief when his decision was made known to them.

Prince Gortchakoff had now superseded Mentschikoff as chief in command of the Russian Army.

In the beginning of April, Omar Pasha and his Army of 25,000 men were conveyed from Eupatoria.\*

In the middle of the month a cable was laid between Bulgaria and the Crimea, thus bringing London and Paris in touch with the Allies before Sevastopol.

Our chaplain's interesting letters now describe the improvement in the general condition of the Allies, though he appears to think matters could not be much worse as regards his own position, for which it cannot be denied that he had good cause.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Beicos Bay,

March 11th, 1855.

Since I wrote to Carry the night before last I have had a letter from you, and although very tired and feverish I must scribble a few lines before going to bed, that you may have

\* Accounts vary as to the number of Turkish troops brought from Eupatoria. The above figures have the authority of Admiral Mends, G.C.B., who at the time was in command of the *Royal Albert*.—"Life of Admiral Mends," page 267.

them by to-morrow's mail. George's ship, the *Scamander*, is now alongside us. I have not been on board her, having only learned this afternoon about it. She appears to be an ugly tub, but the master is satisfied with her and says she sails well. I have not heard who drew her lines.

It is hardly likely that I shall return to the Crimea as a navy chaplain, but I would gladly do so under any reasonable circumstances. Chaplains are wanted, and it is my duty as much as any one else's. Most men have dear friends and relatives who are anxious about them, so have soldiers and sailors, but that does not hinder them from offering their services when they are urgently required. I should certainly like to go home first, and I should also like, when convenient, to spend six months at Athens to study Greek and Greek antiquities, and six months at Rome to learn Latin and Latin antiquities, but people cannot do what they like, and I must bide my time.

I have not yet had an opportunity of going to Scutari to see Miss Nightingale. We are fourteen miles or so from Stamboul. Scutari is the opposite side of the water, and although the same side we are, yet the roads are so bad and difficult to find that it is a day's journey on foot or horseback from hence, unless *viâ* Stamboul.

Eber wrote to me some time ago. He has been mentioning me in the *Times*, and I have been obliged to write and contradict him. He is very careless in catching flying rumours. I procured nothing for Carry in the Crimea, for her letter did not come to hand while I was in a position to gather curiosities. Then I was too much occupied to do so. Still I have a small cross taken from the neck of a dead Russian at Inkerman, which Eber cut off and gave to me. I have a bayonet, which is the only relic I have left of my own collection from Alma (Captain Mitchell having begged all that was portable for his wife), but a table-cloth was made for me out of two dead men's jackets by a marine, from Alma, which Carry may have. I have also a shell which was fired into us from Fort Constantine, and frightened your humble servant out of his wits. It popped into the ship's side and stuck there like a gigantic pea, just as I was going on deck, not exploding, or I should not now be able to sign myself,

Yours most affectionately.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Beicos, Constantinople,

14th March, 1855.

I shall not have time just now to add Cousin Rhea to the list of my correspondents, which is already quite as much as I can manage with the additional duties which now devolve upon me. When I get quit of these, nothing, I am sure, will give me greater pleasure. This is a bad country for "picking up" things; nothing is to be obtained except by purchase, and that I am just now unable to indulge in, but I hope to send or bring home something or other that will please you. My walks have been interrupted, and have only once been to Stamboul since my duties at the hospital, the only run I have had having been to Kulalee and back, to see my friend Huleate, who has been dangerously ill; he is now so much better that he is going to Malta for a month, and then returns to the Crimea. One of the chaplains at Scutari, of the name of Proctor, died on Sunday. He came down sick from the Crimea, never rallied, and finally sank. However true James Earl's description of a naval chaplain's position may be, there is no reason that it should be so. No clergyman ought to expect such an entire upsetting of all his previous notions of usefulness and independence. If I have a fair offer of an army chaplaincy, with my present views, I shall not feel it right to decline, for chaplains are greatly wanted. They are better treated, better worked, and better paid than we are. An army chaplain is treated like a gentleman, ranks with a field officer, and has 24s. pay a day.

I wonder who will have the little living of Steeple Burton. Why does not Scott take it? I suppose he is far too much of an Irishman to accept any benefice of so small an amount. Poor Spring must have been sadly disappointed.

The sick are all getting better here, and the deaths are by far fewer. The hospital at Smyrna is, or will be, shortly opened. The situation is said to be as unhealthy as the banks of the Bosphorous.

George's ship, the *Scamander*, has been at anchor near us for some days. I have not been yet to see her. Till

yesterday, I mistook an ugly old tub, a powder ship, for her. The *Scamander* is a pretty little boat, and, the captain reports, steams well.

We have no news. It is said Odessa and Kertch are soon to be attacked, but no one knows.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Beicos Bay,

March 21st, 1855.

I cannot imagine why no letters have reached me for two mails. Each time I have been greatly disappointed. To-day we are keeping a time of general humiliation in consequence of the war. No forms of prayer have been sent us, and so I have had to compose one. This afternoon we have service again at the hospital at Therapia. Matters are mending very much in the Crimea. As you will have seen by the papers supplies have come in plentifully. I hope, indeed, this state of things will continue. A week ago a battery of 20 guns was stormed by the French and English, but after they had gained possession they were fairly shelled out of it again. Report also says something of a smart affair having taken place on the coast of Circassia, between our ships and some Russian forts, but of it I have no particulars.

I have just been reading Eber's letter from Eupatoria to the *Times*. He gives a very glowing account of the Turks and of Omar Pasha, but in a private letter to me he finds great fault with them for want of all kinds of organization. Lord Raglan is looking up in the world, it seems; and Lord "Look-on" looking down. The latter has been execrated by the cavalry from the very first for his stolidity, carelessness, and conceit; and it was always predicted what would follow if he ever actually led the troops into action. I wish the new Tsar would give up peaceable possession of Sevastopol, but as that is not likely we must take it by force, and then we may have some prospect of peace. The Turks are getting very jealous of the French and English. I really do not think they will ever get the former out of Constantinople. The Commandant at Kulalee, who speaks a little English, thus expresses his opinion: "Bye-bye, French stay at Stamboul, English at Scutari. I not commandant, but English Consul." He is a jolly old Turk, and reads and exhibits with great glee an



English Bible, and a prayer book in the Turkish language, of which extensive library I contributed one-half.

My best love, mother, for you and all.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Beicos Bay,  
March 21st, 1855.

Have you had an opportunity of putting my name down again on the books of Worcester College? It will be necessary to lodge the caution money (£20), and that is all, although I have not got it to spare. All costs until I take my degree will come out of that. I have yet three terms to keep. Do let me ask you to take charge of this for me.

We are all anxiety about the decision of the Emperor Alexander II. It is true his proclamation is warlike enough, but that of course. Still, we hope much from his known desire for peaceful measures. Nothing can take place until Sevastopol is yielded or taken, or at least dismantled of its fortifications, either by force of arms or treaty. Mr. Bright, doubtless, would advocate the acceptance of peace upon any terms. However, the French will not, I think, be contented even with peace. There must be something behind the scenes in the projected visit of the Emperor Napoleon to the seat of war. No wonder the Cabinets of Europe so strongly object to the measure.

To-day we are observing the day of humiliation on account of the war. We have had a short service on board, and I have to officiate again at the hospital the other side of the Bosphorus this afternoon. No form of prayer nor anything of that sort is ever supplied to us.

The latest report about ourselves is that the three sailing ships remaining on the station are to return to the anchorage at Katcha for a squadron of reserve; in that case we shall have a summer as well as a winter spent upon the sea, without setting foot on shore. I do not like the idea at all. Eber is now with Omar Pasha, and I have just read his account of the Turkish troops. The weather is very changeable, sometimes wet and cold, then hot; in another month it will be too hot to venture out at mid-day. I hope to hear from you soon; it is two mails since I had a letter.

Ever affectionately yours.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

March 25th, 1855.

I must write you a line before I go to bed, although very tired with my day's work. The heat of the climate (with a double service and a great deal of sick visiting) is very fatiguing. Some of my parishioners are five or six miles from here. We have quite a congregation on Sundays when the weather is fine. The captains of merchant vessels and their wives, officers, and officers' wives living at Therapia, come off to church, attracted by the novelty of a service on board the *Queen*. To-day we had the addition of two colonels of the Guards, who had been sent down here to look after 400 men of the Brigade of Guards of whom no trace nor record was to be found! They were sent sick from the Crimea, and then all trace was lost. They had been to Smyrna, Abydos, Scutari and Kulalee, to the various hospitals. All but 90 are now accounted for. This is an odd case for the Parliamentary Commission, but I hope it will never reach them. Such is "Glory."

At the hospital at Therapia many English came to the service, there being no chaplain nor church nearer than Constantinople. At Bujukdere I have a service also in a small way among some sick ladies at the hotel, so you see my hands are full just now. However, my predecessor will arrive next week. He sailed from England on the 14th.

The books Mr. East kindly sent me have arrived, and the hamper containing the bath, etc., etc., has again come out from home, having been within 100 yards of this ship, but was put by mistake into another man-of-war and was taken back to England.

TO HIS BROTHER.

Globe Hotel, Pera,

April 11th, 1855.

I have been spending the whole day in endeavouring to make out a case in your favour.

I find your Liverpool informants were quite correct in supposing that no orders would be given for steamers by parties here. There are no capitalists whose money is so employed, although all agree with me that there is a great opening for any enterprising company upon these waters. The Turkish

Government have a few steamers plying on the Bosphorus, and the Austrian Lloyds have one or two badly-found steamers which run to Trebizond, and on the other side of the Black Sea to the stations at the mouth of the Danube. Passage boats are wanted, I am told, in great numbers, some for the Greek Islands. And now the Black Sea will be altogether thrown open; the whole of the provinces of Servia, Wallachia and Bulgaria will form, it is said, one immense granary, and will ship their corn at every place on the seaboard. A trade is about to begin in these parts such as has hitherto not existed, but it will have to be carried on by English capitalists. Hitherto the Austrians and French have monopolised it.

I am afraid the prospect will not suit you under the circumstances you mentioned to me. My own idea was, when I wrote to you, that a company like that of Newport, with boats of the same class, would be found to be exceedingly useful.

I did not mention to Grace your offer of a percentage; it was not, I thought, worth while negotiating with him about nothing. If you think it advisable I will do so.

Any other suggestion or information you want I will try and obtain for you.

TO HIS SISTER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

April 12th, 1855.

I was much obliged to you for your last letter, and the paper containing an account of the hospitable reception of the sick and wounded who passed through Bath. For the future the expression, "Go to Bath," will be of an amiable sentiment, instead of conveying the idea of disgust and unpleasantness. The affair was rather overdone, but, *entre nous*, the good Bath people take a greater delight in "humbug" than any I ever saw.

We heard of the death of the Emperor of Russia on the 5th, but nobody believed it. It seems it was known in England two days sooner. What the political effect will be, even to this hour, no one here ventures to prognosticate. Russian politics are such ticklish subjects. The Emperor, for the time being, fears for his life, if he offends the popular party. Chateaubriand once said of Turkey that it was a "despotism tempered by regicide." I see of late the expression has been applied to Russia also, and with a fearful justness of expression.

I forgot to mention in my letter to my mother that Jenner's money has been acknowledged long since, and was expended in butter and oranges for the sick and wounded at Therapia Hospital. These two things are not allowed by the Service, and the poor fellows were outrageously glad to get "a scrape" for their dry bread, and a juicy orange to moisten their lips. I explained to them where the money came from, and, if Jenner had been there at the time, he would have been the most popular man in the whole of European Asia. Most of these patients are removed, some to England others by death or recovery. Their places are quickly filled. The new chaplain has not arrived. He takes his time about it. I have not been near the hospital for nearly three weeks, having been out of the ship but twice until yesterday. The last report is (I think a true one) that the steamers go to Odessa to destroy it, and the sailing ships blockade Sevastopol. We are ordered to prepare for sea immediately. The army medals have arrived. The navy are to have some, I believe.

P.S.—The last chaplain who died at Scutari was a man of the name of "Proctor," the curate of Dr. Wordsworth at Stanford-in-the-Vale, and Mr. Geare's successor. He was ordained priest when I was ordained deacon. I regret to say he has left a wife and family.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

April 15th, 1855.

I have returned here after my little *séjour* at Constantinople, from which place I wrote to you. I occupied my usual position in church to-day, but had great difficulty in getting through my duties.

I much fear that I have lost one of my dear messmates; Douglas, the junior lieutenant, a most promising and beloved officer.

You will have heard that the bombardment has been recommenced with great effect in the town, and some active batteries. Report says the Russians have sent out a flag of truce, offering terms, but none of us believe that. It is also said that two of our midshipmen have fallen. Steele as most of us have been to sudden losses of our friends in this war, yet we have now had so long a cessation that our natural feelings had, in a

measure, resumed their sway. We are inexpressibly anxious to know the worst. I pray God the news may not be true.

\* \* \* \* \*

The writer was deeply attached to Lieutenant Douglas ; they had both joined the *Queen* at the same time. The report of his death proved correct ; he was killed by a round shot in the twenty-one-gun battery. As young Evelyn Wood saw his body being carried out, the handsome face wore the kindly smile so familiar to all his friends, "tender and true," to the last.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE British Army for some time had been keenly anxious to assault Sevastopol, and our chaplain's letters show that this desire was shared by the Navy, but the French held back ; and thus Lord Raglan was compelled to acquiesce.

The second bombardment commenced on the 9th of April, when the guns of the Allies opened fire simultaneously, and continued with vigour for ten days. It resulted in great loss of life to all the belligerents ; the French suffered severely, but the Russians, maintaining an heroic attitude under the hottest fire, were burdened with hundreds of wounded, while the list of their dead far exceeded that of their enemy. From both Malakoff and Mamelon special attention had been directed to the British Right Attack, where the Naval Brigade batteries were subjected to persistent shelling. The splendid bravery of the officers in the 21-gun and Diamond batteries, and of the sailors who manned them, has been often recounted. Lieutenants Twyford and Douglas were both killed, and Lord John Hay was wounded. There is a typical entry in Keppel's diary on the 13th April . . . . "76 seamen *hors de combat*, and Lord Raglan asking for more men from the ships. They are decidedly the best shots, but take no care of themselves." They took very good care of their guns, however ; and with such a commander as Peel, who always insisted on getting perilously near the enemy, it was not probable that his men would be very

cautious about their own personal safety. According to Sir Evelyn Wood, who writes from memory of what actually occurred under his own eyes, their heavy loss in the bombardment was in a great degree attributable to the fact that after each shot the ship trucks (on which the guns were) having sprung back, had to be hauled again to the parapet, and, during the operation, the pace having to be regulated by the small truck wheels, the Blue-jackets were terribly exposed to the enemy's fire. Their tenacity and courage were quite beyond praise.

It is well known that the physical condition of the Naval Brigade all the winter had been better than that of the troops; in the worst of times their camp had been the liveliest, and had often been favourably contrasted. In going through it the visitor had not to flounder in mud, for there were actual paths; and happily the tents there were dry. The habits of seamen are adaptable, and in emergency they are usually full of resource. Jack's capacity for turning everything he could lay his hands upon to good account served him well in the Crimea. His clothes in the spring of '55—no longer uniforms—were patched but never ragged; and he wore the nondescript garments his fertile brain prompted him to annex, with his own peculiar nautical grace and swagger. Even the Welsh wigs, which the good people of England, who sent out everything and anything they could devise for their heroes, had forwarded to the Naval Brigade, did not ill-become the wearers. The wig was made of grey wool, and, having two or three rows of curls round the lower part, resembled that worn by a profession not regarded with much reverence by sailors. When first donned, his mates accosted Jack as "a *blessed* lawyer," so to save himself from aspersions of this kind upon his character, it was the fashion to tuck in the curls, which made the comfortable headgear less conspicuous.

Even after the April bombardment an assault was still the topic of the war councils, but the effect of the intrepid, daring, and useful offensive works, carried out by the French, was rendered at this time of less avail by the vacillation at their Headquarters, and by the unexpected instructions received from Paris. Lord Raglan had now much to endure, and much to perplex him ; his responsibilities were arduous in the extreme. The following letters indicate the impatience which the policy he was compelled to follow, induced among Englishmen, whom privation and hardship had not deprived of eager determination to do their best whatever the work might be.

Kelson Stothert's chivalrous nature revolted from injustice whether it affected his friends or himself, and we find him singularly earnest about the grievances which existed in all departments of Naval administration.

TO HIS FATHER.

Off Sevastopol,  
26th April, 1855.

I have just finished a letter to Admiral Walcot, asking him to take up the case of our first lieutenant, a friend of my own, who has shewn me great kindness and support since I have been in the *Queen*. He took the ship into action—our commander being absent in the trenches—and sustained a difficult part the whole of that day. We have had not one promotion for the affair, and are very desirous to see Whyte rewarded. The private reason we suspect is, that no promotions were given because the *Times* correspondent was known to have been on board, although of course the late Admiral and Admiralty cannot say so. However they have closed the *Gazette* against us. I have told Admiral Walcot that I am sure you will join with me in considering it a personal favour if he will take up the matter. Whyte is the only first lieutenant who took a ship into action and was not promoted, and as we played a distinguished part on that day, earning the public notice of the present Commander-in-Chief during the battle, the neglect is very marked. This is a fitting





ONE OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE  
WITH WELSH WIG.



subject to be mentioned in the House, as it relates to public matters. If I knew Captain Scobell I would write to him.

There is a talk of going in daily, but of course nothing is known. The troops are very impatient to attack the place with the bayonet. The French are looked upon with considerable anxiety, for they are no better soldiers, if so good, as the Russians themselves. The latter do not care for them in the least, but they look upon us with vast respect. If we had but 50,000 more men our position would be far more comfortable. The state of the Army is such that it cannot advance nor retreat. If it does not conquer it must surrender. It is hemmed in by the Russians on all sides but the sea, and re-embarkation is impossible. Now we are here there is nothing said of our going to Eupatoria. I do not know what we came for. My cold is better, but the cough and deafness still remain. I hope to hear from you soon.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

26th April, 1855.

We arrived here about three hours ago, having left the Bosphorus on Sunday morning. The wind was light but, for the most part, adverse, so our passage was a good deal delayed. We find the Fleet much as we left it, and Sevastopol looking not a whit the worse than it was before. The firing is very slack on both sides, and we hear that the Allied Generals have made up their minds that nothing but the bayonet will suffice. A storm is to be attempted, with what success God only can tell. Much apprehension is felt as to the probable conduct of the French upon such an occasion; with all their dash, and show, and chivalry, they are felt to be soldiers who have no more repugnance to running away than to advancing, if the "fortune of war" demands it. At Alma, with all their masses hurled against the stupid Russians, they were alarmed at the check they experienced, and hurried the British troops by their entreaties up the face of the cannon-lined hill. They themselves acknowledge that at Inkerman they could not have stood alone, and in many various encounters with the Russians they have lost their prestige greatly, so that there is terrible anxiety to know how they will behave in the rapidly approaching crisis.

It is quite doubtful whether the ships will again go in or not. The Naval Brigade has been much cut up of late,

and many men have been taken from the Fleet to supply death vacancies, so that perhaps we shall not do so. A few days ago the English and French Admirals went in under the forts to "have a shy" at the town. The Frenchman, just as he got within fire, found something wrong, *he said*, and requested the "British Lion" not to engage, much to the chagrin, disgust, and anger of the chief.

I posted the Turkish bag to Lilly at Constantinople. The only thing I sent by the officer of the *Sanspareil* was the tin case containing the drawings. I am afraid I cannot get one for George; they were published by subscription, and although a good many were sold to merchant captains, I believe none are now left. However, I will write and see what I can do; doubtless a copy of the print will be taken and published in England.

I wrote to Admiral Walcot last mail, thanking him for his kindness in offering to do me a service. I have written again to him this mail, to ask him if he can do anything for our first lieutenant, who took the ship into action with 500 men. After being under fire twenty minutes we drew into a new position close under the enemy's batteries. The officer, who is of old standing, but of no interest, has been left unpromoted, a most unprecedented instance, and younger men, who have done comparatively nothing, but have influence, have been placed over his head. Captain Michell cannot speak of it without tears in his eyes, but the Admiralty refuse to do more than "consider his claim," which is the formal way of refusal. I have asked Admiral Walcot to mention the matter in the House, and have said that both my father and I would take his doing so as a personal favour. Whyte is a good friend of mine, who has shown me great attention, and given me much support. I do not think now of the Army chaplaincy, nor shall I feel disappointment if it does not come to me. I have experienced so many disappointments that a new one will not affect me much. I wish you could send me out some books by the first man-of-war that comes. I have nothing except what I have read again and again; the greater part of my books are at Stamboul.

We may have to go to Odessa, or to Eupatoria, or perhaps to remain here. No one knows.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Off Sevastopol,  
May 1st, 1855.

The mail came in yesterday, but neither letters nor papers for me.

It is difficult to say what we shall have to do. An Expedition is to go to Kertch with troops, but although some line-of-battle ships are to be despatched thither, we are not to go. We shall have nothing to undertake except to remain at anchor in case we may be wanted; I do not know anything more disagreeable. We are about two-and-a-half miles off shore, and none of us have as yet been able to land, although many of our friends have come to see us. I am anxious to get to Balaklava, and up to the camp, but it is a long way off.

Captain Christie, the agent of transports at Balaklava, who was said to have been the cause of all the confusion there, was to have been tried by court-martial. In other words, he was to have been sacrificed to popular indignation. Having been a distinguished naval officer in days past, his fate has attracted much commiseration, especially as many knew he was simply the victim of circumstances and the atrocious system which he was obliged to administer. There is not a single witness for the prosecution against him. However, a more powerful agent than the mockery of justice called court-martial has "stopped proceedings": anxiety and misery have done their work, and the old man by this time, I doubt not, has breathed his last. At Balaklava he was obliged to submit to the orders and regulations of two other naval officers, and in accordance with the rules of the Service, although at the head of a public department, could not call his soul his own. And yet no public demonstration is made against Admiral Boxer. Poor Captain Christie, a distinguished, intelligent officer, a conscientious and pious man, doing his duty as far as his opportunity and ability permitted, is fairly hunted to death, while Boxer rules rampant, and will eventually receive the thanks of his grateful country.

I am rather better than I was, and as the weather gets warmer hope to shake off my cough. Kindest love to all. Ever, my dearest mother, affectionately yours.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

May 8th, 1855.

No letter from home again last mail, and I am very anxious to hear how George is. I suppose you have written, but the letters, as usual, have missed their destination. Jenner wrote to me, but I suppose he had not heard of George very lately.

I mentioned to you the Expedition to Kertch, which sailed, I think, on the 4th. On Sunday they all came back again, having been recalled when within sight of their destination, and the prey within their reach, in consequence of a telegraphic message which came from London, the telegraph now reaching from London to the Crimea. The reason no one knows, but conjecture is very busy in trying to discover causes. The Army suggests that Sir George Brown, who went in command of troops, and is the martinetest martinet who ever lived, had forgotten his stock and razor, and brought the Expedition back to fetch them! The probability is that, as General Canrobert was known to have altogether disapproved of it, he privately obtained the Emperor's sanction to have it recalled. Our General and Admiral are furious with vexation and disappointment. There is much reason for "growling." For this Expedition the French promised a contingent of 8,000 men and a large force of artillery; when they arrived off Kertch 7,000 were all that were there, and only three batteries. When Sir George Brown discovered the trick that had been played him he almost knocked the French General down. Canrobert and the dead St. Arnaud were both tools of Louis Napoleon, and men of no great personal character. It is said here the Emperor is expected. I have been twice to the Naval Camp, and am more and more convinced that we shall never become masters of Sevastopol by force of arms. Every assailable spot townward, inland, and seaward, is fortified against us, and with their exhaustless resources, and matchless perseverance, there is nothing they will not do. We, on the other hand, with a comparatively small force, have seven leagues of fortifications to guard, and are not so well provided with munitions of war as we ought to be. The condition of the troops is exceedingly

good. They are healthy and cleanly, having learned the simple art of washing their skins, and afterwards dressing themselves, without having a sergeant or a subaltern to stand over them and direct their operations. Half the men died last winter, I am sure, from not knowing how to live.

I hope you will not fail to let me hear how George goes on by every mail. My cold is better one day and worse another, according to the weather, and the way I sleep at night, strange to say, but I am getting on.

A Flotilla of thirty vessels started on the 3rd of May for Kertch ; the Expedition was, however, ignominiously cut short. Admiral Bruat, Sir Edmund Lyons, and Sir George Brown were the gallant commanders ; a small French steamer, bearing instructions, by order of Canrobert, overtook them, and they had to return, but it was almost impossible for our eager Naval Commander to back out of any daring enterprise which might lead to deeds of valour. It is imaginable that, on such an occasion, the resemblance to the hero of Trafalgar would perceptibly deepen on his countenance. (This likeness was not displeasing to Lyons, and it was said that he did not discourage the lock of which had a way of lying on his brow Nelson-wise.)\* With his anger well under control, he endeavoured to induce that strictest of soldiers, Sir George Brown, to disobey the French message, and to undertake the Expedition single-handed. But the General was more stern in his views, and although Lord Raglan had sent him assurance privately, "to go on without the French if he thought there was a good chance of success, and he would take the responsibility," Sir George knew

\* In the *Times*, November 24th, 1858, the day after Lord Lyons died, occurs the following description : "He had the same features, the same complexion, the same profusion of grey, inclining to white, hair. No one could see him without being struck by the resemblance, not only in appearance but also in reality there was something of Nelson in Lord Lyons. He had the same devotion to his profession ; he had the same activity in duty ; he had the same free and frank bearing ; he had the same art of winning the affection of associates and subordinates alike. He inspired a similar confidence in all with whom he came in contact."

how imprudent separated action would prove to the Alliance.

Keppel, however, on the 5th instant, expressed *his* opinion in his usual frank and optimistic way: "Had he consented," he wrote, "on the appearance of our top-gallant yards above the horizon, the Kertch forts which had been prepared a month previously would have been blown up, the war ended, and millions saved to the country."

Canrobert's indecision had been evinced on so many occasions that the Commanders-in-Chief of the French and English Navies, and Lord Raglan, were alike inclined to regret that so much responsibility was invested in him; and it was no small relief to them, and to the officers holding highest positions in the Crimea, that on the 19th May he gave up the Chief command to General Péliissier.

During May the Allies were joined by a Sardinian Army of 15,000 troops under General Della Marmora. These perfectly equipped spic and span soldiers must have formed a curious contrast to the English and French troops, upon whom rough wear and tear, and innumerable unexpected emergencies, had left their indelible marks—on feature and fortune, and on gait and garments also.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

May 11th, 1855.

We are cleared for action, and I am writing in our ward room, now open to the winds of heaven, all the windows being taken away and turned into ports, and great guns run out through them. The rain is pouring down, and a cold bleak wind cutting one to the bone in spite of great coats, &c. I am "stone deaf" for the present, and my cold troublesome as you may suppose under the circumstances, but, with these exceptions, am very well, so that there is no longer any cause for anxiety about me.



We are all full of growls at the new taxes. It really is very hard that we who have to endure the "battle and the breeze," our chances of fever, wet, cold, dysentery, cholera, hardship, and anxiety, in far greater proportion than you in England, should also be made to feel the pressure of taxation in a greater proportion than you do. We pay precisely the same enormous income tax, and those who have families suffer equally with yourselves in indirect taxation, with this addition, that our expenses here are very great, the necessaries of life having to be purchased at a long distance from home, with a war profit added to the extra cost of freight and merchants' percentage which each article bears. Those who, like myself, insure their lives have to pay an additional sum of five or six guineas per cent. upon their policies. You know the Government contribute nothing to our mess, except the ship's rations. In the Army a camp allowance is given which we do not enjoy. This helps them out, but many there are in evil case. I am told (how true it is I know not) that numbers of those who have returned home have been compelled to do so, from utter inability to contend against their heavy expenditure, and at the same time keep their families from poverty. We have no prize money now as there was in the last war. I really do think something ought to be done to help us out. The labourer is in all cases worthy of his hire. If a fair day's work is expected from officers of the Army and Navy, surely they have a right to expect a fair day's wage?

I told you of the return of the ill-fated Kertch Expedition. It turns out that the intrigues of Canrobert ruined it; he will exercise a baneful influence upon other matters if means are not taken to recall him.

A sortie was made against the English lines the night before last, which we saw, but have only just heard the particulars. The enemy was discovered approaching, and the covering party retired within the trenches on our side to await their coming. Not a gun was fired (although every cannon was loaded with grape and canister, and every rifle pointed over the parapet) until the enemy was within pistol shot. Then a storm of shot struck them like a sword. They were seen no more. A few only escaped.

The rest *remained*.

TO HIS BROTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

May 12th, 1855.

You will have heard by this time that we have arrived here. Things are much the same as they were before we started. The late bombardment has had no practical effect whatever.

Thank you very much for your promise to pay the bills. They prey upon my mind greatly. I wish I had enough to pay them all myself, or enough to spend some time in France to learn sufficient mathematics and French to pass for naval instructor. I should earn nearly £300 a year, and in a short time could get rid of these things, and put by money besides.

I have by this mail written to Grace and Hansom, asking for information. I hope I have not done wrong; no other course occurs to me. The Greek Government is insolvent, and I would have nothing to do with them. Can you get an introduction to Layard? He knows more about Constantinople than any man in England, having lived upon his wits here for some years.

I think your plan of going to Vienna and Trieste a good one, and I will write to my friend Eber to ask who you can apply to there; probably he knows.

I will take all the care I can of your friends when they arrive. Campaigning is fine work now. Fine air, lots of exercise, plenty of food and clothing, nothing like the horrible time last year.

You shall hear from me again soon.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

May 19th, 1855.

I wrote to Russell to tell him he has made a great mistake about there being no chaplain to the Brigade.

The weather is becoming extremely hot here, and makes walking to the camp and back very arduous and dangerous. I went there two days ago with a friend, and during our visit to the trenches, through the whole of the Right Attack. It was exceedingly interesting, but very risky. The Russians, as well as we, have many mortar batteries. I have seen a good deal of

shot and gun shell practice, but never mortars before. These are terrible engines. The day we were there they were firing them on both sides. The shells are 13 inches in diameter, and take two men to lift. Fancy one of these enormous projectiles coming down! The effect is tremendous. Just as we were entering the covered way leading to the trenches, one fell on a wooden platform and penetrated  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet through beams of oak bolted firmly together, uprooting all. We saw the wreck as we passed. Look-out men are posted at intervals to watch for shell. When the cry of "Mortar, mortar!" is raised, hurry scurry is the order of the day. All eyes are fixed on the advancing monster. He can be seen slowly coming on about half-a-mile in the air, and the thoughts of all are intensely occupied to discover where he will fall. The only plan is to stand quite still until the rushing mass is close upon you; then if shelter can be found at a few yards, make for it; if not, throw yourself flat on the ground and trust in God. We had not been more than a quarter of an hour in the trenches when a look-out man was shot in the head at the immense distance of 2,000 yards by a rifle bullet. He was of our ship, of the name of Hammond, and I fear his wound is fatal.

A mortar (the first I had ever seen close) advanced towards us in a dignified way (for a Russian) in oscillating method, like King Clicquot when he walks, with a slow whistling sound. It had a certain air of benignity, too, when compared with the horrid rush of round shot and gun shell, as if it would say, in imitation of the late lamented Nicholas, "Good morning, bono Ingleesh, how happy I am to see you; pray don't disturb yourselves good people. I am coming for your good, just to show you how strong and kind our Father and Emperor is. Whew! whew! it is warm to-day, gentlemen. Whew! what nice trenches these are! Whew! I see that red spot is where a friend of mine breakfasted this morning. Whew! don't be alarmed I repeat, gentlemen; I am only paying you a morning call, on the word of a gentleman. Whew! whew! a Russian gentleman that is. Where shall I sit down? Allow me just there; whew! don't run away, gentlemen; whew! my blessings on you. Ha! I have you now! Flop! fizz! bang!"

The shell I have spoken of came to earth about ten yards to our rear. As it touched the ground, some fell flat, and others ran like rabbits. I seized a small middy, who stood astonished at the disturbance, and kindly (!) shoved him down forcibly into a hole in the battery, and bolted round a corner myself

just as the explosion took place, receiving a charge of dust and stones in my leg that made me limp for some time. There was a great laugh against me when it was discovered that I had jammed the youngster into a magazine, the most dangerous of all places at that especial juncture. I assure you the sensation was very unpleasant when the horrid missile covered us all with dust and mud. No one was hurt, but one of the Blue-jackets had *his pipe knocked out of his mouth* with a splinter. This is a fact, for I saw it with my own eyes. The man with the greatest *sang froid* asked if we could give him another light. It was the third time he had been served so.

After this flurry we went to see one of our mortars loaded and fired, and had the satisfaction of hoping that some Russian "Papas" had been as much frightened as we had been. They are fat little guns, about 13 inches in the bore, and are fired towards the sky, the shell descending in a half circle. One end of the mortar contains a chamber which is filled with powder through a funnel, the shell being placed over this. Sometimes they range four miles, it is said. After we had seen all in the rear trenches and visited our friends, we began our progress towards the Russian lines. This is awkward work. The parapet is so low that a tall man must stoop, because if the top of his head is seen a bullet goes through it. The upper part (of the parapet, not the head) is not ball-proof, but the base is impervious to shot. About every ten minutes we had to crowd under the parapet on our hands and knees, the shot tipping the earthworks and scattering dust and stones all about and going screaming on beyond us. Our ear soon became accustomed to the distinction of sounds, and we could tell almost as well as our guide what was coming. In one or two cases he merely "sold" us. At the corners of each "gap" the trench is enfiladed by the Russian rifles. We did not know this at first until "ping! ping!" sounded so unpleasantly close that we began to think what it was. Our guide, one of our Blue-jackets, never warned us, and we were only brought to our senses by an officer politely enquiring "what we wished sent home?" and that "he would be happy to do what was necessary for us!" Further enquiries showed that we had only just missed the common fate of incautious loiterers, an interesting fact which our pleasant guide then forcibly corroborated by returning to the dangerous spot and bringing back a bullet hot and flattened, and which we had heard and seen close to

us. After that we trusted "Jack" no more. We were told to rush past these corners, advice which we found was absolutely necessary the nearer we approached the Russian sharp-shooters. Another fright we had after this, which still more served to decrease our confidence in "Jack ashore." We heard a mortar shell whistling towards us, and our man with great confidence predicted that it was going over us. We turned to look, but the stunning noise of the rush of the shot and the fuse made us quickly turn again; and even before we had time to prostrate ourselves the shell burst right over our heads. The splinters flew far and wide, but not a speck of dust or iron touched any of us, although we distinctly felt the blaze of the powder. This is one of the Providential escapes that hourly occur. The fuse had burst short, having been doubtless intended to go far beyond. Had the shell burst higher up the splinters would have reached us. Had it burst further away, they would have caught us as the circle expanded. Had it been nearer, we should have been scorched by the heat. It was no cowardice in me to thank God for our escape.

About every hundred yards you come upon a large red spot which marks the site of a casualty. Here and there an exploded magazine which has sent some few into the air. A small splinter of shell will cut a man in two; such is the force of the explosive charge each shell contains. The wall of these large shells is 4 inches thick, and the ball 13 inches in diameter—that is, 3 ft. 3 ins. round. Many of them have musket balls mixed up with the powder inside the shell. A shell shot from a gun always bursts forward, so that if it once passes you it is harmless as a round shot; but a "whistling Dick" coming from the clouds scatters in all directions as soon as it touches the ground. The calculations are so exact that few shells burst until they reach their destination.

Next week we are going to see the Left Attack, and have made up our minds to creep into our rifle pits which are only 100 yards from the Russians. We could not get nearer than 500 yards the other day. If I escape then with life and limb, I shall not often run the risk again. It takes a long time to get used to these sights. If duty calls I should never demur, I hope; but some of our most gallant officers, who live in the midst of these scenes and never suffer personal feeling to sway them for a moment, confess that a feeling of anxiety and suspense is never absent from their minds. We have heard

more particulars of the death of my beloved and lamented messmate, Douglas.

I did not see John Adye, not having time to go to Headquarters. Many of my old parishioners wish me to come back. The bombardment, as I told you in my last, was a failure, although we had another chance of taking the place. Strange to say, the Russians had not known of the approaching attack, and had marched their forces to the rear of Balaklava when the fire commenced. There were not 7,000 men in the fortress. I only wish we had known it. Our being cleared for action has again condemned me to the dirt, the pestilential air, and darkness of a cockpit cabin. Such is the life we lead.

I must tell you a good story of two of our men. During the late bombardment these gentlemen quarrelled when at the gun, and, in consequence of an epithet one applied to the other, they retired to the rear of the battery, and, regardless of shot and shell, had a quiet "set to." When the little affair was decided to their mutual satisfaction, they returned amiably together to fight the enemy!

TO HIS BROTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

May 26th, 1855.

The French have taken the field and crossed the Tchernaya, the Russians retiring before them. A large Expedition has been sent to Kertch, which, if successful, will march northwards towards Balaklava. Then on the north side of Sevastopol Omar Pasha will advance so as to invest the place on all sides. Then and then only shall we become masters of it. The weather is frightfully hot and prevents almost all exercise. I wish we were well out of this. I hear you are better, and I am very glad.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

ONE of the first concerted acts which General Pélissier, after being appointed Commander-in-Chief, helped to organize, was the second Expedition to Kertch. Reinforcements permitted the French on this occasion to contribute a larger number of troops. Of Infantry it was agreed that they should provide 7,000, the English 3,000, and the Turks 5,000. The French promised three batteries of artillery, while the English and Turks were each to supply one battery. Sir George Brown was again given the chief command, and the Admirals were Sir Edmund Lyons, Rear-Admiral Houston Stewart, and Admiral Bruat.

The start was made on May 22nd, and the Expedition proved eminently successful. The *Queen*, being a sailing ship, did not join the Squadron. The enemy showed no resistance at Kertch; they blew up their magazines and retired, and the town was occupied without any need for fighting. On the approach of the British ships at Yenikali, the garrison followed the example of Kertch; its magazines were destroyed, and it surrendered almost without opposition; and on the Sea of Azof, to which Western men-of-war had never before penetrated, rode our naval vessels. Grain, guns, and ammunition were captured; and the occupation of Yenikali by Turkish troops was deemed a convenient prelude to a projected attempt on the Circassian coast.

Captain Lyons, son of the Admiral, and several other naval commanders, distinguished themselves at this

time, rapidly going from point to point, harassing the enemy, and destroying his transports carrying grain and stores for the Russian Armies: cutting off his line of supply was a signal advantage to the Allies.

Well satisfied as were those concerned in the Expedition with its results, it was a chagrin to some of them that the Turkish troops did much unnecessary damage in the town of Kertch, the most wanton act being the wreck and ruin of the rare and valuable contents of the Museum. How much, or how little, destruction should be perpetrated by victorious troops in a captured town, is not yet a canon in the etiquette of warfare, and it will never be evolved by the student of "the divine part"\* of that art. Most of the soldiers of civilized nations are at their best when the need is sorest, but licence, resulting from victory, has often developed very ignoble traits.

Every General has, doubtless, his own personal moral code for emergencies, but if ever ideal warfare—paradoxical as the term may appear—be carried on, looting, and all its inevitable accompaniments, will be relegated to barbarians, and to those troops who deliberately fire upon flags of truce. Among the latter, however, cannot be arraigned the foe who continues firing till the flag is seen, for it is not always perceived by the whole of the field engaged, and some shots, not intended to be valedictory, may meanwhile be fired without actual determined defiance of recognized rules. An incident of this kind unfortunately gives rise to much wildness of speech, but an enemy's humane or inhumane customs should rather be judged on the broader lines afforded by his uniform treatment of wounded prisoners, than by an act which may have resulted from lack of knowledge of what was actually occurring. But when a town is already captured, to destroy forts, buildings, and valuable stores, is surely tantamount to a confession on the part of the victors, that they are unable to

\* Napoleon.





KERTCH.  
WITH MOUNTAIN OF MITHRIDATES AND THE MUSEUM.



hold, and to protect even for their own use, that which they have often very dearly won.

The skilful Pélissier was of an energetic, daring nature, not burdened, like his predecessor, with fears about the sacrifices large strategical operations demanded; and the bolder his plans, the more alacrity his Army displayed, for all the soldiers of the Allies were sick of the slower stages of the siege. Notwithstanding, there was great diversity of opinion about the advisability of the assault of Sevastopol without first investing the place.

Brave and adventurous as the French were, most of their Generals were averse to the scheme of immediately storming the Mamelon, the White Works, and the Quarries, on which Pélissier and Lord Raglan were agreed. These experienced commanders were sagacious in premising that, as the Allies had retained hitherto all the ground they had taken, if these works, which commanded the Malakoff and the Redan, could be wrested from the Russians, Sevastopol would not long hold out, and the war would be ended.

The Emperor pressed the necessity of investing, but the Emperor was in Paris—two thousand miles away.

Pélissier had determined to be Commander-in-Chief in reality, not merely in name. With him lay the military responsibility of the success, or failure, of the French Army, and he would have no paltering with the claims of royal prerogatives, for he knew how impotent a theory often may be in the face of the unforeseen local conditions which inspire prompt measures, and rapid execution. Self-reliance (as well as knowledge of the science of war) is the essential equipment of every great General. If his authority, which he knew should be commensurate with his responsibility, were interfered with, Pélissier was capable of sweeping the interference out of his path, even though it emanated from an Emperor. For by some men the Emperor of the French was regarded as a theorist only.

The hour of real emergency had arrived, when a sound decision seemed to each Commander-in-Chief to be of the most vital consequence; and that not to act upon his own convictions would be to betray the national confidence represented by his responsibility.

Pélissier boldly ignored his master's policy, and it would have been well had the concerted efforts of the Allies been pressed home without change or wavering.

The third bombardment commenced on June 6th by a simultaneous cannonade from five hundred and fifty French and English guns. Sir Evelyn Wood tells that the volume of sound was "grand beyond description." On Todleben, the engineer, it made a different impression than that experienced by the young naval cadet, for he recorded that the fire of the English was "murderous, entailing havoc and ruin."

The cannonade continued with more or less vigour till the 10th instant, but it was on the 7th that the struggle between the belligerents was most fierce. As the guns of the Mamelon could rake troops in the Quarries, it was necessary that it should be taken first, and the operations were carried out, as Kelson Stothert's letters describe, on a large scale. The English fire was directed against the outworks of the Quarries, situated between the Redan, which they covered, and the British trenches; that of the French was directed against the Mamelon, and the White Works to the east of the Careening Ravine. At the last-named Works, Bosquet, with fine forethought and skill, persisted in pressing forward supports, and outwitting the enemy by sheer force of numbers.

The Quarries were taken almost without a struggle, for their occupants retired to the Redan. The English guns, being nearer than in April, proved more deadly, but the terrible fire which the Allies, at all points, drew upon themselves, was deadly also.

When the French had valorously taken the Mamelon, and the Russians, driven from their outworks, had, at

length, to retire behind their main line of defence, their defeat was rendered infinitely more galling, because of their countless losses, and the knowledge that their enemies were slowly, but surely, gaining in upon the citadel that had been defended with so much sacrifice, because the besieged had hitherto considered it invulnerable.

TO HIS FATHER.

Off Sevastopol,

June 8th, 1855.

The day before yesterday a smart cannonade opened on the fortifications of Sevastopol about half-past two in the afternoon, and continued without intermission until ten o'clock last night, when it almost entirely ceased. In the afternoon a party from the ship went to visit our old friend in the French fort, the Genoa battery, the one nearest to the sea, at that time under a heavy cross fire of shot and shell from five different batteries. We were very anxious to see the firing, and thought it would be hard if we did not support our friends when in trouble. With some anxiety and a good deal of scampering, dodging, hiding and tricking, as shot after shot came bounding along, covering everybody with stones and dust, the bastion was gained. Our acquaintances greeted us with a shriek of laughter, adding "*c'est une comedie*," to see the English officers come "pleasuring" on such an occasion. The bomb shells were falling in great numbers to the rear, creating much alarm by their rush and noise, but doing really little injury. Only five men were killed during the visit of the party, which lasted more than half an hour, for one ran far more danger in entering or leaving the battery than in remaining there. However, I must say (being a non-combatant) that the sensation was far more pleasant in leaving than in remaining, with the whirr of shot close at hand, and dead men covered with blood at the next gun. Towards nightfall a sharp fire of musketry was seen, and to-day we have heard that the important fort of the Mamelon was carried with a loss of 2,000 to the French, and a large number on our side also, as well as forty officers killed and wounded. Report also says the Redan is taken. If so, Sevastopol is ours in a week. I go to-morrow to make a long journey to the camp, and will learn the truth of a rumour of

which you at home have been certain some hours. Everything is going on well at Kertch, except the barbarous cruelty of the Turks.

The weather is fearfully hot, thermometer 84° in the cabins. We shall have it higher still. Cholera is very bad, but not so bad as last year. I told you of the loss of my friend Chapman, the surgeon, by that malady.

I have just had a letter from a general officer at the camp. The whole affair was badly planned and worse executed; the general thinks "there will be a row." He blames the French. My Blue-jackets behaved splendidly.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

June 12th, 1855.

We sent home a despatch to you last night to say that Anapa, the last stronghold of the Russians to the south had been hastily evacuated, and was held by the Circassians, but that the Admiral had taken measures to prevent its re-occupation by the enemy. Thus success has attended all our efforts there. We have also had success here, as the telegraph will have told you long before this. The famous Mamelon is now ours, having been carried in a gallant way by the French, although, I regret to say, with a great loss on both sides.

The day before yesterday I went to see John Adye, and found that his brother Mortimer's career had for a time been put a stop to. In the bombardment previous to the storming of the Mamelon a shell exploded close to him, and he was badly burnt. I got on one of John's horses and rode off to the right to Mortimer's tent, where, after some trouble, I found him. He is very much burnt, but his eyesight is not injured, and no fever has set up. I have consulted our surgeons who are used to this kind of thing, and they say that now it is hardly likely he will suffer from fever, and that the loss of hair and skin will be all. . . . He is in excellent spirits, sleeps well, and eats well, as far as he can get anything, and is very thankful that his sight will be preserved. I hope to have him down here with me in a few days. The change will do him good.

On the same occasion as a flag of truce was out for burying

the dead, I rode down to the Mamelon, the scene of the fight. Corpses were thickly heaped together, and perhaps more horribly mutilated than the victims at Alma. I think more French were there than Russians. The former lost upwards of 2,000 men killed and wounded. This flag of truce gave me an opportunity of seeing much forbidden ground, and the possession of a horse enabled me to view a great deal more of the "terrain" than I had ever seen before. The Mamelon is a fort of immense strength, and the magazine a perfect hill of earth. Strange to say twenty-eight hours after the capture of the place a drunken Russian was found there, with the means of ignition in his possession!!! A great many of the Russian officers seem snobs, and I expect, like the French, have been of late mainly supplied from the ranks, but one of them told us not to stray too far among the stones and grass, as the ground was covered with a destructive and explosive weapon called "fugace." This is a box filled with shot, musket balls and powder, and fitted with a fuse, which, being trodden upon, explodes at once. Several did explode, but none when I was there. I had not time to make a very minute investigation, for the period of truce had nearly expired, and the warning guns having been fired, the crowd of pedestrians was retiring. The dead were not nearly buried, and I suspect are still uncovered. I had just time to turn my horse's head and gallop within the lines with a large troop of horsemen when the firing recommenced. On our return a large grey hare jumped from some bushes, and we had a hunt, but she got away at last. What a queer life this is? One day a deadly fight, next day a truce, and people go out to see the field of battle as they would go to a flower show in England. The impressions of these awful scenes are barely imprinted on our minds when they give place to the excitement of a hare hunt, and then again one is softened and depressed by meeting the solemn procession of a funeral party with a stretcher, borne on men's shoulders, containing some object covered with a blood-stained blanket. We rein in and take off our hats as these remains of once brave men pass towards their narrow home; the guards turn out, arms clash, the procession passes on, and the wave of other occupations closes in, and fills up the interval. Perhaps it is well it is so. I do not think we could bear the tension if we dwelt long and minutely upon all that goes on around us. The quick change of thought and scene is itself preservation.

When the Malakoff tower and the Redan are ours the

south side of Sevastopol will be gained. Before my letter reaches you the telegraph will have told you of the attack or failure of this part of our schemes. I am sick of the war.

\* \* \* \* \*

P.S.—We hear the Malakoff is to be attempted to-night. Have you been able to put my name down again on the books of Worcester? I can get my degree out here without going home, I am told, so that I am doubly anxious to have it arranged.

There is not much fear now of my getting shot, as I do not know when I shall go to the trenches again, having seen all the lines, both French and English, from beginning to end. If we do go in again (as I suspect) to attack the forts, and anything happens to me, Sue's children may have my Crimean medal, which is now due.

Yesterday I walked up to the camp and went to see Mortimer Adye. He appears much better, and expects to be sent to Scutari very shortly. I was greatly shocked when arriving at the sailors' camp to find an intimate friend of mine, a surgeon, dying of cholera. I sat with him more than an hour. He could not speak, but knew me well and would take assistance from no hand but mine. When I was obliged to leave him I had a little hope, but he died about an hour after. He was a fine fellow and has done his duty.

I see the *Times* correspondent dismisses my case summarily enough. How carelessly these men get up evidence. I took the trouble to write to him to tell him that he had made an error in supposing no chaplain had been appointed; that I was appointed in the winter, and that the winter's toil destroyed my health, etc., etc. This is all the notice he has taken of my communication. I am glad, however, no more has been said. "Least said soonest mended," and these men are not the fellows to feel the "toil and moil" of our duties.

I met Eber the other day. He is very well indeed and wishes me to visit him. The Fleet have returned from Kertch. When are the books coming out? I wish you could get me six more Chobhams, I have nothing else fit to wear.

The daily losses since the last bombardment were very considerable; the Allies had to continue sapping closer and closer; the troops in the trenches, from the ceaseless shelling, suffered cruelly, while the industry in



the Sevastopol mortar batteries was indefatigable. The occupation of the Mamelon cost the French, incredibly, it was said 100 per day.

At length an assault was determined upon ; the ships of the line were commanded to make a "demonstration" in order to engage some of the artillerymen in defending seaward batteries, who would otherwise be occupied augmenting the number of those employed in the land batteries facing the Allies. It was supposed at this time there were only from 45,000 to 50,000 in the garrison of Sevastopol.\* Disease was rife there and supplies had begun to fail ; to harass at different points was one of the most necessary tactics.

A furious bombardment was continued all day on the 17th of June. During the night the assaulting columns were moved into the trenches. The plan of attack arranged between Lord Raglan and Pélissier for the early morning of the 18th, was to bombard heavily for three hours ; to destroy the earthworks which the Russians never failed to repair during the night ; to disable the guns by which they were armed ; and to clear the parapets of troops before commencing the assault.

At the last moment when he had no choice but to acquiesce, Lord Raglan received a despatch from Pélissier intimating an alteration in the arrangements, which could not but result in confusion. The French Commander-in-Chief had decided to commence the assault with no preliminary cannonade, as he feared moving such large bodies of troops after dawn might be discerned, and the enemy would not be taken by the surprise he hoped to effect, which surprise would be a surer guarantee for the success of the assault.

All was ready before daybreak, but General Mayran, who was in command of one of the French assaulting Divisions, anticipated the signal for marching ; his troops became confused, and, in the terrible fire they

\* "Letters from Headquarters," page 317.

had drawn upon themselves, he was mortally wounded. The other two French Generals, Brunet and d'Autemarre, with their Divisions, each of about six thousand troops, did not simultaneously go forward; and, notwithstanding their resolute attempts to storm those Russian defences assigned to them, they did not accomplish the purpose of their Commanders-in-Chief. The appalling fire, which everywhere met them, literally mowed them down, and Brunet was killed in his gallant attempt to reach the Little Redan. Notwithstanding the numbers of both English and French supports in reserve, in the haphazard which reigned throughout this desperate assault, some were not used, and others got into confusion with regiments already engaged.

It had been agreed that the English were not to begin operations till the French possessed the Malakoff, as its guns commanded the Redan which they were to attempt, for, unless the Malakoff was silenced, the Redan could not possibly be taken.

Lord Raglan, however, from his position could see how the French were being decimated, and he sought to obtain a diversion for them by ordering the assault of his force to commence, but a terrible fire of grape and musketry poured also upon them from every side. The stormers were eager and daring; soldiers and sailors alike dauntlessly flung themselves forward. Climbing over the parapet, their formation was destroyed, and a scattering fire met first the Rifles, then part of the 33rd Regiment led by Colonel Johnstone, who was very soon severely wounded. Colonel Yea, seeing the troops wavering, rallied them by putting himself at their head, and led the way to the Redan. "He was some yards in advance of his column," writes one who recognised the bravery of this gallant officer, "when a charge of grape shot struck him in the body and the head, and he fell to the ground, pointing with his sword the direction the troops were to take."

Not a bad end for the only son of Sir William Walter Yea; not a bad end either for the last of a long line whose redoubtable ancestor was a certain Nicholas de la Ya, a Devonshire knight, in the reign of Henry III. How he was honoured and respected during the campaign is recorded in a letter written by General Codrington to his sister.\*

Colonel Shadforth, leading the storming party, was also killed, and Sir John Campbell was mortally struck while endeavouring to take his place. The list of slain and wounded on this memorable morning is too long to recount. Their names are engraven on the pages of their country's history, and some of them on unpretentious headstones erected near where they so valiantly fought, and nobly died.

The assault having failed, the attack was abandoned. The programme had included lodgment for the Allies both in the Malakoff and the Redan, but stubborn resistance defeated their splendid valour. The French did get a footing in the former, but were driven out with terrible loss; they also penetrated into the Karabelnaia suburb, but so sore was their need of supports there that the troops became dispirited. The Russian artillery had played the usual game common to artillery. Its fire had broken up the advancing ranks; half measures are not its practice; too insatiable for mere wounds, it deals out annihilation, save when it scatters apart brain and limbs, so that after it is stilled, a man looks in vain for the *body* of his friend, and is fortunate if he is able to recognise any of his *remains*.

The Naval Brigade lost very heavily, their determined courage undiminished by the knowledge that they were pressing forward into hopeless straits. The Blue-jackets were keen to "beat the Russians"; the broader issues—preservation of Turkish integrity; maintenance of British prestige; the safeguarding of his country's honour—did not directly concern Jack's

\* At the end of this chapter.

immediate point of view ; what did, however, concern him very greatly in this terrible failure, was the loss of so many of his "chums," and the wounding of his hero, Captain Peel—and woe be to the enemy in the next encounter ! Not that he could have done better in the struggle of the day. Without boasting, Jack knew he had done his loyal best, as is his custom on desperate occasions, the "dumb British valour" overcoming siege-weariness, and that lack of sleep about which, in truce time, a Russian officer made a laughing joke. A distinguished General has given a very vivid account of the work of the Naval Brigade on June 18th, 1855, but, as at the time he belonged to that arm of the Service, and did his own valorous part in this assault, in which he was wounded, he has not been too lavish in his expressions of praise. Possibly he refrained out of respect to the men, who hate to be talked about "for having done their duty," misliking it only one degree less than being talked about for having left their duty undone.

Such was the calibre of the Naval Brigade, officers and men—steadfast, persistent, and unconquerably brave.

And it was not his own fault that the beardless Hotspur, Midshipman Evelyn Wood, did not die in his boots that day, for care of the life that has since served his country so well, was assuredly not the paramount impulse that impelled him to dare the impossible, as, all round him, others, twice his age, were doing to the death they were facing so zealously. The ladder parties had an evil time ; the open in front of the advanced trench was fatal ground ; he himself has vividly told of some tragic experiences during the storming—men remember to the end impressions made on such a day—God grant they forget them in the Hereafter ! A shot in the arm felled him, and, for a time, he lay insensible. No more exploits for you at present Midshipman Wood ; no more following of your un-



MIDSHIPMAN EVELYN WOOD

FROM A PAINTING IN 1854.



finching leader, Peel, through murderous showers of grape, over dead-bestrewed ramparts. He, too, is disabled, and deep the grumbling against "bad luck" in the sailors' camp to-night; but the world has yet more to hear of you both, and, though the Naval Brigade loses your services now, you have learnt with the Blue-jackets much that shall stand you in good stead later; so, for a while—softly!

The death rolls and the repulse were poignant griefs to the Commanders of the Allied Armies, and "it was a sad sight indeed to see the poor, broken, jaded columns winding their weary way up the valleys,"\* wrote Lord George Paget, who discerned how keen a blow this failure was to his own much-beloved chief, and how mortifying also it was for Lord Raglan to know that the suffering, and horrible waste of life, had all been in vain.

The price of a great military disaster is not always paid in blood and treasure: the humiliation of defeat is a veritable lash of scorpions to every proud spirit. Irresponsible opinion, too, invariably charges failure with incompetence; and, at critical moments, when judgment should be suspended, or reservedly calm, hard-won reputations are blown away as lightly as vagrant thistledown is scattered to the winds.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

June 19th, 1855.

We have been in a state of great anxiety for several days past, as rumour pointed out each successive morning as the time when the final assault was to be made. Yesterday, the anniversary of Waterloo, the Fleet got under weigh, cleared for action, and cruised about off the forts waiting for the pre-concerted signal from Lord Raglan to go in and attack in conjunction with the Army. The signal was never made, and

\* "The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea," page 102.

at night news arrived that we had failed in our attack on the Malakoff tower, but had succeeded in capturing the Redan fort with great loss to ourselves, many men and four generals having been killed. We still, I believe, hold the Redan. At midnight last night a terrible fire of musketry took place, the result of which we have not heard. You may imagine the state of anxiety we are all in. No news has arrived from camp, except that one of our Blue-jackets, on a visit to the trenches, had his head blown off there. Our artillery fire, having silenced the enemy's batteries immediately opposite our parallels, we hoped for a sure victory. I do not doubt that we shall yet succeed, but our disappointment is not the less at present. Every night some of the steamers have gone into the forts and blazed away at them, the Russians returning the fire with great spirit and tremendous noise. A few casualties only have occurred, the most serious of which has been a wound sustained by Captain Lyons (the son of the Admiral), who has lost the calf of his leg and has gone to hospital.

Nothing could exceed the grandeur of these night attacks. The black darkness is suddenly illumined with sheets of flame, the roar of artillery echoes across the sea and amongst the mountains, like a dozen thunderstorms; shells sparkle, and hiss, and explode, while rockets roar as if the devils were making holiday. Little harm is done as far as ships are concerned; they are constantly shifting their position, and are, consequently, difficult to hit. Not so with the forts; every shot must tell upon them. No wonder the Russian gunners lose so many lives. Lord Raglan is anxious the ships should not go in, if it can be helped; our fire would destroy as many of our own people as of the Russians. If news arrives before post time, I will tell you. Kindest love to all.

P.S.—We have just had authentic news of the affairs of yesterday and last night. The attacks on all the important positions of the Redan, and Tour de Malakoff, failed entirely, owing to the French storming party having mistaken the signal, in consequence of which part of them advanced to the attack before the time. Lord Raglan, seeing this, at once ordered our men to support the French, instead of waiting the issue of the first charge of our Allies, as had been arranged. Such a murderous discharge of grape fell upon the advancing parties, that, after a gallant resistance, they were obliged to fall back (leaving three regiments on the spot who could



neither advance nor retire), but sheltered themselves in the trench. The French lost 5,000 men, two generals killed and seven wounded. General Campbell has been killed on our side, and gallant Colonel Yea, of the 7th Fusiliers. Forty officers killed and wounded, besides 1,500 rank and file killed, wounded and missing.

The affair was only a feigned attack on the part of the French to extricate the regiments I have spoken of, who were hemmed in. The loss was, however, nine hundred men to our Ally.

The Naval Brigade, as usual, suffered severely, having preceded the attacks with scaling ladders. Captain Peel has been wounded, and young Wood also. We have lost a valued messmate, and several of our people killed. It is not half as bad as the ten attempts on St. Sebastian in the last war. I hope in a day or two another attack will be made.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Off Sevastopol,  
June 26th, 1855.

You will have heard by this time of the disastrous event of the attack upon the Malakoff tower and its failure. I sent to Carry the *Journal de Constantinople*, which contains a truly French account of a pitiable affair. I put two Queen's heads on the paper; perhaps you will let me know if it arrives safely, and for that.

Captain Lyons, of the *Miranda*, the second and favourite son of the Admiral, is dead; he went in with his ship to attack the forts a few nights ago, and the splinter of a shell carried away the calf of his leg. Having been in ill health for some time previously, the shock was too great for him; mortification set in; amputation was unavailing, and he died at Therapia Hospital on Saturday morning.

A painful feeling has been experienced at the result of a court martial on one of our naval surgeons on shore. The surgeon neglected to turn out at once to see a sick man (as is often the custom at home, much more, of course, with our overworked doctors in the camp); the man died, and the surgeon is mulcted of his pay, dismissed the service, and imprisoned for two years. All say the sentence is too severe; but a victim was wanted, and, when found, received no mercy at the hands of a board of fussy old post captains, who con-

sider all but their own class proper game for every kind of contumely and injustice. I should say that no medical care could have saved the man in question, as he died of a sudden attack of heart complaint. No doubt the surgeon was exceedingly culpable, but old gentlemen who have never slept out of their beds for many years, and have not known what it is to miss their daily bottle of port, cannot well know what a surgeon is likely to do in camp, when worn out with constant labour by day, and whose nights are constantly broken into, frequently, I well know, by people who have all sorts of imaginary illnesses.

FROM GENERAL CODRINGTON TO COLONEL YEA'S SISTERS.

Before Sebastopol,

June 19th, 1855.

I hear that my friend, my valued and gallant friend, who yesterday gave up his life to duty, has sisters; and I presume to write to them in the hope that the assurance of the universal feeling prevalent in the Army of the gallantry of their excellent brother may somewhat soften their misery at his loss. But it is not only of the gallant performance of his duty yesterday that I wish to speak; on every occasion of fight—at Alma—at Inkerman—in the daily and nightly, but not less dangerous fights of the Trenches—the name of Colonel Yea of the 7th Fusiliers has been made most prominent; and now in this last and desperate attack upon the Redan of Sebastopol he was named by high authority to the Command of the Brigade in which he has been so much with me, and was named as the assaulting Column of the Light Division. To no more gallant soldier could this be entrusted; none could show a greater devotion in preparing all the details, and the result has well proved how determined he was by personal efforts and experience to brave everything for success. Alas! he was killed amidst a storm of grape at the abattis of the Redan, having gone up to it with gallant companions, of whom few indeed returned unscathed.

But it has not only been in battle that he has shown his excellent qualities; throughout the whole of this terrible winter—terrible from want of means—his efforts were never failing, by public means, by private efforts, to obtain relief for the sound men as well as the sick men of his regiment, and he must have had the gratification of feeling that many of his Regiment were indebted to his unceasing exertions for their



COLONEL YEA'S GRAVE IN THE CRIMEA.



life and comparative health. Though an acquaintance only of this Campaign in the Crimea, it became a friendship from the soldierlike assistance he has ever given, and the devotion he showed to every duty with which he was entrusted; and you may feel sure that in all the terrible losses by fight, or by disease, of this War, the grave will close over no more brave, energetic, and devoted soldier, than your good Brother.

Yours sincerely,

WM. CODRINGTON.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

NOTWITHSTANDING the terrible number of their own troops slain at the assault, and the increasing ravages of disease among their wounded, at the end of June the Russians might well have considered that even comparatively the fortunes of the British Army were at a low ebb.

Another calamity was imminent. Its Commander-in-Chief lay dying.

On his return to Headquarters on the 18th, baffled, and depressed in spirit, Lord Raglan had found news awaiting him of the death of his beloved sister. Added to the strain of this personal grief, was the inevitable conviction that the late event, upon which very much had been hazarded by the Allied Generals, had ended so disastrously, mistakes must have been committed, and it was no slight mortification to him that his Ally, Pélissier, would not be eager to blame himself for the primary blunder.

Lord Raglan's practice had never ignored the necessity of risking the safety of his forces for adequate results, but, like all prudent commanders, he had invariably recognized the duty of protecting his regiments from the possibility of absolute annihilation. The losses in every grade of the Army, doubtless coupled with the keen disappointment of failure, preyed upon his mind, and it was remarked, before his brief illness, that he had aged considerably in appearance since the assault.

Cholera and camp fever were still claiming their

victims, and neither harbour nor Headquarters had immunity. The death from the former disease, of General Estcourt, Adjutant-General of the Army (on the 25th), proved another great blow to the already overburdened mind of the Commander-in-Chief.

Lord Raglan was seized with dysentery ; although at first the doctors did not think very seriously of the attack, their patient had no rallying power, and gradually sank, "the victim of England's unreadiness for war." \* On the 28th, anniversary of the Coronation of the Sovereign he had served so well, when his spirit passed away, at his bedside were his friends Lord and Lady George Paget, General Simpson, and some members of his staff: Sir George Brown had that morning sailed for England.

The much-deplored tidings cast a great gloom over the Allied Armies, in which was mingled, to those who knew what Lord Raglan's difficulties had been, not a little dread that British influence at the seat of war would not be so forceful now he was gone who had preserved its weight and dignity in the councils, even when a skeleton army, during the winter, had been all the material with which he had been able to back his words. Pélissier's regret for the loss of the colleague for whom he had always shewn profound respect, was deep and touching, and his general order to the French Army was a truly sympathetic and admiring tribute. †

Lord Raglan's unique character, his sagacity, self-restraint, and his noble, unostentatious life, had compelled the esteem of even those from whose opinions he had disagreed, and "always calm, dispassionate, consistent, cheerful," was the eulogium of the gallant Admiral, ‡ whose relations with him had been as close and friendly as official life would permit.

\* "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," page 335—General Sir Evelyn Wood.

† See Appendix V.

‡ Sir Edmund Lyons.

But, during the whole of the campaign, Lord Raglan had been fettered by the unavoidable conditions of Allied action. Had his command in the Crimea been absolutely independent, not only of our Ally, but also of the too definite instructions of his own Government, although it is impossible to conjecture in what the sequence of operations would have differed, it is permissible to believe that posterity would have had a more accurate basis for judgment upon him as a great military commander.

All those most familiar with his personal character recognized that duty—supreme, tireless, self-denying, and ideal—was the impulse of all his doings. The man “who could not tell a lie to save his life,”\* never betrayed either friend or foe, and the conscience of a nation might have safely been given into his keeping, for, maligned, misjudged, and misunderstood by his fellow-countrymen, he refrained from vindicating himself, as he could well have done, because his defence would have jeopardized the reputation of the Government he was loyally pledged to serve. But now the true heart was cured of its ache, and beyond all hurt from busybodies.

The honours paid to his obsequies by the four Allied Armies, testified to the universal respect which he had inspired. During the sad hours, while the cortège was wending its way from Headquarters to Kazatch Bay, a distance of between five and six miles, not a gun was fired from the garrison of Sevastopol :—

“ Though in this city he  
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,  
Which to this hour bewail the injury,  
Yet he shall have a noble memory.”

There was no one left behind so qualified by early training, and later diplomatic experience, for maintaining amicably the British military influence in the

\* This was said of him by the Duke of Wellington.



councils as hitherto. Upon General Simpson the chief command now devolved, but we must turn to Kelson Stothert's letters for some account of local impressions at this critical period.

TO HIS SISTER.

Off Sevastopol,

June 29th, 1855.

Poor Raglan died last night as you will have heard by this time (12 o'clock). The cause of his lamented and unexpected decease has not transpired to us, although doubtless the telegraph has already carried it to England. His loss will be felt very severely, for he was so greatly valuable in keeping us in amicable relations with the French; no slight task I can assure you.

Of his military talents I am not competent to speak, but people *say* he was vastly superior to Pélissier, who is a mere *sabreur*, excellent in leading a charge, but nothing as a General.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

June 30th, 1855.

I have been suffering, but have nearly recovered. The exhaustion produced is great. I have not been able to walk out for nearly a fortnight, so that I cannot say how Mortimer Adye is, but I expect he has gone to Scutari.

You will have heard by this time of the lamentable death of Lord Raglan, just at the time when his peculiar usefulness had become so apparent, when the prejudices we had against him had been removed by the late Parliamentary explanations; and when all his trials were about to be crowned, as we believed, by victorious success. Who is to replace him I do not know. Sir George Brown is knocked up, and I suppose Sir C. Campbell will be the man.

We have yet to take the Malakoff and Redan, but from what we see of the enormous works the Russians are even now daily erecting on these points, there is little hope of a bloodless victory. The Russians are splendid fellows, quite as good as

in 1812, when they scattered the feathers of the eagles of France. Was it not at Smolensko that 7,000 Russian recruits resisted 40 charges of 18,000 French cavalry without being broken? I think it was there. The same firm endurance and barbaric fanaticism still actuate the legions of the Tsar. However, many of his veteran troops have been destroyed, for the Imperial Guard nearly perished at Alma and Inkerman, where the decorations of the dead showed that thousands of them had fought in the Hungarian war. Eber has several trophies he cut off the coats of Russian officers.

I hope to see George out here soon. If he comes I wish you could send me "Napier's Peninsular War." It is a book I have long wished to possess, and should read it now with particular interest and some knowledge.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Off Sevastopol,

July 3rd, 1855.

Lord Raglan's body leaves the Crimea to-day for England. There will be a grand military procession for the purpose of accompanying the funeral cortège to the place of embarkation at Kazatch; nearly the whole of the French and English Army will be present. We are to land several hundred marines and Blue-jackets to form a guard of honour, and all the captains of the Fleet will take part in conveying the remains on board the *Caradoc*, the ship selected. The body is preserved in móm,\* and enclosed in lead. A eulogistic and General Order has been published by the French naval and military authorities, the former including in their expressions of condolence the name of Captain Lyons, the son of the Admiral, whom you recollect was killed, or rather died of his wounds, after the night attack on Sevastopol. The mail that arrived after his death brought word that the *Queen* had made him a C.B.

General Simpson takes the command *pro tempore*, and we hear that Sir Harry Smith is coming out. I hope not. I have just been reading the speeches of Layard and Gladstone on the question of administrative reform. Layard's speech is warm in tone, but vague and illusory, Gladstone's is candid, beautifully expressed, and his reasoning exquisitely balanced.

\* Móm—a Persian word—is the wax used in the East for embalming.

I quite agree with him that the Administrative Reform Association is hardly worth serious attention. Lord Aberdeen's Government it appears, at the instance of Gladstone, has been long engaged in making sensible reforms. If the Association mean nothing, they ought to say nothing. If they mean anything they ought to say what they mean. Nothing at all is being done here. The Admiral is ill of grief, and so worn out with anxiety that he keeps his bed. I am glad to find that my friend Mr. McKillop is made a Commander for his frolic in the Sea of Azov.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

July 8th, 1855.

Lord Raglan's remains left here by the *Caradoc* for England a few days since. I went on shore to see the coffin placed in a boat for the ship. On the road from Headquarters to Kazatch (five miles) French troops of the line were drawn up as a Guard of Honour, and 20 eagles were displayed at various points.

The coffin was escorted by about seven regiments of cavalry and horse artillery, no other troops being at that time available, in consequence of a threatened attack of the Russians. All the generals attended. Pélissier was there with his aides-de-camp, and fluttering guidon, ostrich feather-adorned hat, and all complete. Canrobert, in diminished splendour, rode alone, the "Star of the Bath" glittering on his breast. Omar Pasha, attended by his brilliant but barbarian followers, rode close after the corpse, the most soldierlike looking man of all the throng, except General Della Marmora, the Sardinian. The Cuirassiers of the Guard mustered in great force, officered by some of the fattest individuals I ever saw. I could not help noting the contrast between our men and the French. The latter were smaller, and not such good riders as the English cavalry. I was filled with pride at the superior appearance of our own regiments, sitting their splendid horses as if they were part of them, cold and impassive as their own swords (which were lowered with soldierlike courtesy as each regiment passed an "Eagle"), looking as if nothing could check their advance. I am sure nothing *could* resist a charge of English cavalry, but they are too cold and too heavy to pursue. The French rode like bags of hay,

bumping about with their toes at an acute angle to the horse's belly, and, as they passed their colours, they gave an extra bump and waved their swords theatrically as much as to say—

“ Fi, Fo, Fum !  
 I smell the blood of a Muscovy man,  
 Whether he's dead or whether he's lively,  
 I'll pound his flesh to make me Bouilli.”

The generals on both sides, with the exception of those I have named, are, as far as appearance goes, about on a par—old men greatly the worse for wear.

I saw John Adye. Mortimer is gone to Scutari for a month, and is getting on extremely well. What the effect of Lord Raglan's death will be upon the fortunes of the Adyes I do not know.

Large reinforcements have arrived to the Russians under the command of General Luders. He vows to retake the Mamelon. I am sick of the war, of fighting for wretched, effete barbarians like the Turks, who, as the late Nicholas said, are about to die ; some of us are inclined to think the sooner the better. I should almost like to be able to give them the final coup myself.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

July 10th, 1855.

Colonel Bowler of North Aston has lost his eldest son who was in the 10th Hussars, just come from India to this place. He was with the advanced forces across the Tchernaya, where cholera was, and I believe still is, very rife ; and early fell a victim. I was enquiring about him the day after he died, and was greatly shocked to hear he was gone, leaving a wife at his father's, and, I presume, children. I suppose few families at home of any distinction are not in mourning. The gentlemen of England have poured out their blood like water in this disastrous war ; it is vain that the Layards and the Lindsays, followed by their crew of pepper-dust makers, wine and spirit manufacturers, tea adulterators, chicory pro-coffee sellers, poison vendors, thieving bankers, dishonest merchants, tyrant manufacturers, *et hoc genus omne*, who at this time form so large a portion of the middle classes of England, and

to the lasting disgrace of our English name, are so boastful, so ambitious, and so jealous, it is vain that they should say to other men "Stand by. I am holier than thou!" Venality is shewn by the bishops, nepotism by the nobles; but, with all their defects, self-sacrificing devotion to their country's good, is exhibited not by the Administrative Reform Association, but by the Newcastles, the Aberdeens, the Herberts and many other members of the much-abused aristocracy. Have you read Dr. Hassall's report on the adulteration of food? It will be a "caution," as well as a mortification to those who are accustomed to boast of the honesty, the intelligence, and the morality of the middle classes of England. Foreigners say we are the most dishonest rogues in the whole world.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

July 10th, 1855.

I direct this letter to Sandford, thinking you may be there. Will you forward the enclosed to Jenner? I hope you enjoyed your trip to Frome. How very sad for his wife and family is poor Spring's death. The eldest son of Colonel Bowler of North Aston is dead of cholera. This terrible complaint attacks all newcomers. I shall not trouble myself to enquire for ———'s son; my acquaintance is already so numerous that I am quite unable to seek for any more. I have no opportunity of doing so. It is too far to *walk* to the camp in this terrible weather. The fashionable ride is to the valley of the Tchernaya, where the cavalry are, and where Captain Bowler died and is buried. This is far out of reach, being ten or twelve miles away, a distance impossible for pedestrians at this season, especially as one mile out implies another mile back. I am told it is a beautiful spot, and I hope to be able to get twenty-four hours leave to go and see it. I am speaking as if I had never been there. My visit was in the winter.

There is a heavy fire going on from all the batteries at this moment, but what it means I cannot say; probably we are trying to reduce a few of the new levies General Luders has brought to the relief of the place.

I should like to be able to see Lilly and Jenner and their piccaninnies once more. I am so tired of this endless scene of ruined walls and towers; shaken and scattered batteries; broken guns and shot; trenches hot and miserable, reticulating the face of the country; camps foul and filthy; swearing

soldiers, drunken sailors, thieving merchant captains, lying newspaper reporters, putrid bullocks, dying horses, and burning heat ; sullen guns breaking upon the ear with horrid discord ; dying men, dead men's bones and all uncleanness. It is become quite a passion with me to see, if only for an hour or two, some civilized place, where I may look once more upon a man without a musket, a woman not drunk, a tree with leaves on it, a church without shot holes in its roof, and last, but not least, a peaceful, homely flower garden.

Will you give my remembrances to all our friends in Oxfordshire ? If you see Clifton tell him from me to give my kind regards to the Bowlers and my sincere condolences in their loss, and to say if I can be of any service in seeing a monument erected, I hope they will command me.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

July 13th, 1855.

I wrote to Hannay, the Bursar of Worcester, asking him to take steps to replace my name on the college books, and referring him to you. It will be a great advantage to me now, and as things are made so cheap in the way of fees it will be no great hardship. My difficulty is the £20 caution money. I have not that sum in the whole world, notwithstanding a good deal of economy. I send home quarterly to my agent what is paid away for me, and the remainder is barely enough to meet my expenses here.

There is a very heavy firing going on in the direction of the Mamelon, but I do not suppose any intelligence will reach us in time for the post.

I am suffering a good deal to-night from a return of the old complaint, and can hardly sit up to write. If I do not add anything more to-morrow you will excuse me this time. It is terribly hot. I was told the thermometer was 112° on shore. It has been 90° all day on board, but a thunder storm has cleared the air.

I suppose my Mother is by this time at Sandford. I wrote to her there last mail. Haymaking must be over at home ; fruit is ripe here. I ate some pears before breakfast to-day, and this of course is the cause of my illness. What a climate it is.

I see Pélissier implies some degree of blame to Lord Raglan for the failure of the late attack on the 18th. I heard, how-

ever, on the best authority, that the French General altered his plans at the last moment. All the world knows what the result must be in "la grande guerre" when the destination of the operations of large bodies of men, in such a terrain, is changed so suddenly. I suppose Government will not be able to mention this.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Off Sevastopol,

July 17th, 1855.

I suppose you have been too busy to write to me this mail. I have just returned from a short visit to the shore, where I was detained last night by the weather, and have only time to scribble a few lines to you before the post goes. There is no news at all here, the bombardment having been put off for five weeks.

I see the *Times* has a laudatory article on Lord Raglan, one in its old manner of writing, not in the flippant, absurd style that has lately disfigured its pages. I do not know whether I ever told you of my only interview with the late Commander-in-Chief. It was when I first went to the camp on a visit, and on returning to the *Agamemnon* I was requested to call at Headquarters at Balaklava, and deliver some letters there that had been sent to us by mistake. I entered the court of the house, and found nobody but an old officer in a blue coat talking to a young one. I mentioned my message, and enquired to whom I should give the letters. "Oh!" said the elder of the two, "I will take them." I handed the packet to him, and pointed out their various addresses, expressed my thanks, bowed, and was going away, when the sight of an empty sleeve, and the younger officer speaking to "my Lord," made known to me whom I was addressing. I did not apologise, since Lord Raglan saw that I had mistaken him for some subordinate, as indeed I had. Many a man would have said "What the devil do you mean, Sir?" but the fine old warrior, true to the instinct of his courtly race, was very pleasant with me and took my mistake as a matter of course.

TO HIS BROTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

July 21st, 1855.

Caroline tells me you have a ship you are about to launch, so that I suppose you will not be coming out here just yet. I have been looking forward to your visit all this month, but am glad of the cause which keeps you at home.

We are having a complete change of messmates. Our doctor is going as staff surgeon to Malta. Our purser is about to retire on half pay. The captain is now senior man on the list; and, with Admirals Dumassey and Parry at the point of death, he is not likely to be many weeks longer a captain. I only hope that when he attains to his Flag the ship will be ordered home; but that I hardly think probable.

I am now anxious about qualifying for the naval instructorship, for which I must live at least five or six months abroad so as to pick up a modern language as well as a quantum sufficit of mathematics. I am almost afraid it is impossible; but if I get a good ship, it is hard if I cannot put by £150 a year, besides allowing myself a decent margin for expenses. I am working up, but quite see that at my time of life a good master is essential, so totally have I forgotten all those little matters one so easily learns at school. I should now like to serve on five years more for my pension of five shillings a day. A little addition of this sort to one's income is not to be despised, especially if I should marry.

We are not expecting to do anything for a long time to come. The General has telegraphed home for more guns. All ours are now terribly disabled from long service. We are also advancing our batteries, but the men will hardly work at any price. A soldier is the laziest mortal on the face of the earth.

TO HIS BROTHER.

Off Sevastopol,

July 28th, 1855.

I am sorry you have not been able to square yards for me, but I should have been exceedingly vexed if you had put yourself to any inconvenience. Did you write to the Oxford people? If you can pay in an odd note now and then it will



greatly accommodate me. Should I manage, by hook or by crook, to study for a few months in Paris, I could, I am sure, pass the examination for the Instructorship, which will be a very valuable appointment for me. I have but two more commissions to serve, and then I am entitled to five shillings a day for life.

What fine doings you had at the launch of the *Araxes!*

My old captain is made Admiral, and I shall be very glad to part, for he is the saddest fidget I ever met. Still, he is a gentlemanly, excellent old man in his way. John Adye has been made a C.B. I wonder when the Crimean medals are coming out for us smaller folks. There is a talk of the bombardment being resumed in another week; but I do not believe it myself, for I happen to know our guns are all in a very bad state, most of them being completely worn out.

The weather is gloriously hot, night and day one is kept in a perpetual state of perspiration. I am knocking up fast from the climate. We are four miles from shore, and it is too hot to walk in the day, and too far for boats to go ashore at night, so we get no exercise and suffer eternal thirst, with nothing but water filled with clay, chalk, and nitrous mixtures to drink, or else strong wines which are worse than "Pison." I should like to have a good swim in a tank of Bass's ale.

It was not only the Allies who had lost, by disease, death, and wounds, the invaluable services of their best and bravest; the Russians, too, had gaps that could be but indifferently filled up.

General de Todleben had been slightly wounded on the 18th by a shot through the leg, and a few days after was completely disabled. It was owing to the skill and energy of this one man that the determined enemies of his country had been kept so long at bay outside the citadel. He had conducted the defences of Sevastopol in so masterly a manner, and by methods so original had grappled with such terrible emergencies, that, on the cramped, broken, crowded space to the south of his parapets the camps of the Allies had had to remain, month after month, while disease was bred of foul, polluted earth, and the troops, over and

over again, were compelled to encounter the revolting effects of the wholesale slaughter the prolonged struggle entailed. And it was consequent upon the unparalleled devices for mighty resistance of this resourceful genius that the siege of Sevastopol developed into one of the most important offensive operations history has recorded.

In the Roadstead the Russian ships were now being covered with clay, and their sides strengthened with gabions. Their fire, unfortunately, often reached our advanced working parties, and constantly harassed them. There were frequent reports that the enemy's ships were being worsted at sea, but the *Twelve Apostles*, frequently called the triumph of naval architecture, was, at this time, still maintaining its integrity.

On the 10th of July, Nakimoff, of Sinope fame, the fourth Russian Admiral killed in defending the fortress, was mortally wounded. Verily, the Tsar was served loyally and well; but, remembering the bravery and fate of the little, defenceless Turkish Squadron, the tidings were doubtless received by the Allies with composure; especially by the troops in Omar Pasha's camp.

The siege dragged its slow course for several weeks.

Trenches were now extended, and batteries armed more heavily. In July the French and British were gradually sapping nearer and nearer to their goal; but more guns were wanted, for many of those in the batteries were worn with incessant use, and needed replacing before another great bombardment.

Sapping towards the Malakoff was steadily persisted in by the French; it was a task for Titans, and brave Titans to boot. Their daily losses at this time were very serious, for incessant Russian musketry fire was kept up whenever a sortie from trench or battery was made. Proximity aided the Allies also to discern the movements of the enemy, and enabled them to pursue the same treatment. All the troops on the advanced

works of both sides were, at certain hours, targets ; but even that trial they appeared to encounter with a splendid zest. The labour had to be done, the French in particular were certainly now taking the leading part, and their spirit seemed to be rising to the difficulty and the danger, as is the way with people who, *au fond*, are truly and inherently brave.

The men, who have to bear the brunt of a siege, may be ennobled by the sacrifices they have to make ; but the results of the inevitable discipline of such an experience are various. To the simple mind it appears a weird method of bracing the moral faculties, to subject them to a struggle for life in a suffering camp, where the latent selfishness of every man's nature is sorely tempted. But, though they had become all too familiar with degrading sights of havoc and destruction, loathsome disease, and death in its most repulsive forms, and with the pestilential filth actual warfare always entails, the troops of the Allies were still doggedly brave and determined.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

August 14th, 1855.

I have a minute or two to spare before the post goes, and so I send you these few lines.

There is a court-martial going on on board the Flag-ship, on the commanding officer of the *Jasper* gunboat, which ran aground in the Sea of Azof, and was shamefully given up to the Cossacks, who made themselves masters of colours, guns, and signal books, even to the private signals. Whether he abandoned her under his own notion, or under orders of his senior officer, remains to be seen ; one or the other will lose his commission, and very rightly so. We are exceedingly angry at the cowardice, and the consequent disgrace inflicted on the Navy.

Admiral Berkeley told Captain Stopford that we should be home by Christmas ; perhaps it may be so ; it is not improbable. In that case I shall lose no time in working for the Instructorship, a matter of very considerable consequence to me,

and without which I shall not go to sea again, preferring to sacrifice the time I have spent here to the chance of such a horrible life without a compensation.

Report says we are again to open a bombardment shortly. I do not know whether this is the case or not. The weather is so fearfully hot that men cannot work at all in the middle of the day. Even the Russians cease all efforts until the shades of evening afford them some kind of shelter.

I hope my next ship, if I have one, will be in the Baltic ; then I shall be among new scenes, and come home every winter. We are losing a good many of our old messmates. The Admiral goes home to-day. The paymaster and the doctor are also both going, and will be replaced by others. Captain Stopford joined on Saturday. I have only just spoken to him. He has been out of the ship for the last two or three days at the court-martial. It is so strange seeing little Admiral Michell walking about in plain clothes, a black coat being an extraordinary " rig " on board ship. I suppose he will never go afloat again, being almost too weak for active service. He is a little man of tender health, of which he takes very great care.

If we do come home we shall be in Plymouth by January, and, perhaps, also be paid off before the end of the month. I shall spend a week at home, and then I hope to be able to bury myself for several months far, far away from anything but books, books, books, with not the sight or sound of a ship *or anything relating to it.*

I see the *Times* is complaining again of the want of promotion in the Naval Brigade. They have the " wrong sow by the ear " this time. The promotions there have been very numerous, but Mr. Russell's friend, a " hard bargain " of an Irishman, has not been promoted ; hence the row. When does Captain Scobell bring on his motion for reform of the Navy ?

## CHAPTER XXIX.

A FORMIDABLE fleet of British and French ships, under the command of the Honourable R. S. Dundas, C.B., and Admiral Penaud, had been in the Baltic all the summer. The Gulf of Riga was blockaded, and some Russian vessels destroyed, but, like the Fleet under Sir Charles Napier, this second great Expedition had not accomplished results adequate to the armament employed. 1855

Kronstadt was examined from a safe distance, but its invulnerable defences would have repelled any attempts at bombardment; the ships of the Tsar did not come out, and the ships of the Allies prudently did not go in, but at length, in August, the Admirals decided that something of importance must be attempted.

The defences of Sveaborg had been immensely increased; the number of batteries seawards might well have made the fortress appear impregnable, except to an inexhaustible naval force; and, when a bombardment was determined upon, the plan of operations was "limited to such destruction of the fortress and arsenal as could be accomplished by means of mortars.\* This was a necessary precaution, as the sunken ships made near approach to the islands (on which Sveaborg was built) extremely dangerous. The bombardment began on the 9th of August, and continued day and night, for

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly,"

\* Despatch from Admiral Dundas,

1855 was, no doubt, the conception of the Admirals and Blue-jackets too. The enemy made a gallant resistance, but even the presence of the Grand Duke Constantine could not prevent one or two in every few hundred mortars—contract quality to boot—being effective.

At the end of the second day, when explosions in magazines had set fire to the town, a blackened ruin alone remained; though walls stood, the destruction had spread rapidly, and the loss of 2,000, with many wounded, accrued to the Russians. The British lost not a man, and had only 28 wounded.

We refrain from destroying Helsingfors, and the enemy is grateful. If it could have been done with safety to our ships, why not? In war time, till victory to all arms is assured, destruction is the custom. Alas for custom! No doubt the people of Helsingfors, who have to succour the wounded, bless the foreign Admirals for their exceeding gentleness. "What will not people bless in their extreme need?" But we may be sure that some of the bolder Blue-jackets "*blessed*" the discretion of their commanders in quite another fashion.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the month of harvest, but who, in this sweltering heat, either in Sevastopol or on the Upland, is thinking of ripened grain or corn stooks? The long days are full of musketry fire, doubt, and conjecture; the brief nights of risk, surprise, and bursting shells which light up the sky like splendid meteors. The enemy still keeps the Allies at bay; no articulate cry from the docile Russian soldiers, who, each with his allotted, perilous task, whether sortie or defence, fulfils it doggedly till shot or shell causes him to disappear, and to be replaced. Is it dull despair, taciturnity, or sense of duty which makes these ill-cared for, and ill-rewarded units of an inflexible system, so stolid and indifferent?



**BOMBARDMENT OF SVEABORG.**

FROM A PAINTING BY CARMICHAEL.





In the hour of truce, while taking up their wounded and burying their slain, besieged and besiegers converse as frankly as their different nationalities permit; the opportunity might be the interval between the rounds of a mimic fight for all the personal repugnance shown. In presence of the dead, consciousness of the finality and flimsiness of the objects, a few moments ago, paramount to these unshriven victims, must be forcibly thrust into the minds of the survivors, however familiar circumstances may have made them with this ghastly aspect of the King of Terrors.

The Russians were well aware that another bombardment must shortly take place, and had good reason to dread their artillery being silenced. There was diversity of opinion in Sevastopol concerning the operations to be pursued. The Generals differed about the advisability of taking the offensive; attacking the Allies in the field; or biding the siege. Todleben had been removed to his country house by the Belbec, and there Prince Gorschakoff sought him in consultation. The dauntless engineer's idea was to "bring the field army to reinforce the garrison, and to hurl both against the besiegers' lines."\*

The various strategic plans resulted in a determined attack on the 16th instant on the rear of the Allied position, which was resolutely defended by the French and Sardinians. The battle of the Tchernaya may be said to have been the last hope of the besieged. It was afterwards acknowledged that the Russian purpose was to "wipe out" our Right, or "to drive it back upon the Centre"; and, by obtaining a sure victory, to impose such great discomfiture on the Allies that the siege would be raised.

The attack was directed against the French position on the Fédouikine Hills, and that of the Sardinians, to the right of the French, on hills along the stream. The

\* "The War in the Crimea," page 268.—General Sir E. Hanley.

1855 outposts of the latter extended on the opposite side close to Tchorgoun, and Lord George Paget states that the Tractir Bridge across the Tchernaya was the centre of the Russian line of attack.\* The Sardinians were driven in from their outposts; the enemy had determined to get possession of Mount Hasfort, from which they hoped to obtain complete command of the French position on the Fédouikine Heights. Troops from the Belbec had augmented those which now were in vast numbers to be opposed to the Allies. Some of these had recently made such long marches, they were too footsore to advance willingly, but the tactics, as at Inkerman, were to press on the front regiments by masses behind, and thus to gain a footing on the much-coveted Allied position.

General Read marred Prince Gorschakoff's primary manœuvre by attacking the French position too soon; he paid for it with his life, for a fierce cannonade met the advance. Though Russian troops crossed the river by the bridge and by fording, hundreds never recrossed it. The Aqueduct (four feet deep by eight feet broad) proved a deadly barrier, for its sides were perpendicular; and in getting over, formation was necessarily destroyed; and here a galling fire from the French artillery proved the mettle of the Russians, many of whom forced the way at the point of the bayonet.

The fighting was not confined to any one part of the river bank. The terrible encounter was in several sections, and continued upwards of an hour. Gorschakoff meant to have evolved his later tactics on succeeding in the preliminary manœuvres in which he was foiled; and the contest was waged against determined French and Sardinian troops who were splendidly led. The gallant Bersagliari justified their right to be considered a brave military force, driving the enemy before them, while confusion and wild dis-

\* "The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea," page 238.

order were frequently the fate of the Russian attacking regiments. 1855

The climax of the battle was reached when the French were commanded to charge down the hill, and many of the Russian soldiers were driven into the Aqueduct. The scene was beyond description; "the little canal was regularly choked with dead, wounded, and retreating men," \* but those who escaped to the other side, not being actually pursued, opened a heavy musketry fire on their opponents.

In another part of the contested ground, there was an attempt to turn the tide by an attack towards the valley of Balaklava, but this was frustrated by General de la Marmora, who sent a Division to bar the way; and the Sardinians fought so desperately they forced the Russians to retreat across the river.

Although British cavalry and artillery were in reserve, only "one of the new heavy batteries of the English artillery was actively engaged." †

The enemy's retreat was covered by artillery and cavalry, but the repulse was complete, for "a French force had been sent down the road leading to the bridge to take them in flank." ‡ The principal Russian endeavour had been against the French position and all round the Tractir Bridge. After the battle there was a terrible scene: mutilation, slaughter, and death agony, depicted on every side, "the Zouaves, as usual, having borne the brunt of the fight." §

Tchorgoun was reoccupied by the Sardinians; and, in the gallant encounter, they had also regained their conical hill.

It would almost be invidious to name the leaders

\* "Letters from Headquarters," page 387.

† "It was placed on the high ground occupied by the Sardinian troops, and opened with most murderous effect upon the flank of the retiring Russian columns, the shot and shell ploughing through their ranks and mowing down their men by whole sections."—*Ibid*, page 391.

‡ *Ibid*, page 238.

§ "The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea," page 237.—Lord George Paget.

1855 where so great a number distinguished themselves, but, on the Russian side, those engaged included the foremost Generals; and, among the French, Camou, Herbillon, Faucheux, Forgeot, and many others. The intrepid Sardinians lost General Montevécchio early in the struggle.

The enemy had left behind enormous numbers of slain. Russian prisoners, too, had had to betake themselves to Balaklava; "three Generals, 60 officers, and 2,300 men killed. There were 160 officers and 4,000 of other ranks wounded. The French had 1,500 casualties and the Sardinians 250." \*

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

August 18th, 1855.

We heard three days ago of the bombardment of Sveaborg, and the burning of the place. I suppose in England you are now in full possession of all the particulars.

Our lines commenced yesterday a heavy fire on the Redan, with a view of crushing that work so as to advance. The Russians replied with great spirit, and one of their first shots struck Commander Hammett in the stomach and cut him in two. He died instantly. I daresay you will recollect, he was lent to us for two months before our present commander joined, and he was my companion and *cicerone* in those many visits to the French advanced trenches, of which I gave you some account. Poor fellow! he was full of courage, but no discretion; and to this failing he owed his death. He was standing on a gun looking at the Russian works through his glass when the round shot killed him. When he left us he joined the Brigade, and played the fool there a good deal; he was always attempting impossible shot, and overloading guns, by which he burst three of them and killed four men. A few days before he was smoking his pipe on top of the parapet looking at the Russians, as his custom was, when he saw a shot coming, and had barely time to throw himself off when it tipped the parapet in the exact spot where he had been sitting. The day he went to the trenches he got an order for himself

\* "The Crimea in 1854 and 1894," page 352.—General Sir Evelyn Wood.

and me to go to the Mamelon, but, perhaps fortunately for me, I could not go. The place was then ploughed by shot and shell, and I doubt if I could have made up my mind to have entered so heavy a fire without the call of duty, or the allurements of reward; and yet I should have been afraid to have turned tail and had the laugh against me. He is gone now, and we could have better spared a better man. Our present commander is an exceedingly nice fellow, a nephew of Lord Devon. A quiet going, gentlemanly man, and a good officer. The captain I have barely seen; he has been a great deal out of the ship hitherto.

A French soldier was shot for desertion on the beach to-day, within sight of the ship. I cannot think how it is men can desert to such a place as Sevastopol.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

August 21st, 1855.

I suppose by this time you have returned from Warwick and are safely at home. You will have heard in the newspapers the whole accounts of the battle of the Tchernaya, which was fought with such success a short time since between the French, Sardinians, and the Russians. The latter, we hear, are very badly off for provisions; and, if the place was invested, it would be ours, perhaps, in a few days. No one can think why such is not the case; there seems to be no real difficulty in the movement, but it is not done. Yesterday I went with our new captain to the camp, and, having borrowed some horses from John Adye, we rode out to Inkerman. By permission of the commandant of the *Redout du 5 Novembre* (the Guards' Redoubt) we passed on to the edge of the hill, and had a good look into the valley of Inkerman and Tchernaya. The caves of Inkerman have lurking parties of Russians living in them; and also on the road, towards Mackenzie's farm, they are encamped in strong force. I never went to Inkerman without wondering how the Russians could have got up there in such numbers undiscovered. It would be like a large army, with guns and all, climbing up the steep part of Hampton Rocks unperceived, with a great army at the top. At the time of the battle there was but an old two-gun battery, without guns; hence the disaster. Now the place is strongly defended.

1855 For the last few days a heavy bombardment has been kept up by our Right Attack against the Russian works, in order to enable the French to sap forward undisturbed on *their* Right. They have effected the desired purpose, and now all is "peace" again. Everything is exceedingly healthy in the camp, supplies plentiful, and the troops well. A few cases of cholera and fever exist here and there, but in the Naval Brigade there are only twelve sick, and those wounded men.

The other night two dogs went out with their master; one was struck by a shell and killed, to the dismay of its companion, who yelled frantically at seeing its poor comrade knocked to pieces. The affair created quite a sensation.

It is not known who will have the vacancy, but it is generally supposed some flag-ship "puppy" will be promoted, in accordance with the custom which does *not* give death vacancies to the Brigade.

Captain Hammett's vacancy has been filled up by the appointment of a young officer of the name of Pasley, about twenty-four years of age, the son of Sir Thomas Pasley, of the *Agamemnon*, promoted, simply as a matter of favour, over the heads of many men senior to himself, who have served all through the affair, and have never been absent a single day from the Brigade. The appointment has caused a great deal of disgust, as well it may.\*

I was not able to go and see John Adye, our time being limited, but I had a note from him to say Mortimer was with him and quite well now, so I presume at the next bombardment he will resume his place in the trenches. It is said we open fire again in about fourteen days, and then make an attempt upon the Malakoff and Redan. The weather has become much cooler and pleasanter than it was. We are threatened with heavy weather earlier this year than last.

\* . . . put over the heads of at least five or six lieutenants of the Naval Brigade—lieutenants of ten years' standing, or even more, and who have now passed eight months in the trenches and been in four bombardments. This needs no comment from me, but it may be thought to require explanation from those who ordain and sanction a system of preference which, to persons uninitiated in the mysteries of naval promotions, must seem unjust. In one point of view, it is an invidious task to draw public attention to such a case as this; but it should always be understood that no slur is intended to be cast on the person preferred. Lieutenant Pasley may be a most meritorious officer, but one naturally feels curious to become acquainted with the services that entitle him to walk over his seniors, who for two-thirds of a year have been engaged in actual and severe warfare . . . —"The War," page 82.—W. H. Russell.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

August 28th, 1855.

I have little to say to you to-day, but write, as usual, by the mail, which leaves here this afternoon.

Yesterday there was a grand spectacle at Headquarters. All the captains and commanders of the Fleet rode to see the investiture of the Orders of the Bath. The day was a sweltering one, and many of the naval officers felt incommoded by heat, heavy dress uniforms, and the dragoon saddles they had to ride upon. Few of the military officers were there, for all the troops were under arms expecting an attack from the whole Russian force in the direction of Baidar.

Information has reached Headquarters that 140,000 of the enemy will take the field, and would have done so before but that they were utterly dispirited by the severe thrashing they received at the hands of the French and Sardinians at the Tchernaya. They are also, we hear, very badly off for food, and for water their only supply of it being obtained from the Belbec, a small river about six miles north of Sevastopol, partially dry in the heat of summer. The large number of cavalry now with them, 12,000 or 15,000, it is said, adds to the want of water; they literally "drink the river dry."

On Friday last an officer from the 47th Regiment came on board to see a relative of his who belongs to us. The poor fellow had had a rather bad attack of the country fever, but was getting well; the heat, and the fatigue of the journey down, brought on diarrhœa, and, on Sunday evening last, as I was sitting alone with him, he suddenly ceased to breathe. We have felt his loss a good deal; first of all, because he had been so neglected by the medical men on shore that he came to us almost for cure, and also because, within a few hours of his death, we confidently hoped he would get over his illness. I buried him yesterday morning in a little graveyard on shore. I do not know whether any general charge of neglect ought to be brought against the medical men in the Army, for more than a hundred are sick at hospital; but still it is certain that they are very cool hands, and take it uncommonly easy. One of our lieutenants was dangerously wounded in the trenches a few days ago. A shell burst over his head and a piece struck him in the groin, laying bare the femoral artery. It was a narrow escape of his life.

## CHAPTER XXX.

1855 THE summer had been sickly, and the end of August proved a period of great anxiety for the Allies; reports of large Russian re-inforcements were rife; the Imperial Guards from the Belbec were supposed to be 20,000 strong,\* and another attack, similar to that of the Tchernaya, appeared imminent. The French and Sardinians constructed earthworks, and increased their batteries commanding the directions by which the enemy was likely to approach; a Highland Brigade was encamped at Kamara, "to support the right of the Sardinians, and also more completely to enclose the valley of Balaklava." †

The terrific cannonade, opened on the 17th, from 800 pieces of ordnance, ‡ had added to difficulties in Sevastopol which were fast becoming insurmountable; Prince Michael Gorschakoff did not need to be a pessimist to be sure the besieged could not hold out indefinitely. Evils were accumulating. Food was scarce, and disease spreading rapidly. The daily increasing number of wounded was a terrible strain. The press of dying men, who could not be moved because of risk to their bearers; and the press of living men, who, in vulnerable positions, had to disregard the tortures of those struck down at their side, made a confusing and sickening spectacle.

Although the mortars of the Allies prevented the

\* "Diary of the Crimean War," page 355.—F. Robinson, M.D.

† "Letters from Headquarters," page 395.

‡ "The Crimean in 1854 and 1894," page 355.—General Sir Evelyn Wood.



replacement of disabled guns,\* "the only honourable course left was to defend the south side to the last extremity."† The baffled Generals did not offer to surrender. Prudence, however, suggested the construction of a floating bridge across the harbour, and barricades in the streets; large quantities of straw having been brought into the town, were utilized in preparation for blowing up the forts when evacuation became expedient. 1855

Absolute secrecy regarding the tactics determined upon was maintained by the Commanders-in-Chief of the Allied Armies, but the siege works were steadily pushed forward. The French, having fully manned the Mamelon, were subjected there to frequent reminders of the proximity of Fort Constantine, while the bursting of a shell in their magazine on the night of the 27th, cost them, in killed and wounded, 150 men, and 15,000 pounds of gunpowder.‡ The English immediately bombarded the Malakoff and the Redan, to ward off the sortie that might have added to this calamity; and the best marksmen of various regiments were sent to the fifth parallel, in order that their fire should prevent the Russians making good the damage done to the latter fort.

The French sap now trended on the Abattis of the Malakoff, which Sir John Burgoyne, from the first, had held to be the key to Sevastopol; and the English trenches extended to within 196 yards of the salient angle of the Redan.§ The invincible toilers on both sides, who daily carried their lives in their hands, could hear each other at work, and were in constant dread of mines exploding.

The lack of sufficient sleep ill-fitted the British soldiers for their long tasks in these trenches; the

\* "The War in the Crimea," page 274.—General Sir E. Hamley.

† Prince Gorschakoff's Despatch to his Government.

‡ "Letters from Headquarters," page 397.

§ Ibid, page 398.

1855 harrying surprises, and the enemy's ceaseless fire upon those engaged on the advanced works, told terribly. Placing new batteries in position, to cover the Russian forts, was a death-dealing duty, these batteries having always to be armed under heavy fire.

To endeavour with honest purpose to verify the details of any great conflict, naturally leads to ethical comment: the persistent, heroic, though humble, fulfilment of duty, which resulted neither in reward nor distinction to the individual, was the general characteristic of those engaged in the campaign; and how frequent the proof that bravery was universally inherent, and not the peculiar endowment of any favoured race! It was the inexhaustible asset which certain Governments largely drew upon to cover their own defalcations and mistakes. Even had the troops of all the belligerents been inspired by the religious fervour of a Crusade, they could not have endured to the death more courageously.

It is a striking fact that soldiers whose miseries might almost excuse revolt, will ardently persevere in hostilities long after the actual war-makers have tired of the quarrel, for which they are uncomplainingly giving all they have to give. Some of them in the Crimea could have known nothing of the reasons for which there was such vast and precious expenditure; but the same dogged, invincible determination that neither privations, enemies, nor any other creature, should conquer them, appears to have been the spirit animating both the Russian and Allied Armies alike. Both sides evinced an unsurpassed tenacity under circumstances that might well have evoked a strangely different temper.

The devastation within the citadel warned the Garrison that their colossal tragedy was approaching its end, but the poor luckless actors had yet another scene in which to play their grim inevitable part, and, to many, it proved the ghastly death scene that was

followed neither by applause, nor the brief ceremony of 1855  
decent burial.

The protracted war had vexed Europe to the verge of impatience ; the Allied Generals were aware of this fact, but, though they had the mortification of reading, in a certain sapient journal, of the fall of Sevastopol, some time before that event actually occurred, September found them still with the stupendous task of an assault fronting them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Everything ingenuity can devise, to harass and annoy, is tried: the Allies resort to strangest contrivances: the position chosen for guns is so near the enemy's outposts they have to be muffled to get them into place.

Salvoes of musketry do not deter.

Some of the more recklessly experimental put charges of powder in with their bullets, but it kills too soon ; it does not reach the enemy !

The Naval Brigade will not relax offensive demonstrations, and the Blue-jackets' zest for perilous duty in the batteries is undiminished. Jack fires specially effective shots ; and there is much cheering and waving on the parapet, notwithstanding specially effective response from the Russians.\*

A general assault was at length determined upon, to be preceded, on the 5th, by a bombardment to silence the enemy's guns. The French were first to attempt the Malakoff, while the British were to await the signal of its capture.

A lovely September morning dawned upon that part of the "harmless earth" that was so soon to be a scene of wildest destruction. It was ushered in by a

\* "They grumbled if they were not allowed to offer themselves as a certain pot shot at 30 yards to Russian sharpshooters. They had their own way of firing, and they *would* stick to it. The N.B. *would* fire broadsides. There was always something the matter with the guns till the last one in the battery was loaded, then, with or without orders, away went the broadside and the gunners jumped up on the parapet, each to watch his own shot."—Inside Sevastopol.

1855 tremendous cannonade begun by the French, followed by the British, and kept up with astonishing vigour from 800 guns and mortars, principally directed against the Russian earthworks. The garrison appeared to be almost stunned by the sudden and gigantic character of the attack, but presently responded in a precise manner betokening scarcity of ammunition. Artillerymen were killed by scores; and it must have been difficult for the enemy to replace gunners exposed to certain death. In a despatch describing the final stage of the siege, Prince Gorschakoff recognises how effectively the attack commenced: "This infernal fire, directed more particularly against the embrasures and the merlons, proved that the enemy was endeavouring to dismount our guns, and to destroy our ramparts, in order that they might carry the town by assault;" which was exactly what the enemy *was* aiming at.

In the evening a shell lighted and burst upon a frigate in the harbour, an especial cause of satisfaction to the Blue-jackets in the batteries, for many curious ejaculations had been flung after shells which had hitherto failed to reach the ships.

During the bombardment the enemy lost from 1,000 to 1,500 daily,\* but response to the fire of the Allies gradually became feebler. It has been frequently suggested that this weak response was consequent on the dread of the assault beginning at any moment; and that the fullest power and resistance had to be reserved.

Six line-of-battle ships sunk at their moorings might well be regarded by the superstitious in the beleaguered town as an evil omen; and, hard pressed as they were, a slighter catastrophe might have served as portent of disastrous failure.

The bridge was now being used industriously, loaded wagons passing over it to the north side, and returning empty.

"The Redan will be assaulted after the French

\* "Letters from Headquarters," page 404.

have attacked the Malakoff," was the first item of the *Divisional After Order* on the 7th September. This command was followed by instructions about the divisions and brigades from which the attacking, storming, and covering parties were to be formed; and there occurs this curious sentence concerning the ladder party of 100 men of the 97th Regiment with the first stormers: "They must be good men and true to their difficult duty, which is to arrive at the ditch of the Redan and place the ladders down it," etc. A bland kind of guerdon this *Divisional After Order*; but many of those whom it concerned received no more. One is tempted to believe the British (and many another) soldier does his duty because certain duties "have got to be done." That is his colloquial way of regarding deeds that the looker-on calls heroic, he being generally much astonished on those very rare occasions when he finds himself singled out for reward.

On the day of assault the weather was more autumnal, and the ships of the Allies were thus prevented from taking part, as, under a heavy sea close in shore, they could not have manœuvred advantageously; their fire would have been unsteady, and would have possibly endangered their own troops. Mortar vessels were employed in the bay of Streletska (to fire on the Quarantine Fort), the only place where their fire could be utilized.\* It was a great chagrin to the Blue-jackets that the boisterous weather compelled the Fleet to remain at anchor.

Pélissier rightly judged that at the hour of the Russian mid-day meal there would be fewer men at the batteries, and on the watch, and he decided that then the attempt should be made. His calculation proved correct. The French from their advanced trench suddenly emerged, pressed forward, crossed the ladders which had been flung over the ditch, and crowded into the Malakoff, where, taking the Russians by surprise,

\* "Life of Lord Lyons," page 343.—Captain Eardley Wilmot, R.N.

they gained possession of the key to Sevastopol. Other French divisions simultaneously rushed forward to the little Redan, where their losses in killed and wounded were very great.

General Simpson, receiving the signal agreed upon, gave the order for the advance of the British troops upon the salient of the Redan; but surprise was no longer possible, and these "good men and true" of the storming and ladder parties met a heavy fire of grape. Some got beyond the salient and right up to the Redan, where the resistance was terrible, and innumerable officers and men were either shot dead or mortally wounded. The 200 yards of open which had to be crossed to reach the parapet, was fatal ground, and there were not sufficient supports coming forward, for most of these, at the time, might as well have been in England. There being great bodies of soldiers behind the work, reinforcements should have been pushed on without stint. The advancing troops, having lost their formation under the galling fire, hesitated. The guns in the Malakoff had been spiked by the French, and these could not be turned on the overwhelming numbers, who, pressing forward in crowds, opposed the attack. All who had succeeded in entering the Redan had now to retire.

\* \* \* \* \*

The enemy tries hard before midnight to regain entrance to the Malakoff, but even legions are of no avail against the French, whose footing is firmly established at this vital point.

The combat has to be deferred till next day.

Next day the memorable resistance of the south side of Sevastopol is at an end.

Hard-pressed, hemmed in, distraught, and hopelessly overtaxed, its vigilant defenders recognize how useless it is to prolong the siege; and a dexterously-devised retreat appears to be their last despairing chance of

safety. Surely as ignominious a plight for Grand Dukes, high-born generals, and unsundering soldiers, as for the poor, ruined townfolk, who, in the kindly-covering darkness, must try to escape from their own planned conflagrations, and from the fire and sword of the Allies, who do not yet attempt to enter the citadel. 1855

What can they do now, these valorous, frustrated subjects of the loyally-served Little Father? Deliverance not forthcoming, steamers and boats of all descriptions are kept employed; the bridge too is crowded. Thousands are being conveyed across the harbour to that invincible north side which the enemy will not capture; will not even attack; the evacuation of the town should surely satisfy Diplomacy—and who can want more?

The Garrison and many of the wounded are getting over quickly enough; there are numbers too scampering pell-mell to the other side, numbers who must be astonished at their own hairbreadth 'scapes; and many of those who have not time to realize any indignity in taking to their heels, and who are killed in the essay, do they not also find safety, and protection, in some redeeming, merciful Other Side, divinely appointed, towards which all the desperate, hunted, horror-struck, and bewildered, are consciously, or unconsciously, hurrying?

Between 30,000 and 40,000 have gone from the town; disappeared beyond musket range; and the bridge itself, the part of it nearest the Allies, is being towed across at dawn. A brilliant, notable movement this evacuation; a swift and cleverly executed bit of strategy, though it appears somewhat ignoble for Grand Dukes, Generals, and the rest, to stampede; it must not be forgotten, however, that Grand Dukes may, like the rest, consider any contrivance preferable to being made prisoners, and some there be who see little glory in being killed when the cause is hopeless.

1855 The tremendous noises entailed by the diabolic devastation; the lurid fires, smoke and din; the ceaseless reverberation; the hastening multitudes; the moans of the untended dying; and the sight of the impeding dead, make, in the sweet summer night, a Pandemonium baffling description. The awful conflagration continues on the day and night of the 9th; explosions in magazines are frequent. The burning of two line-of-battle ships adds to the horrors, while flames are rising up through the smoke that covers the town like a canopy. The colossal ruin is well seen from Cathcart's Hill, and from Lord Lyons' station outside; he thus described the absolute destruction of the vessels in the harbour: "Six remaining ships of the line sunk at their moorings, leaving no more of the late Russian Black Sea Fleet than two dismasted corvettes and nine steamers, most of which are very small."

The naval devastation is indeed complete, when the helpless hulk of the *Twelve Apostles* is seen to be hurled over.

Lord George Paget writes: "The cessation of fire seems so odd to us. It is like an old clock ceasing to tick." On the 10th, after the French have invested the town, and the British the suburb of Karabelnaya, he adds: "The French have been plundering a good deal, while on our side regiments are placed at all entrances to the town, to make Englishmen disgorge what they have taken, which makes our fellows very savage."\* Another writer also remarks: "The town is now in the hands of the French, who are pillaging to their hearts' content." †

Havoc and ruin everywhere meet the troops, but one building containing 2,000 dead and dying victims, left to chance, is still intact; an hospital only in name; for is not the primitive meaning of that word, the place

\* "The Light Cavalry Brigade in the Crimea," page 114.

† "Diary of the Crimean War," page 392.—F. Robinson, M.D.



where guests are cared for and fed? The tortured under this hospitable (!) roof have been two days without food; and there is ample, sickening evidence of scores of humble tragedies that have been enacted within its walls. 1855

The humiliation of the failure to capture the Redan grows less bitter when close examination shows how invulnerable is the strength of the work. Colonel Windham, who so greatly distinguished himself at the assault, is made Major-General and Commandant of that portion of Sevastopol occupied by the British. General Bazaine becomes the French Commandant; and it is arranged that the immense naval stores, guns, anchors and ammunition in the citadel, are to be divided by a commission of French and English officers.

The Union Jack and the Tricolor are now waving over the Dance of Death, in and round the ruined homes and wrecked public buildings of the town; and, there being so many corpses still unburied, for a few hours jubilation must be deferred. During the siege the "Widows of Mercy" had laboured perseveringly, but towards the end the numbers of sick and wounded had appallingly increased, and the majority of the sufferers had to die untended. These, as well as the troops of the Allies killed in the assault—all "the mutually-destroying" victims—have to be interred.\* So, the sorrowfullest task for men, who have themselves just escaped death, putting out of sight the remains of those who, a few hours before, were their cheery, faithful comrades, is quickly performed.

Conquest moves rapidly: the Cathedral is converted into a Roman Catholic Church for the use of the French, and, in it, on the 16th of September, "a wall of gabions surrounding the altar,† is celebrated a solemn

\* See Appendix VI. for list of numbers slain at the taking of Sevastopol.

† "Diary of the Crimean War," page 406.—F. Robinson, M.D.

1855 *Te Deum* for the capture of the town. To the English troops is relegated another church, for there is opportunity now for religious observance. Ecclesiastical ritual is ill-fitted for war times; though all things may be lawful, many that are ordained are not then expedient. In a campaign devotional soldiers have to lapse back into the primitive ways of our Lord's disciples, praying anywhere, and everywhere; worshipping in numerous uncanonized methods. But frequently the ideal of conduct, common to these rank and file, is

“ Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,  
But always resolute in most extremes ”;

so haply it may be accounted to them for righteousness.

When men have daily to face risks, and dangers, which, at any moment, may prove fatal, and are thus brought in touch with life's greatest problems, they are apt to turn direct to God for help, and to minimize the importance of the rites and ceremonies which appear less irksome and impeding when motive force is feeble or non-existent. But now, if comfort be discernible in these Russian churches, let the valiant and the desponding alike betake themselves there to pray, for the uncontrolled morrow has yet to come; and no triumph is complete till there be a Proclamation of Peace.

There are no letters between August 28th and September 15th. During the interval George Stothert had arrived at the seat of war. He witnessed the assault with the staff on Cathcart's Hill, and then went on board the *Queen*, and was the chaplain's guest for three days, off Sevastopol. The visit could not have proved dull, for every gun in the ship was loaded, not excepting the cannon that was pointed through his cabin. Possibly, as Kelson Stothert had his brother's society during these exciting days, the need for writing home did not seem so imperative. The correspondence



SEVASTOPOL HARBOUR AFTER THE SIEGE, 1855.  
SHEWING POSITION OF SUNKEN VESSELS.



must now be resumed, to obtain the graphic impression of captured Sevastopol, which the letter of September 15th offers.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
Off Sevastopol,

Sept. 15th, 1855.

George came to see me on Monday last, not being able to make up his mind to leave until he had done so. A gale of wind sprang up and he was sick in bed for 48 hours. I sent him ashore at his urgent request in a French tub, and gave him many directions for finding lodgings, etc. The next day I went to look for him, and after a four hours' search returned disappointed. I am hoping that he has found his way to Constantinople with his friend Mr. Garrard.

Yesterday I went with our captain and several others to see the ruins of Sevastopol. We inspected all the Russian lines, and such a scene of destruction I could not have imagined. I do not believe, in a circuit of 15 miles, there is a square yard of ground without a splinter of shot or shell upon it. The first place we went to was the Quarantine Fort, where a tremendous explosion took place during the fight. The whole interior is covered with the débris of the walls. It was evacuated in great haste, the guns not having been spiked, and the magazine full of powder. In one place where a sentry's post had been, the man had left his musket leaning against the wall, he having most probably taken to his heels.

We then entered the town by the famous loopholed wall, and Sevastopol was before us. It was at once obvious why our seaward batteries had made so little impression. The high buildings and houses, which had appeared so close to the wall, were more than a mile distant, separated by a deep ravine. However, shot and shell from various quarters had left their mark on every shattered wall and perforated roof. By virtue of a pass we went to Fort Alexander, containing 165 casemates looking seaward, each casemate armed with a heavy gun and affording lodging for 15 or 20 men. A long, open gallery connects every part of the work. In the basement story of this enormous fort, we observed several cuttings, which, at the time of the bombardment, were being driven under supporting walls for the purpose of exploding the

whole. The workmen were interrupted, the tools lying as they had been dropped. From this spot we ascended to the highest part of the town, to visit what had been a club house. This is a fine building, with a basso-relievo slab of some Russian historical subject, which we could not understand. The club is a copy of the Museum at Kertch; near it is also a replica of the Temple of the Winds at Athens.

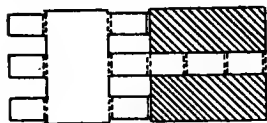
We were disappointed with the town of Sevastopol; it is very irregular and, of course now, very dirty. The public buildings are fine, but apparently built by the same contract as those supplied "per invoice" to every town in Russia: so many dozen Governors' houses, so many dozen churches, schools, etc., distributed after Government pattern to each province, where they are set up in the midst of the most squalid neighbourhoods, without regard to taste or position. This is all the civilisation of which Russia can boast. There is nothing of spontaneous or home growth; no sign of the working of a people's mind; nothing constructively original; all things indicate an iron-handed rule.

From the town we descended the hill to the water's side and entered the Dockyard. Little was left here, the devastation having been complete. A few boats riddled with shot, and the charred remains of ships, being all that was visible, except guns. These were in very perfect order, and in large numbers; we counted 1,900, and then left off. Walking round the edge of Dockyard Creek we soon came to the docks, passing on our road many storehouses, where troops of English soldiers were "looting," and where occasionally the foetid smell of a decaying corpse betrayed the last hiding place of some devoted barbarian.

We arrived suddenly among the actual wonders of Sevastopol; and here all that we had heard of its glories faded away before the magnificent reality. First we inspected a dock where ships of the largest size are hauled up out of the water, or launched again, by means of a cradle placed in a tram road. This is the work of the Englishman Upton. Then we came to the intended Government foundry, whose walls were rising to the height of ten feet over a space of nearly 12 acres; part of this space was obtained by cutting away the spur of a mountain. The remainder of the hill was upheld by a freestone wall, every stone beautifully squared and fitted, to the height of 350 feet!!! This wall cost 60,000,000 roubles. We had the advantage here of joining the party of two English engineers who had been employed for many

years in Sevastopol, who became our guides, and gave us a great deal of information.

We then went to see the famous docks, which consist of a series of locks like canal locks, the upper end being 20 feet higher than the entrance lock, which is even with the level of the sea. The upper end has three locks abreast, then



comes a compartment equal in area to three, then again three more, the middle one of which is entered by three other locks from the harbour, making altogether nine chambers as it were, and the large space in the middle. These are all dry, but can

be filled by water pumped into them by two steam engines. Each chamber is 270 feet long, 60 feet wide, and contains from 25 to 37 feet of water at pleasure. A large ship may be floated into an upper lock, all the water can then be let off, and the ship left in her cradle as dry as if on shore. The docks with their magnificent masonry, copings of gigantic granite blocks, steam engines, iron gates, with the aqueduct for bringing down water from the Tchernaya, cost 20 millions English pounds. In one of the docks a steamer had been burnt. All her machinery was standing complete, but not a bit of wood remained. The docks are all to be destroyed, and made one undistinguishable mass. In fact Sevastopol is to be converted into a desert for the owl and the bittern to roost in, and the silent ruins alone will remain to tell of the disappointed ambition of the great Emperor of the North.

From this point we skirted the harbour and passed through the ruined faubourgs, made our way towards Careening Bay, passing within easy cannon shot of the Russians on the north side, who are working vigorously there in raising forts for our reception. We stayed some time looking at them, and crossed over to the little Redan, the central bastion, and reached the Malakoff, which the French so successfully surprised, thus winning Sevastopol. Its enormous strength has not been over-rated. George will tell you all about it.

We then went to the Redan (where the storming party of English had to run for shelter in all directions) and, skirting the fortifications, returned to our ship on the opposite side of the town to which we had entered, having made a circuit of 15 miles. One sight I saw which filled me with horror. In a ruined house 50 or 60 bodies had been thrown in a heap, and were all swollen and disfigured, their ghastly wounds

festering and seething with corruption ; some of the corpses were black, some green, and in all stages of decomposition, exposed to the gaze of every passer by. It was too bad to leave them so for even an hour. Nearly 500 bodies were found in this state in a cellar the day before yesterday, and as they were being removed for burial, a wretched, wounded Russian from the midst of the horrible group staggered to his feet, and implored protection, which of course was instantly accorded. In the ruins of Fort Paul, which was blown into the air, crowds of wounded are said to have perished. The Russians have 40,000 sick, of whom neither the French nor we are able to take care, so we are obliged to leave the enemy unmolested, lest these, and more, should be thrown upon our hands.

You will see a full account of our doings in the *Times*. There is a rabid article against the Fleets in the last issue which has reached us. Why did not Nelson go into Toulon or Brest? Because ships are meant for the sea, and not to run up against stone walls.

You will be heartily tired of this rigmarole. Kindest love to all.




## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE indomitable Naval Brigade was ordered to join the Fleet on the 17th September, but few of the Blue-jackets who had come ashore in October, 1854, were left to obey the command. As vacancies had occurred, they had been filled up from the ships, and thus that splendid arm of the Service had remained always invincible. 185!

When Lushington was promoted in July, Captain Keppel\* had assumed the command; with Prince Victor of Hohenlohe as his A.D.C. In his journal on the 11th September occurs this entry:—"Inspection of the evacuated forts showed how destructive had been our batteries, and how great a share the Naval Brigade had in the fall of Sevastopol." On another occasion he wrote of the Blue-jackets: "They are decidedly the best shots, but take no care of themselves," which was high praise from so gallant a source. To this day their invaluable services in the Crimea evoke honourable mention; and when their duty was ended a General Order concerning them was issued; and is a lasting testimony:—

"The Commander of the Forces notices the patience and courage with which, side by side, the soldiers of the Army and the sailors have endured the dangers and hardships of nearly a year's duty in the trenches.

\* Now Sir Henry Keppel, Admiral of the Fleet. 

1855 It is only justice to the officers and men comprising the Naval Brigade to state that throughout the entire period of their being employed with the Army, the greatest good feeling and cordiality has existed between the two services.

“They were always most active and zealous ; idleness never appeared to form part of their character ; and when their batteries were not engaged, they freely and voluntarily gave a helping hand with pick-axes and shovels, and always appeared anxious to make themselves useful.”

They had dragged up guns and ammunition in the face of inconceivable difficulties ; they had come to help the Army in innumerable emergencies ; “they had manned the batteries, and during the siege served for 33 days of heavy bombardment and cannonade,”\* and all through the cruel winter their commissariat had been very little care or trouble to anyone but themselves. True, their ardour had always sought swift development in *their own way*, but their contrivances to evade the tragic results of circumstances often proved of importance to those to whom the sailors’ methods appeared ludicrous. Where a soldier would sit down under certain conditions, and endure them with unflinching courage, Jack would “set to” and fight the circumstances till he had knocked them into shape, somehow ingeniously keeping despair at bay.

History compels us to own that the rewards and promotions were very rare indeed in the Naval Brigade.

Doubtless their chaplain was thankful to have those of his whilom “parishioners” who belonged to the *Queen* back in the ship, away from the temptations of camp life, for none knew better than he Jack’s impressionable nature : his facility for adapting himself

\* “The War,” page 223, vol. ii.—W. H. Russell,



CAPTAIN LUSHINGTON, R.N.



to his surroundings had its grave, as well as its useful side. 1855

The Alma medals were distributed on the 20th, the anniversary of the battle. Several writers have remarked the disappointment caused by the lack of beauty of design both in the medal and the clasp; their readers are even led to suppose that the artistic taste of the receivers was violated by its ugliness; some young troopers, whose baptism of fire had been in the affair at Bulganak, said there should have been a bar for it upon the medal.\*

General Simpson received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour from the Emperor of the French, and Marshal Pélissier was created Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. Field-Marshal Lord Gough was sent specially from England by the Queen to confer certain decorations, and there was an imposing ceremony in presence of the Allied Armies and many Russian officers.

The siege, which had no historic parallel in uniqueness of purpose—an avowed determination that the Tsar's greed of power, and of territory, should be curtailed—had displayed such a valorous cohesion of the Allies as to call forth the most stupendous and stubborn defence. Their gigantic efforts had culminated in a victory which made the South side of Sevastopol tenable, but, half-conquerors as they were, their position was now a perplexity to their Governments. Permanent occupation had never been contemplated by the Allies. Britain, notwithstanding her repute for envying her neighbour's ground, did not want so distant a corner of Naboth's vineyard; France had no use for it; to the Turks it would have been a costly white elephant; and to the Sardinians it could only have been attractive as an ideal position for the Vatican.

\* Lord George Paget frankly owned that he thought the man who was responsible for the clasps "ought to be obliged to wear one," adding "they already call them here, 'Port,' 'Sherry,' and 'Claret.'"

1855 But reasons, doubtless, appeared obvious enough at the time why Russian armaments in the citadel should be destroyed, and although we read "The Redan is being surveyed by engineers with a view of immediately placing it in a state of defence towards the north side," where the enemy was now as busy fortifying as he had been on the south, the English sappers and miners were sinking mines to demolish the forts still standing, and to blow up the docks. This deliberate act of Vandalism was considered imperative, and "never had man laboured more successfully to destroy his own work." All that remained of Fort Paul after it had been blown up on the night of the evacuation, was a mound, but there were innumerable evidences of skill and ingenuity which had yet to be wrecked and left in ruins. Disarming batteries, too, was necessary; and all these things were not done without reminders, to those engaged, of the proximity of the enemy. The Artillery of the Northern forts was active enough, but mortar batteries were soon erected to respond, and the casualty list was not very important.

Although a march forward was spoken of, the season was too far advanced; the French Emperor counselled an attack on Simpheropol, but the enemy not only had strong positions to bar the way, but was taking up others on the heights between.

General d'Allonville, with his light cavalry, had to betake himself to Eupatoria there to help the Turks to harass the Russians. A gallant charge defeated them and 150 were made prisoners. In October, Lord George Paget with his light cavalry joined D'Allonville, and, so many of the Allies threatening, the Russians were obliged to keep a considerable force at hand to protect the roads by which their supplies were brought to the North side. D'Allonville held that to attempt Simpheropol would be a worse than useless manœuvre with the enemy well placed all the way from Inkerman, and the advance was abandoned.

There was no important movement attempted till the 7th October, when an Expedition set out with Admiral Bruat, Sir Edmund Lyons and Sir Houston Stewart in command. As in the former visit of the Fleets to Odessa, the European consuls, on seeing the masts of the English and French ships, and the panic in the town, called the attention of the Admirals to the fact that a bombardment would risk the lives of many of their own countrymen. The actual destination of the Expedition, however, was not Odessa, but the bay of the Dnieper, where the forts of Kinburn on the south side, and Otchakoff on the north side of the entrance, would have to be captured before the great shipbuilding town of Nicolaieff, or the business port of Kherson, could be bombarded. The occupation of the forts was the object of the attack, and a fierce cannonade from both the French and English ships ensued.

The garrison stood to their guns bravely, but humanity prompted the Russian leader to surrender, for the struggle was hopeless. They marched out with the honours of war, and the Governor, Kakonovitch, was given back his sword. The French floating batteries here proved signally successful; and the Allied Admirals gracefully complimented each other's Fleet. A reconnoissance proved that Nicolaieff could not be approached by ships with large enough armament to capture the town. It was arranged in conference that the English were to go back to Sevastopol, and that French troops should occupy Kinburn.

Todleben was summoned to Nicolaieff, for an attack there appeared probable.

As will be seen by the following letters the *Queen* did not accompany the Expedition. The writer had lost many friends and comrades; his health was broken; the rewards were nil; the prospect of promotion extremely vague; and naturally his spirits, at this juncture, were not of the most hopeful.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Beicos Bay, Constantinople,

October 6th, 1855.

We have just arrived. I find a host of letters which are to be answered to-night, so you must be content with a few lines. The circumstances mentioned by Mr. Kilbert are certainly in reference to matters which I had entirely lost sight of since my departure from England. I have seen the appointments of many of my friends of late to Indian Chaplaincies, and suppose that some valuable vacancies have been filled, in which my name was mentioned: of this, however, I have no knowledge at all. I thought I might have succeeded in obtaining one of this sort, valuable to me solely as a provision for life and a proper sphere of usefulness. Even if offered to me now I hardly think that, after my rough experience, I should take it. I long for the time when I may settle down once more in my fatherland. When it comes I fear few of my early associations will be left to me.

We expect to be Flagship to Admiral Grey. That is to say, he is brother-in-law to the First Lord of the Admiralty and has been given the *Queen* as a lodging house. His wife and housemaid are coming to live on board! Mrs. Grey "is the better horse." I wish I were well out of it all. The *Albion* goes home to-morrow, and I am sorely tempted to go too.

I am still hoping to get away to Paris instanter, that by the Spring I may qualify for Naval Instructor. Do try and find me the money and leave of absence. I pant for really useful employment. To-day I have been for a walk on shore. The Bosphorus is looking lovely indeed. I went to the Giant's Mill, through the famous Sultan's Valley. Besides this I called on all my friends, and smoked innumerable pipes and quaffed cups of coffee "countless as the sand." You would have stared to have seen the party seated on little stools in the open street, gravely puffing pipes in the centre of a group of Turks, Armenians, Greeks and Italians. We are well known here, and much liked! Half the town rushed after us with outstretched hand and "Khosh Gueldin" (You are welcome). When here last an Army chaplain and I gave some lessons in English to a smart young Armenian. My friend drew his



portrait. Our pupil enquired after him to-day, and told us "He drew picture, gave me plenty beak. Oh yes, quite true. Ver' well, good bye, yes" meaning that my friend made him with a big nose. My friend is dead, alas! Our young Armenian shed tears over the fate of the "Papa's Ingleses." My heart warmed towards him.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

October 10th, 1855.

Our sailing orders came on board early this morning. The anchor is "hove short," and we are only waiting the signal to "trip" and be off to Stamboul; some say Naples, in order that our presence there may encourage the disaffected, and reduce the Philo-Russian King Bomba to a "quandary."

There is no news at all, Dear, except that the Russians sustained another defeat at the hands of the French and Turks at Eupatoria a few days since. Six guns were captured with their tumbrils, and about 150 prisoners.

An Expedition is, also fitting out against Kaffa, but I fear it is too late in the year to attempt Odessa and Nicolaieff, as we thought would be likely a few days since.

I merely write to let you know how I am, which is exceedingly well. I wish I could hear of George.

October 21st, 1855.

George is come, quite well but dirty. Monday, 5 o'clock. Goes home by mail.

TO HIS BROTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

29th Oct., 1855.

I suppose you are safe and comfortable at home by this time, having got over the difficulties and miseries of your sea voyage.

I heard last night that the Government is in want of one or two small steam tanks for watering ships at Constantinople. They should be vessels of very light draught, good capacity of tank, able to act as tugs upon necessity, with funnels or masts that will fold down so as to pass them under a bridge seven or eight feet from the water. Their beam should not

1855 be more than ten or eleven feet. Such are wanted, and some time since a tender was made for one by a Scotch house; the Admiralty said they did not want it, but I know they do. So pray knock up a ship-shape design for one, and send it in a week after you get this, to the Admiralty, Whitehall. Do not say who was your authority. This little bit of private information is not in Grace's line, and I am not of course able to tell him of it.

I hope you will be able to settle those small accounts for me, I am in a dreadful state of perplexity about them. I am at work at French, mathematics and Greek, besides my own regular employment, so that my hands are full. My anxieties prevent any enjoyment of life at all. However, if I can keep afloat for another five years, I shall be free, and, for me, rich!

\* \* \* \* \*

The advertising medium is as favourite a medium nowadays as the American table-talker. Here your wife sells herself to you. No later than this morning in passing the slave bazaar, a shining Nubian damsel with several orthodox cuts upon her face, and otherwise smart-looking, besought me to buy her, but being poor and bashful, I declined. Last year too, when the *Agamemnon* was on the coast of Circassia, my friend, the chaplain, went on shore with the interpreter, to see the lions. The first persons he met were a father, and two pretty girls, who offered themselves to the chaplain for £40 apiece. My friend, being a bachelor, retreated hastily towards the sea, and escaped matrimony by taking to a boat. "Poor man!" said one of the brides-elect—"Poor man, I suppose he has no money!"

The weather is beautifully fine, quite a second summer. I had a pleasant walk yesterday in old Stamboul with the correspondent of the *Illustrated News*. He set to sketching all the surroundings, until a gathering crowd forced him to leave off. I shall be glad to hear from you.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

8th Nov., 1855.

It is now four or five mails since I have heard from home. The Fleet are coming down in a day or two, so that Pera will be gay enough. It is a bad place. I was coming off from dining

(about an hour ago, eight o'clock) with a friend, and, in passing down a lonely street, a Greek seized my coat, and, pushing his hand adroitly into my breast pocket, asked for "monish," but only abstracted my cigar case. I snatched it from him, and struck him in the face. He yelled at me, and pushed something sharp into my leg. The smart of the puncture, for it was nothing more, made me very angry, and I then struck him with all my force across the face with my large blackthorn. The stick contains a ponderous rapier, which disengaged itself in the scuffle, and the fellow made off. I am afraid he was only some drunken scoundrel who hardly knew what he was about, and I am now sorry I punished him so severely. I was only scratched, and he will have a black eye and a contused head for a fortnight. It was too early for an "artistic" robbery. I never saw him till he spoke to me, it was so dark, but my paper lantern, which dropped to the ground, took fire, and showed me where to strike. The low parts of Galata and Tophana, through which we have to pass to get to the boats, are the haunts of thieves. Men are stabbed and murdered nightly, but I trusted to a light and a good stick to get off clear. These fellows rarely attack an officer, knowing he is armed; I suppose my civilian's dress attracted him. It is quite a martyrdom going ashore to dine, and it is a cruel kindness to ask us. The Turks and the French had a battle royal the other night, and twenty-five men were rendered *hors de combat*. Our men-o'-wars'-men get into nightly rows with the Greeks. Quite recently there was a great fracas at the theatre; some Greeks assaulted a French sentry who was posted in the gallery, and a number of the *Queen's* men, zealous for order, attacked the Greeks and thoroughly thrashed them; to the consternation of the house.

There is no news of any sort; the operations of the war are over, and every one speculating upon what is to be the result.

I have not heard yet whether George has arrived at home safely or not, but suppose he must have done so. Will you tell Jenner when you meet him that I sat opposite Miss B—— at dinner to-day. She is a forward, half-mad, young lady I think, and was flirting furiously with a commissariat exquisite (faugh). She was challenging him to a walking match, and talking familiarly of smoking, etc., etc. Surely English people do not come out well abroad. They so frequently give the impression of being "on the spree," as schoolboys say instead of appearing as sensible travellers,

desirous of seeing the world, and accommodating themselves to circumstances as they occur.

I am now moved from the ward-room into a little cabin on deck, only just big enough to turn round in. I am much cramped for room, and when we get to sea shall be put to great shifts to stow away my loose gear.

Pray tell Carry and Harriet Stothert that I owe them each a letter, and will certainly write when I have anything worth while to tell them. My occupations are very monotonous now. Reading in the morning, then a sharp walk, home to dinner at six, a little reading after and then bed ; the same day after day except Sundays.

I have made the acquaintance of a Mr. Campbell, the acting chaplain to the Embassy here. He is the incumbent of New Swindon, and is coming out again to the Crimea as chaplain.

I see my friend Hayward, who was at Balaklava, has also had a living given to him by the Lord Chancellor. He is the very best man I know. He also is coming out again,

Please give my kindest love to all. I hope my father has good pheasant shooting. Kindest love to him.

TO HIS BROTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Nov. 11th, 1855.

I am given to understand from a letter from home to-day Mr. Garrard is not over well pleased with the reception I did *not* give him in the Crimea. Will you set him right here? You doubtless recollect how it was that I did not get your note for two days. It was blowing a heavy gale of wind. Will you also tell Mr. Garrard that the paymaster of the *Rodney* expected both you and him back the day he met you, and was quite vexed that you, neither of you, went. Had I known you were on the way I should have been on the look-out for you, but as I did not, of course it was not likely that I should be found on the "sad sea shore" waiting for what might wash up.

The Fleet is coming down here or going on to Malta, and it is quite time, for the weather has become desperately bad. It is cold, wet and stormy, and I sit in my cabin with my feet like ice. What I shall do in the winter it puzzles me to conjecture.

There is no news excepting that almost every night some Englishman is robbed, stabbed, or murdered by the rascally

Greeks who frequent the low parts of Galata and Tophana, near the sea. I got into a fracas the other night, but, thanks to my sword-stick, escaped with a slight scratch.

The Armenians seem likely to give us some trouble. There is an American letter of marque here waiting, it is said for the breaking out of war, in order that she may pick up something. The Turks very properly lay an embargo upon her, and prevent her leaving the port until her mission has been properly explained.

Did you know Campbell, the clergyman at New Swindon? He is the acting chaplain out here, and is going home in a month, and then returns (if he gets the bishop's permission) as an Army chaplain in the Crimea. I have made his acquaintance; he is an exceedingly nice fellow. I hope to hear from you soon.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

November 11th, 1855.

I was very glad to receive a letter from you at last, after so long a silence, for I was beginning to fear something had gone wrong. I did not know Carry had been seriously ill, but the news that she has recovered obviates all necessity for asking particulars. You seem to have been misinformed about some things. I was not cruising about for two days buying sheep for the *Queen*. That is not my office nor duty. I have not slept out of the *Queen* for a single night (except on one occasion, when detained on the *Rodney* by stress of weather). Very often I go to buy sheep for our mess, and all kinds of provender. We have no butchers' shops in the Black Sea, and, consequently, stock must be laid in when opportunity occurs. As one of the Mess Committee, it frequently falls to my lot to go foraging, together with others. It is the custom of the Service, and well understood, and it is nothing to me what Mr. G. thinks of our customs, and can be nothing to Mr. G. what our customs may be. He can send his servant to buy his legs of mutton; we have to go ourselves and buy stock of poultry, sheep, pigs, and all kinds of provisions, where we can. The Government do not provide us with a table, as the merchant people do their officers. The gun-room mess have also their own committee, as we have. The purser contracts occasionally for *the ship's company*; but they live chiefly on salt beef and pork. However, will you tell Mr. G. how I was situated,

and beg him to believe that, had I known he was coming, he should have had all I could have given him and welcome. I wish him also to know that the paymaster of the *Rodney*, whom he met, had provided beds and expected him on board that night, and was rather offended that neither G. nor he came nor sent any message to him. I had several friends on board the *Rodney* then in Kazatch Bay and close to shore, and when they heard that my brother and Mr. G. were knocking about, they could not do too much for them, and were disappointed that no notice was taken of it. The duties of hospitality are widely exercised amongst us, and just now at a far higher cost than in England. All we buy is at famine prices. A fowl you would not eat at home, and only hunger obliges a man to gnaw out here, costs three shillings; a sheep weighing about forty pounds of bad meat, and often only skin, one pound six shillings; a turkey, ten shillings; flour, in barrel, at the rate of sixpence per pound, and so on. This, with our poor pay and large income tax, and no allowance in the world, as the Army men all have, keeps us very low in pocket. I have suffered no inconvenience from my slight wound. Four other people were attacked the same night. An English officer, in one case, drew his sword, and cut down the Greek on the spot. A few nights ago, just about dusk, I was speaking to a merchant in his store at Galata, and a crowd rushed by. "What is the matter?" he said to a Greek. "Only an Englishman," was the reply, laughingly given, with a significant gesture. Sure enough we found next day they had stabbed another officer in the open street. I wish the French had the police. The Greeks are all the friends of Russia; so are the Armenians here to a man. I was to have taken the service at the Embassy this evening, but the weather is so bad there is no getting ashore. Kindest love to all.

P.S.—The Admiral has now got a large house on shore, and never comes here, except now and then on Sunday. I think he is a Presbyterian. Mrs. Grey is, I believe, six feet high. She is never at home; I have called twice. I hope you have put my name down again at Worcester College. I think I can take my M.A. out here, when I have kept my terms.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

26th November, 1855.

I have but a few moments to spare. Your letters have just

arrived, owing to the mail steamer having been aground at Tenedos. In the way of books, the most absurd things are done by the good people at home. When I was at Therapia last year, I opened a box sent out for the use of the sick. Some "Chambers' Journals" were valuable; the rest was a medley of theological reviews, works on the Millenium, and fanciful interpretations of prophecy, and, in fact, it seemed that what people did not want at home they sent out to us, and called it charity. I do not, of course, apply this to your intended present, but merely to show you what queer ideas people have about things. I see Mortimer Adye is a brevet-major; that honorary rank will give him two shillings and sixpence a day extra pay. I wish John could get the substantive rank of lieutenant-colonel, for he will be only a captain of artillery when he returns home, as far as pay goes, his brevet rank giving him no pay nor perquisites beyond two shillings and sixpence a day. He has gone to Malta.

You want a description of some dinner I went to. I forget which it was. I dined with the great English banker here, if you mean that. He has a beautiful country house on the banks of the Bosphorus, and another in town; but he lives in purely English style, and you would not know but that you were at home, except the furniture is richer and more Oriental, and the crowds of foreign and moustachioed servants show the custom of the East. All his family have been educated at home. One of his sons was at school with Arthur Earle. He is a regular John Bull himself, and is so particular that his children should be English too, that he will not allow the introduction of a single habit or practice in his family that is not English. They are very rich. The old man makes now about £40,000 a year. He takes nearly all the Government contracts for all parts of the world; and as soon as his eldest son is "married an a," he goes home.

When we return I know not. I am hard at work at French and figures, and find no great difficulty in either, except that as soon as I learn I promptly forget! This is the only difficulty people have in learning late in life.\* If ever I have a child, he shall begin to learn as soon as he can speak. It is all nonsense saying children are ever too young.

I have, in addition to my other work, the weekly, or rather daily, duty of the Embassy, and one service there on Sundays. This will only be for ten days, however. I preached there

\* The writer's age at this time was under thirty.

yesterday morning, and read prayers in the afternoon. There is bad accommodation, only two small rooms for the Church of England. All other nations have their chapels, but we have never rebuilt ours since it was burned down. I see the S.P.G. are going to send out two other clergymen here, and to build a church. The Ambassador will oppose this with all his might, I know.

There is no news here. The Fleet are going to all sorts of places for the winter, and the Army are busy making roads. A rumour of an attack has been rife for some time, but it has come to nothing. I hear now and then from some of my military friends, but those of the Navy are mostly nearer England than Russia.

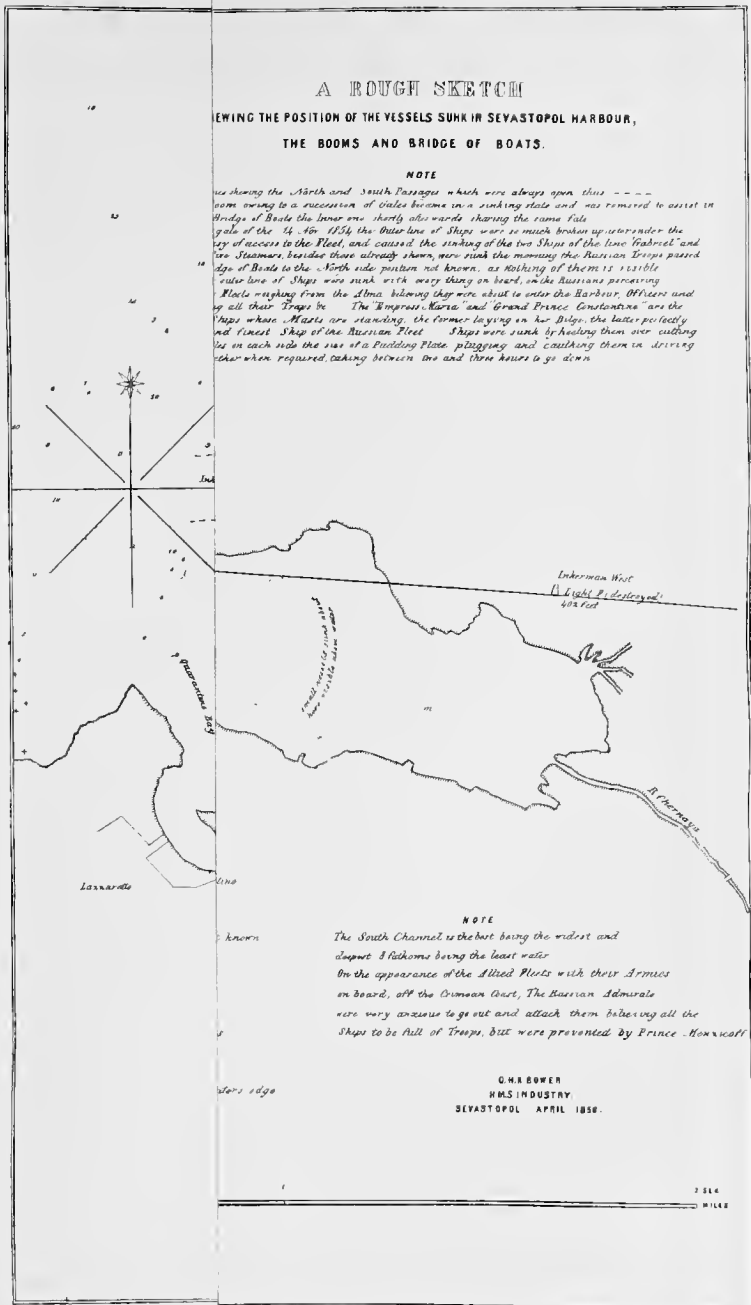


## A ROUGH SKETCH

### SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE VESSELS SUNK IN SEVASTOPOL HARBOUR, THE BOOMS AND BRIDGE OF BOATS.

#### NOTE

was showing the North and South Passages which were always open this ---  
 from rising to a succession of cables between in a sinking state and was removed to assist in  
 Bridge of Boats the lower one shortly afterwards sharing the same fate  
 gale of the 14. 4th 1854 the Outer line of Ships were so much broken up, water under the  
 eye of access to the Fleet, and caused the sinking of the two Ships of the line "Fabriel" and  
 the Steamers, besides those already shown, were sunk the morning the Russian Troops passed  
 edge of Boats to the North side position not known, as sinking of them is visible  
 Outer line of Ships was sunk with every thing on board, while Russians passing  
 Fleet - nothing from the Alma, following they were about to enter the Harbour, Officers and  
 up all their Troops by The "Empress Maria" and "Grand Prince Constantine" and the  
 Ships when "Marta" are standing, the former lying in her Bilge, the latter perfectly  
 and finest Ship of the Russian Fleet. Ships were sunk by hauling them over cables  
 by on each side the use of Pivoting Posts, plugging and caulking them in driving  
 them when required taking between one and three hours to go down.



#### NOTE

The South Channel is the best being the widest and  
 deepest 3 fathoms being the least water  
 On the appearance of the Allied Fleet with their Armies  
 on board, off the Crimean Coast, The Russian Admirals  
 were very anxious to go out and attack them having all the  
 Ships to be full of Troops, but were prevented by Prince Bonaparte

G. H. BOWER  
 H.M.S. INDUSTRY  
 SEVASTOPOL APRIL 1856.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

PRUDENCE had dictated preparations for the winter. The French were making and mending roads, and the important bridge between the Karabelnaya and the western part of the town, which had been nearly destroyed, they had taken upon themselves to repair. These roads, upon which the Allies had now spent much time and labour, proved of great value to the Russians after the makers of them had left the Crimea. At Kamiesh a town was springing up, where wooden wharfs, hotels, and streets with French names, proved attractive. There, too, were women from Paris and Marseilles, gaily presiding in the shops and restaurants. 1855

And while the Chersonese was undergoing survey, and communications were being improved, our poor Turkish Ally in Asia was enduring the results of being ignored, and the humiliation of defeat. Colonel Williams had gone out to Kars as Commissioner from the British Government to the Turkish Army. The Turks trusted him ; and, having succeeded in ridding the service of many corrupt officers and practices, to increase his power, he was made general.

Omar Pasha, Austrian though he was by birth, was, in sympathy and habit, Osmanli, and in July he had earnestly wanted to go to the aid of these hard-pressed Turks. The exigencies of the campaign had prevented the withdrawal of his Army from the Crimea, and it was not until too late to relieve Kars that he departed. Pélissier was indifferent ; the French had

1855 nothing to gain in this matter ; besides, their military ambition had been satisfied, as well it might be, with the triumph of the Malakoff capture ; and indeed they had no genuine desire for any further offensive operations.

Kars was situated in the distant south-east corner of the Black Sea, three weeks' march from Trebizonde, and here the ill-starred Turkish garrison was enduring every phase of the most tragic siege. The overwhelming numbers of the enemy had been long kept at bay, even at the point of the bayonet. But the investment of the Russians, who had a great Army available, grew closer ; the garrison believed Omar Pasha and Selim Pasha were both coming to their succour ; and, to add to their pathetic patience, they trusted to the frequent rumours of speedy relief. "Sevastopol has fallen! *Omar Pasha, with 40,000 men are already near Batoum!*" "Kismet!" said the hungry, ragged Believer, as he watched the deadly finger of disease and famine-bred fever touch his children, and his fellows, on every side. "Allah permits it. There is but one Allah!" As the trial becomes acute, trust waxes stronger ; verily it would seem as if these brave Osmanli thought misery was an opportunity to test their faith, for which they ought to be thankful. It never occurred to them to question their God. True, they cursed their Pashas ; but Allah, never.

Famine and disease proved more invincible foes than even the Russians ; cholera, too, decimated the troops and the inhabitants of the town. The Englishmen who had voluntarily come here and shared all the horrors of the siege, called the unhelped condition to which the garrison was reduced, by another name, less vague and more to the point—as is the way of the race.

The resistance continued ; the desperation of the garrison and their sufferings culminated on the 29th

September. They had held out beyond all human reckoning, but, as General Williams and his heroic staff had secret information that no relief was at hand, the attack on that day brought about the surrender, for he had no cavalry, so could not break through the enemy's lines, but, so heroic was the defence, "the Turks proved themselves worthy of the admiration of Europe, and established an undoubted claim to be placed among the most distinguished of its troops."\* The Russian Commander, General Mouravieff, interrupted his military secretary while penning the first article of the surrender, with: "There, write that, in admiration of the noble and devoted courage displayed by the army of Kars, the officers shall be allowed to retain their swords as a mark of honour and respect."

Surely at Kars the Turk wiped out all the stain which imputation had left on his military renown. His sorely-trying faith in destiny; his loyalty to the Sultan; his uncomplaining endurance under the most terrible and increasing trials, were the wonder of the civilized world. Bitter was it to these Osmanli to have to give in at the end; bitter to Williams and his devoted band; and when posterity would conjure a picture of glorious heroism, an uplifting memory, it well may be—"the wan faces, the spectral forms, gaunt, famine-stricken, and hollow-eyed, doggedly carrying out the behests of the tameless defender of Kars." †

The campaign in Asia resulted in great loss to the Turks; it included 8,000 prisoners, 30 cannon, and 30,000 muskets at Kars alone.

In November, the Russian forces were an army in the field, and Pélissier, in half expectation of an attack before winter, was concentrating towards the Tchernaya and Baidar, but the anticipated attack did not take place.

\* Dr. Sandwith.

† Whyte Melville.

1855 It was now an open secret that General Simpson wished to retire; and on the 10th instant, his resignation was made public. A few days previously, Sir Colin Campbell had left the Crimea, as he was aware that Lord Panmure had appointed Sir William Codrington to be Commander-in-Chief. Skilful soldier as Sir William had proved himself to be, the veteran felt the indignity of being expected to serve under his junior, who had never been in action till the battle of the Alma. Perhaps the hero of many fights may have been the more justly indignant as the victory there was due, in a great measure, to himself. His fitness for the responsible position had been discussed by the Government, who felt dubious—perhaps on account of his Scotch tongue—about his ability to communicate freely with our French Allies. No inquiry on this point was made, but afterwards it became known to Lord Panmure and his colleagues, that Sir Colin Campbell's mother was a French woman! About this time Lord George Paget (doubtless expressing the general idea among those competent to give an opinion) wrote: "What an ill-used man is old Colin Campbell." He left his Highland Division in comfort for the winter, camped and hutted on new ground near Kamara. He returned the following year as Lieutenant-General, to take command of a Corps d'Armée under Codrington, but there was difficulty about organizing, and he only remained a month.

But Fate had a greater task waiting for him in another land, where his volcanic energy had opportunity enough; and his military ardour a sphere which a lesser soul would not have envied.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

3rd December, 1855.

I have just time to scribble you a few lines before I go ashore to see my friend Campbell, the acting Embassy

Chaplain, off to England. He is an excellent good fellow, and a man of considerable ability. I daresay you recollect him as a popular preacher at Bristol (Redcliffe Church) many years ago.

There is no news here except that we are all very indignant at the loss of Kars. I cannot think how it is you people at home are so wrapped up in Omar Pasha. He is a selfish wretch; jealous to a degree; sensual in the extreme; an apostate in religion; a renegade from his country; his successes have been achieved by others, while he "has entered into their labours." This is the man, who, tired of Crimean subordination, asks for a wider field; is sent to relieve the devoted Kars; does not go near the place, and does not intend to. This man must "explode" before long, in spite of the brilliant reputation he has obtained in Europe. Here, not a boatman on the Bosphorus, does not understand the merits of the case, and abuses Omar Pasha and all the Pashas to his heart's content. We have gained by the loss. Our fame had been a little clouded by the affairs in the Crimea, and the preponderance of the French power in the East; but the noble defence of Kars has cleared the horizon for us once more, and the English name gleams out again with all its ancient radiance. The Russians, too, behaved very nobly in the matter. They have in that atoned for Hango. Have you seen Geneste's letter? He told me all about it, as mentioned to you in one of my letters.

The *Royal Albert* has come to grief near Athens. However, the state of things is not so bad as report would make it. I see a good deal of my friend Eber, who is here as *Times* correspondent. I badger him about the *Times* tremendously, for I think it a false, lying paper, but of the greatest ability. They know well the state of affairs with respect to Omar Pasha; and they are just darkly hinting at it so as to wake up the public gently. Then they will speak out and take great credit to themselves.

Blackeston, the Embassy Chaplain, has returned. Mr. S——'s letter to the S.P.G. was very unfair, and showed ignorance of what he was writing about. Among other things, he did not know that a circular was printed and sent to all the merchant ships, inviting all to church on board the *Queen*. I must not stay longer. Kindest love.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

December 5th, 1855.

At the present time I am taking the Embassy work for the chaplain, who is absent on duty. There is a great deal to do in the way of funerals, three or four a day, but not much besides. As I cannot be "got at" all day, I have appointed certain fixed hours for the services, at which times I am always present, wet or dry. So completely has the habit of the East got hold of our English people that this simple arrangement is carried out with the greatest difficulty; and it is only by insisting upon it that I can get it done. The cholera is very bad, more especially among English sailors, whose habits of intemperance are fearful. I have a scheme on foot to set up a café or club house for the Navy, where men can get food, and newspapers to read, at a fair price. My scheme, however, requires a great deal of organization, and a considerable amount of support from the local authorities to make it pay, so that I hardly know whether I shall ever be able to induce a sufficient number of influential persons to take it up. Such an institution is fearfully wanted. I propose to make it a subscription affair, and that no man is admitted who does not pay up. The great point will be to provide an efficient committee from among the Blue-jackets, and a strong-minded and strong-handed superintendent. I should propose also a library as a distinct department, and I think this would add to the excellence of the whole arrangement. At the present time every man's energies are taken up by a "sailors' home" for distressed seamen, so that there is little room for anything else. Mrs. Grey has promised to help me. My hands are full of occupation. My own work takes up a great part of my time, and the extra duty I now have occupies all my leisure. I am not afraid of being robbed again. The state of things is fearful here, but I rarely go out. Kindest love to all.

P.S.—We shall not be home for six months.

TO HIS BROTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

6th December, 1855.

I am grinding away at figures, slow work enough, but, I hope, profitable.



There is no news except that it is pretty certain Kars is taken. Omar Pasha, secure of his popularity, drinks more than ever, and is humbugging about with two Circassian women he has bought, instead of pressing on against the Russians. He will get into great trouble. I fear all our brave fellows there have been put to the sword. There is a talk of peace, with what probability God alone knows. I trust it is true.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

December 10th, 1855.

I believe it is now certain that Kars has surrendered. This is at least better than the report we heard some time since, viz. : that the Russians had taken it and put all the garrison to the sword. The gallant Williams has done his utmost ; all he could for honour and duty ; and it is not his fault if reinforcements and provisions did not arrive.

Of course, by this time you have heard of the death of poor Bruat, who expired of cholera on his passage to Marseilles. To-morrow a funeral service is to be performed for the repose of his soul, at the French chapel here.

The sickness is diminishing, although I fear the present wet weather will produce a fresh accession of cholera cases. For a whole fortnight it has been nothing but rain, rain, rain. You cannot conceive what a sea of mud pervades every street and every house in this place.

When we go home it is quite impossible to say ; certainly, you will not see me on Christmas day.

The Embassy chaplain has not yet returned, and I fear has been taken ill during his stay in the Crimea. Yesterday morning no service was performed in the chapel ; but in the afternoon I was there. The most burdensome part of the duty is the burial services. They keep me waiting sometimes a whole hour in the "grand champ," a corner of which is allotted to the English. It is a long way out of Pera, and I must be there, wet or dry, so I often get quite wet through before the service is over. The people are so careless that rarely anybody attends but Greek or Armenian grave-diggers. Once I read in modern Greek, but it turned out only one Greek was present, and he did not understand Greek, but only the patois spoken in Stamboul ; and I suspect my pronunciation was very foreign into the bargain, so I have relapsed into English again as a "tongue equally *not* under-

standard of the people." I cannot compass the Turkish yet. I hope you are all well. I expect a letter from you shortly. Kindest love to my mother and to all.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

December 17th, 1855.

The mails have not arrived for a week in consequence of the French steamer having broken down, so that I do not know what letters there are for me, or what news from home.

The news of the surrender of Kars is confirmed, but it was surrendered, not stormed, so that the horrors of a storming have been spared us. Omar Pasha will lose his reputation soon, or I am vastly mistaken. He is now wasting his time with two Circassian women he has added to his harem; he never intended to go near Kars, or else why did he not go to Trebizond and thence to Batoum, and so keep the Army of Mouravieff in check?

The weather has become exceedingly cold, all the hills are covered with snow; and we have had nothing *but* snow, sleet, wind and rain for the last week. To-day however the sun is shining brightly. The Admiral has gone on a visit to the Crimea; when he returns we do not know; it is not the very nicest time of the year for touring.

The mail has just arrived, and brought word that one mail is missing altogether, and no one knows what has become of it. I hope no accident has happened. A good many of my clerical friends have come down from the Crimea with their various brigades. This will make very pleasant society for me. You would laugh to see the bearded animals they all are. Only one regiment of cavalry is left behind in the Crimea, as an escort to the Commander-in-Chief. One of my friends is in it, and he had made up his mind to a pleasant time at Ismid, on the shores of the Marmora, where he had invited me to visit him for a month's quail and partridge shooting!

I hope you are all looking forward to a pleasant Christmas. How I wish I were with you!

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

December 24th, 1855.

You will have heard by this time of the fall of Kars. Some blame Omar Pasha, some General Vivian, some Lord

Stratford. One story declares Lord Stratford insisted upon the Turkish contingent being sent to Kars, and that General Vivian declined to go. Another asserts that General Vivian wished to go, and Lord Stratford refused assent. No one here knows the exact truth. The fall has made a weird impression on people's minds. If Omar Pasha had wished to relieve it no doubt he could well have done so, but he is a great humbug. Admiral Lyons, General Pélissier, and General De La Marmora are going to-day to Marseilles, by the *Cuiador*, to a grand consultation at Paris upon the war. I think peace will be made. Kindest love to all.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

31st December, 1855.

I was very glad to have your letter yesterday, and wish you many a happy Christmas, and I hope to enjoy some of them with you. It had quite escaped my memory that my name was re-entered at Worcester College. How it is I do not know, except that my attention is now so much occupied, and my memory of late fails most lamentably. I want a change of climate, for, although perfectly well, I had a severe shake last year in the Crimea which I have never fairly got over. Now we are here I am incessantly engaged with something or other, French, Greek, mathematics, sermons; and callers all day long. People think a clergyman has nothing to do but to receive civilities. Of course I cannot but be grateful for all this.

It is quite time I destroy all letters, or nearly all as soon as answered, for in the confined space of 6ft. by 4 I have no room to store them, but events of consequence I regularly enter. With the writings of Russell and Wood on the war (in the scenes of most of which I have been a partaker), no blank, however, can occur of the events of the last two years.

Captain Keppel goes home to-day to take charge of a flotilla of gunboats for next year in the Baltic. He is a good officer and will be of great use.

My friend Campbell goes home to-morrow, and Blackeston returns here. Mr. S— knows little of Constantinople, and should have been more discreet. I have often seen the quotation from Horne, and admire it very much. Although an obvious truism, still it is not always remembered.

People now build steamers and send them out on specula-

tion ; these are quickly sold at enormous prices. It is really the only way to make money here.

I am still grinding away at Algebra and French, and hope to be at home by April or May, when I can seclude myself for a few months under a good tutor and complete my studies. The standard has been raised of late, as you doubtless know ; so much the worse for me ! Do not trouble yourself more about Tomkins. I have made a great fool of myself there as I have often done before. For the rest of my life I will trust nobody, not even myself. My head aches so with a cold, that I am going to bed. Kindest love to all.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

January 7th, 1856.

The weather is so bitterly cold that it seriously interferes with all sedentary occupation. My cabin is under the poop, with a gun port, and the gun sticking through it prevents the port properly shutting. Every joint in the bulkhead lets in the cold wintry winds. I write and read wrapped up in overcoats, but all will not do, I am generally absolutely benumbed with cold. However, in two months the climate will have become more genial. As to reading or writing in the ward-room, with 20 roaring fellows about, it is impossible.

The Ambassador gave a grand ball on New Year's Day, to which I was invited, but did not go.

My friend the acting chaplain of the Embassy has returned to England, to my regret.

You do not tell me how Dick Eykyn is. I want very much to know. Please thank my mother for her kind letter. I am literally too cold to write more to-day. Tell her I went to a grand wedding on Saturday, and married the couple. The bridegroom is a merchant with whom I came out two years ago. The bride is a Yorkshire girl of the name of Scarth. The husband told me that he thinks if the war lasted five years more he should retire at the age of 35 on a handsomer fortune than his wildest dreams ever pictured to him. Just fancy the money that is being made out here.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

WE have now arrived at a period when the subjects of our chaplain's letters no longer chiefly concern the belligerents or their plans, and, in supplementing the correspondence, it becomes necessary to assume a more biographical rôle. 1856

In the Crimea Kelson Stothert had been deprived of intellectual intercourse; there, intellect, for its own sake, was at a discount. When he had chanced to meet travellers, or others of similar tastes to his own, they gladly fraternized with him, for his manner was very attractive. He had every qualification to make him popular; refined, genial, kind-hearted and quick of apprehension; he possessed already original impressions of a large experience, and had the power of utilizing them in conversation. He was always earnest, and particularly earnest in wishing for access to books, but in the East reading was denied him for lack of literature; and there he studied men and motive, and grew keenly observant. This faculty stood him in good stead later, when he became a student of books as well as humanity.

But now he was sick of warfare; it had undermined his health; and the results of the hardships he had encountered had made him weak and susceptible—these results were to last his lifetime! He was ill and depressed, but, curiously enough, the priest in his complex nature becoming dominant, we find him suddenly almost enthusiastic about a project for erecting

1856 the first Christian church in Turkey. With this impelling incentive to action, though backed by very inadequate physical strength, he set about his self-imposed task with his usual determination and zeal. The scene of his newly-found ambition was four miles from "the dirt, the turmoil, and discomfort of Pera," where his sympathies had been roused for the little flock there who had been spiritually starved. It was an unimportant matter to him that the members of this settlement were of all creeds, if, by any means, he could win them for the Church of Christ. Needing change and rest himself, he thought only of his desire to get them a building wherein to worship; and the speedy and practical way he developed his scheme, proved the fervency of his desire, and his skill as an organizer.

As will be seen he still interpolated his letters now and again with whatever news he could gather about the Army, or the likelihood of the continuance of hostilities, though there was little of an exciting nature for him to relate. Doubtless after the horrors of the campaign, entailing the repugnant duties inseparable from war, he found the building of a little church at Ortaquoi a congenial and blessed interest, into which he could put all his heart and soul without any misgivings.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,  
14th January.

It is quite uncertain whether the letters will be sent away to-day, the weather is so boisterous.

I have just come off the shore at some risk. I remained last night at a village called Ortaquoi, about four miles from here, where there are 80 English people living. My friend Campbell found them out, and since he left, at the Embassy chaplain's request I have given them a service every Sunday afternoon, and have walked that way during the week and

visited most of them. They are going at some time or another to raise a church of stone, but, in consequence of my earnest petition, they have agreed now to erect a temporary structure of a decent and orderly kind, which will serve for six or seven years until money be collected for a better one. Our church like all the houses here will be of wood. The plans and estimates have been prepared, and it will cost £400. An architect employed by the Government has taken the matter in hand for me, and, besides his time, has given a handsome sum. I have called on a dozen people about it, and have got £200 paid into the treasurer's hands; an old merchant here himself put down £50, so that, if I can collect £100 from home, by God's blessing I shall be able to say the first English church in Turkey was partly of my doing. Do try what you can accomplish for me. If we get £300 the church will be begun at once. I see no difficulty in the matter. The people there are in a very bad state, as all the English are, but on account chiefly of great neglect. I preached them a very stern sermon last night, and afterwards two of the most influential men there, and two of the worst, came to talk over matters, and for once in their (late) lives went to bed on Sunday night sober. Campbell gave the service a start, but only officiated twice before he left. They have made up their minds to have a regular clergyman, to whom they will give a house and £200 a year, if the S.P.G. will give another £100. This is an excellent offer, and to a scholar the opportunity of doing a great deal of good, and of learning modern and Oriental languages, would be invaluable. Were I a disengaged man I would like nothing better for four or five years. I do not care how much money you can collect for me, £400 will cover the grand expenses, then comes furniture, communion plate and a lending library, and any surplus will be laid aside for payment of a minister. The greater number of the people are Dissenters, but they are very civil to me all the same, and regularly come to church. Two Armenians, working men too, come to the service, and have given me £2 each towards the plan. Is not this odd? The people have imported a schoolmaster and his wife, two very nice people, with whom I stayed last night. I hope that before we go, the church will be built and opened. What money you collect please send me in B. of E. notes; they are current here.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

16th January, 1856.

I am still in the agonies of cold and hardly able to hold my pen. The weather however is fine, but, in consequence of the alternate snows and thaws, it is next to impossible to take advantage of outdoor exercise and so warm ourselves.

I have written to Mr. East and Mr. Scarth about our little church at Ortaquoi, and if I cannot succeed in getting £200 from home, as far as I am concerned the affair must be abandoned, as I could not counsel the commencement of such an undertaking without the money down. I have not written to the S.P.G. for money, for we shall be obliged to come upon them by-and-bye for a clergyman. It will not be fair to ask them now; besides we ought to raise so small a sum as £200 by private benevolence. We have £200 already. The church will cost £400, and when built I have no doubt £40 or £50 will buy furniture for it of a simple kind. I really find so much to do in these short days that I am living too fast when night comes. The only resource is bed and "lots of blankets," for with my daily studies, my sick visiting, and then letter writing, my hands are full enough.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

21st January, 1856.

On Friday last we were all astounded by the news that the Russian Cabinet had accepted Esterhazy's proposition. No one really believes this, or rather I should say no one but thinks that in April or May next we shall be at war again just as much as we are now. The Emperor wants to recruit his finances and reorganize his army. France is "hard up," and thinks she has done quite enough. We shall be the only sufferers. We shall have doubtless to bear the burden and heat of the day in that loan business, and have lost our old prestige. France has covered herself with glory—claims all—and has the sense to leave off just at the right moment, for she knows well that in ten years we shall have a better army than she has; it is the character of our people to develop our resources slowly but surely. Besides, every



soldier of ours is a picked man, surveyed, examined, measured, catechised before enlistment. Theirs are driven to the army, and the conscription seizes every man and boy capable of bearing arms. What a difference !

I am fearing for our project at Ortaquoi. We have raised £240, but people are already getting lukewarm about it. I hope "reinforcements" will come from England speedily.

The mails have not yet arrived ; they are very irregular owing to one cause and another. Half our letters and papers go to the Crimea, and it is a week or a fortnight before we receive them again. I was at Ortaquoi last night, The congregation increases I am happy to say, but our accommodation is bad. I have a "motley crew" who come to church : Armenians, Roman Catholics, Baptists, Methodists, High Church, Low Church, No Church. I suppose an explosion will one day take place, and so I am very cautious, but pursue the even tenour of my way in all other respects. People *must* be told the truth sometimes.

The weather is still wet, cold and wretched to the last degree.

TO HIS 'FATHER.

H.M.S *Queen*,

27th January, 1856.

Your letter was a great pleasure to me. It is quite true that I do feel very acutely all that you say of my position as chaplain in the Service. There is no sympathy of any kind with our work. The best eight years of a man's life are wasted when serving on board ship ; and the period of time he passes there is a wearying, wearying, profitless business, to his own soul at least, and oftentimes to the souls of others. He is not placed, to begin with, in a position suitable to his character and education. He is allowed an income barely sufficient to support him ; and opportunities are all but denied him of performing his duty. I, for one, would not remain another hour in the Service but for two reasons : Some one must be there, and having taken it up I do not like to leave ; I could not live upon the stipend of £100 a year at home. Many of my brethren have been brought up in a narrow way, and a hardship like this would be no hardship to them, but only following out their way of life. Such not being the case with me, it is no wrong thing to feel it a very great difficulty. At sea there is a hope of doing a little good sometimes, if not directly, yet indirectly,

as witness the happy additional employment I am now engaged in among my countrymen and fellow Christians near at hand. My place is to do what I can at all times, and in any place, until I am called home to a church of my own.

We are lagging at Ortaquoi for want of funds. We have raised little more than £240, and although people are very anxious to begin, I strongly advise them not to attempt it until they have another £100, and even then there will be a debt of some amount, but which we must hope to liquidate by a public appeal. My reasons for holding them back are chiefly these. As the congregation will be a fluctuating one, the responsibility of the debt must rest upon some one's shoulders, and it would not be fair that trustees should have this thrust upon them. Then an income for a clergyman of at least £250 a year (and a house rent free) for three years certain, should be secured, as well as a covenant to pay his passage out and home. Unless this is done I have fairly told them I will write to no Society for help, nor will I advise the Bishop of Gibraltar to license the church. This income would do, for the advantages of being in a place so wonderfully suited to a scholar and a linguist, are not to be overlooked. Besides, if a clergyman wished to teach, an English college would pay wonderfully well. However, no man ought to be driven to teaching. There is to be a meeting of subscribers to-morrow night, which I have promised to attend.

After all, peace looks likely; still, people are very distrustful. The weather is warmer and the days longer, so I am getting on again once more with my little studies.

P.S. If you have collected any money for the church building at Ortaquoi, pray send it out at once without waiting for a large sum. We want instalments time after time to help us on.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

27th January, 1856.

Mr. D's sentence is a very sad one. His commander was an old messmate of mine in *La Hogue*, and feels the affair most painfully. To those unused to the sternness of military law, the sentence is appalling, but it is absolutely necessary. The ordinary rules and feelings which we are in the habit of acting upon are no guide in a case of this sort, for the nature of things is so essentially different. An act of cowardice is an

act of treason of the blackest nature, spreading its evil example on all around. To feel a sensation of anxiety when entering upon the terrific struggle for life and death is what no man is free from, but the meanest boy in the navy would scorn to show it as more than a passing feeling. This man was the second in command, and threw himself on the deck at the first fire, screaming with terror. What could be worse? It was a trifling "affair" after all. When we were in action in that terrible "hellish" fire at the first bombardment of Sevastopol, I went round the batteries and saw none, young or old, who flinched at all. The very powder boys, children of 13 years, were as full of frolic and fun as if at play. The French, in a case like D's, would have taken his life before the sun had set upon the day of his crime. He will not be executed. The matter was kept very quiet; few in the Fleet knew of it at all until it got into the papers. You ask what is a second master. The master is the officer who navigates the ship; \* the captain being supposed to fight her. The second master is the master's subaltern officer. In small ships there is no master, the second master doing duty as such.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

28th January, 1856.

Yesterday afternoon I went as usual to my congregation at Ortaquoi, and a large number came to the room we use as a church. On Friday evening last I presided at a meeting of the subscribers towards our projected new structure. The design was agreed upon, and I now relapse into the "parson of the parish," for I declined to serve on the committee, as my time would not permit. It was decided to build a stone church, which will add another £100 to the expense. We now want a little less than £600, but I am glad to say our treasurer has £300 already. This extra £300 must be got from England, for we have drained the country here, and the great church at Pera will absorb all the energies of the inhabitants. For this last the Government have been applied to: a sum of £1,300 has been given to rebuilding the Embassy chapel. The Government are asked to divert this towards the public purpose of a

\* The navigator is a survival of the old sailing master, who really sailed the ship which was sometimes commanded by a soldier in days when Macaulay said "No sailor was a gentleman, and no gentleman was a sailor."

general church, and to allow the Embassy chaplain to take the incumbency of it as rector, his present stipend being, as it were, the endowment. The instructions of the Foreign Office to the chaplain of the Embassy at the Ottoman Porte are to extend his spiritual ministrations to all English Protestants within his reach. This is the reason that I considered the letter of Mr. S—— to the S.P.G. was so ill-judged. I fear some disagreement will take place yet. Mr. S—— fairly considers himself Bishop of the Bosphorus. I say so for this reason: In writing to some of my clerical friends at Scutari for subscriptions to our church, Mr. S—— objected, I am told, to their subscribing, on the ground that the S.P.G. had taken charge of the place. What the Society intends to do I do not know, or what authority they have, over and above the Embassy chaplain, whose duty I take at Ortaquoi; but this I know, that if a clergyman comes out here with his plans in his pocket, and takes possession *volens volens* of those good folks who have been so heartily at work to get up a House of God, they will simply become disgusted, and he may preach to empty benches, for they are, almost without exception, Dissenters, and must be “delicately played” or else they will snap the line, and be off. It is very hard that a self-consequent gentleman, whose occupation lies in Asia, and mine in Europe, should interfere with poor me.

I do hope you are trying to get me some subscriptions for the church; and will send them out very soon, for I shall break my heart if I do not preach in it before I die, or before I leave the place.

There is a prevalent yarn that the Emperor of Russia is poisoned, but no one believes it. Everything is very quiet here, but the merchants, who are in a panic about their speculations; I suppose a good many “smashes” will take place. The French have secured a large amount of wharfage in case of peace, and will have magnificent premises. We have not a rood of land. Truly the French beat us hollow in everything that can be gained by rapidity and foresight.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

February 4th, 1856.

I have been seriously unwell for the last ten days, and my day's walk to Ortaquoi yesterday, as well as my services here, have really taken the shine out of me; I am but just out of bed. I had intended to have written a long account of

a State party given by Lord Stratford, at which the Sultan and all his Court, the great Pachas of the Empire, the Greek and Armenian Patriarchs, the Naval and Military Authorities of the Allied Forces, and—I were present. Such a sight never was seen, and I had made up my mind to give the children all the details of this brilliant and strangely singular affair. But the doctor has come to me, and says I have got jaundice and must go to bed. I do feel very queer, and am as yellow as a guinea, so you must wait for the description of the party.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

February 6th, 1856.

I am still too unwell to write you a long letter, with the promised account of the State ball at which I spent two hours last week. Since Sunday I have been confined to bed. I meet with every kind attention from our three medical men, and hope to be able to take my own service here on Sunday, although I fear the Ortaquoi one must be left to itself. The doctors say my sickness has been caused by the climate and exposure to weather, for I make a point of going out at all times and seasons. I am glad the matter has come to a head, for I have been sickly and ailing for a long time. There, you have had enough of it!

I had a pleasant letter from my chatty, "clannish" friend, Agnes Stothert, who has lately returned from Paris. She lived in the next house to the Countess Montigo, the mother of the present Empress, whose aunt was first cousin to W. Stothert of Edinburgh. Miss Stothert saw some young relatives every day, but never mustered courage to call until she was leaving Paris. She gives me a warm invitation to visit her in London, which I shall do if ever I go there again.

I have seen the account of the proposed increase of pay to the Navy chaplains. It will come to nothing at present, but the declaration has been forced from the Admiralty in consequence of some strong remonstrances on our part.

as you may suppose, in my studies this month, but expect to pick it up again the next. It was exceedingly pleasant at Therapia. The only companions I had were a Sardinian and a lady. He, I thought, was a doctor, but I found he was the Commodore, and the lady his niece, and wife of the Sardinian Admiral, who is at present away from here. They were very pleasant people indeed. The weather was lovely all the time, and I should have liked to have stayed a month had it been possible. I have not been to Ortaquoi for nearly three weeks, but hope to go to-morrow. Yesterday was a general meeting for the Pera church, but I was too unwell to be present, and have not heard the result.

We are anxiously expecting the news of peace. I suppose there is no possible doubt about it. The French suffer a great deal from sickness. They have 15,000 *hors de combat*, and the Piedmontese have 900 on the Bosphorus in like condition. Our Army is comparatively healthy. In the Naval hospital at Therapia there are not thirty patients.

TO HIS BROTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

February 28th, 1856.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have you seen in the papers the new scheme of payment for naval chaplains? It is a piece of double-distilled black-guardism. They told us to wait and not take up the cudgels ourselves, as they were going to do something for us, and this is all they propose! What can be expected from rascally Whigs?

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

RUSSIA having alienated the sympathy of Europe from herself, the continuation of the campaign had not found favour. The French did not now wish to prolong it, but had the Allies displayed a timorous policy at this juncture, it would have been disastrous. Ready or unready, Britain has generally been willing to fight out her quarrels; and the Army, in every way, was now more fit for emergencies than it had been since 1853. The Ministry took care to publish this fact; and the Powers were well aware that England would choose rather to go on to the bitter end, with the Sultan as her sole Ally, than accept an ignominious peace. But the hour of the commonplace had arrived, when the belligerents had to find that European influence was at work. In Vienna diplomacy had been active, and the Austrian Emperor had adroitly arranged a Conference to take place in Paris, at which plenipotentiaries from each of the Powers were to be present. The Tsar had been urged by his Ministers and generals to agree to the terms offered as a basis for negotiations; and, at length, had accepted the ultimatum. 1856

Sir Edmund Lyons and General della Marmora attended the Conference, and on the 29th of February news was received in the Crimea that an armistice had been agreed upon. To the majority this seemed an assurance that they were presently

“To have a Godly peace concluded of.”

1856 Although averse to carrying on the war, the Emperor of the French gave no sign of disloyalty to the Alliance at the Conference; indeed he held out strenuously against Russian demands to share with Turkey the naval possession of the Black Sea, as also against other important items of Russian pretensions.

The peace treaty consisted of thirty-four articles, and these were agreed upon, and the documents embodying them signed, the day before the armistice concluded on the 31st of March.

The following were some of the principal conditions of the Treaty, dated 30th March, 1856 :—

“The territories conquered or occupied to be reciprocally evacuated. The Sublime Porte to be admitted to participate in the advantages of the public law and system of Europe, each of the other Powers engaging to respect the independence and the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

The Sultan engaging to ameliorate the condition of his Christian subjects, but stipulating that the Powers has not the right to interfere, either collectively or separately, in his relations with his subjects, or in the internal administration of his Empire.

The Black Sea to be neutralized, its waters and ports opened to the mercantile Flags of all nations and closed to Flags of war.

No military-maritime arsenal to be maintained on the coast of the Black Sea by either the Tsar or the Sultan.

Commercial transactions between the belligerent Powers to be restored to the footing upon which they were before the war.”

Many of the articles related to boundaries and commissions to be subsequently arranged, but among the diplomatists satisfaction appeared to be general; and the Emperor of the French said to the plenipotentiaries :



“ You have accomplished a peace which is honourable to all parties without being humiliating to any Power.” 1856

That some of the articles have been since repudiated by Russia cannot be denied. In this world of change nothing appears to be more mutable than high-sounding International Covenants. In Utopia reciprocal recognition of treaties might perchance serve to bind contracting Governments closer in purpose and progress ; in Europe the international faith, necessary to the keeping inviolate diplomatic agreements, is a variable quantity, often subservient to selfish interests insisted upon by force.

Europe had cause for rejoicing, and even Russia, notwithstanding her half-million dead,

“ Could scarce forbear to cheer.”

Her resources were much exhausted, her brave troops had endured terrible hardships ; they had had so many dispiriting reverses, that, though she was the Power that had precipitated the war, peace must have been more welcome to her than to any of her foes. But when it was proclaimed on the 2nd of April in the Crimea by salute of 101 guns by the English field batteries, by the batteries of the French and Sardinians, and by the ships all dressed with flags in Balaklava, Kamiesh and Kazatch, “ not a gun was fired, nor a flag displayed by the Russians on the northern side of Sevastopol.” The belligerents were free to return to their own countries ; indeed it was incumbent upon them by the terms of the treaty to withdraw from the scene of conflict. Peace was proclaimed the beginning of May, when Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, proposed a vote of thanks to the Army and Navy for their services.

Meanwhile the building of the church at Ortaquói is being pushed forward, and the letters tell of the success which crowned the efforts of its founder.

TO HIS MOTHER. •

H.M.S. *Queen*,

March 6th, 1856.

I cannot see what you are dissatisfied with in Eber's letter ; it is not quite accurate, but sufficiently so ; and better still, he has not brought me prominently forward. He threatened to "puff me up to a Bishopric," as he said, and I was afraid he would say something which would render me obnoxious, so I gave him a kind of memorandum.

I think you take exception to the word "chapel." Do you know what a chapel is? It is not a place of worship for Dissenters ; that is a "meeting-house," which ought never to be called a chapel, although it is often ; a chapel is a small church attached to another church. A chapel is a church, but a church is not always a chapel. Our place of worship at Ortaquoi may be called either a church or chapel, as you please. It is a church because it is of the Episcopalian order ; it is a chapel because it is small in size.

I shall be very glad to get home. This climate does not at all suit me. I cannot entirely shake off liver attacks, and I have a return every other day. However, I am not ill now, only it will probably have some chronic effect. After that fever in the Crimea I ought to have gone home for a month or two, as all the Army officers did. This would have set me up. I cannot now either, unless I leave the Service, or, by interest, you can get me appointed to a ship at home. Have you seen Sir Charles Wood's new scheme for chaplains in the Navy? After all his palaver in the House about it, the matter becomes sheer hypocrisy. Love to all.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

March 10th, 1856.

What an extraordinary change in the weather since I wrote last ! Then the air was mild and beautiful, now it is snowing heavily and blowing half a gale of wind. The hills are covered to some depth, and the ropes of the ships are stiff with ice. All is midwinter here. Such constant changes of temperature are the causes of the most deadly sickness. Liver complaints, typhus and cholera occupy the first place in this horrible list. The French and Sardinians are suffering very

much from typhus. Several medical men are ill and three of the chief doctors have died. Many of the casualties among the French result from want of proper food and clothing. It is said that this is owing to peculation on the part of the superior officers. Who knows?

Everything seems tending to peace. The Fleet leaves Malta to-day, and troops are still coming from there. They find great difficulty in feeding them at that place, the King of Sicily having forbidden the exportation of cattle, so that all has to be fetched from Genoa. We ought to "pitch into" their Majesties of Sicily and Naples, and give their kingdoms to Sardinia. I wish I were able to get appointed to some new ship fitting out in England; this would give me a couple of months at home.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

March 10th, 1856.

Your letter arrived yesterday, and I received it last night after my return from Ortaquói. It needed no apology. Any scraps from home are always welcome. I had a long, dirty walk, up to my ankles in mud and snow, and found only about a dozen people at church. It was too wet for anyone to turn out in such weather. I caught a cold, which, I hope, will soon disappear. The ground for the church has been purchased at last. Money, money, money is all we want. How much have you collected? Has Mr. Scarth been able to do anything?

The weather has again broken; still it is bitterly cold. It is almost impossible to say which is the worst, the intense cold or the intense heat of these climates.

Thank you for the application to the college to grant me the M.A. degree. They ought to do it, and I am disappointed they will not. I am as *bona fide* resident here, as if in the Crimea. This is my *station*; it is not like a merchant ship sailing about from port to port.

I suppose Mr. E.'s life will be written. I should like to have it, and some of his sermons. They were none of them very striking, and quite wanting in originality, but contained a good compendium of what had been written upon the subjects on which he preached. This, to me, is a great merit. Originality of treatment in divinity is a point to which few attain, but originality of doctrine is like Dr. Cumming's theories—quackery.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

March 17th, 1856.

I have nothing of importance to tell you, except that sleet, snow, rain and hail are again our portion. I went, as usual, yesterday to Ortaquoi, and had a fair congregation. On Good Friday I have to go there again, so that I have four services this week, almost reminding me of old times at home. Yesterday, you know, was "Palm Sunday," to commemorate the triumphal entry of our Lord into Jerusalem, when the people cast down branches from the trees and strewed them in the way. In the Græek Church it is called, "The feast of those who went out," and is one of the four occasions upon which the Patriarch of the Greek Church sings Mass. It commences their "Lent" of the "forty days," as they call it, Lent, you know, being an old Saxon word meaning Spring. I could not go to the Mass, as it is at seven in the morning, and at a long distance from the ship. On their Easter I hope to attend, as the ceremony takes place at night. I shall go and see the Armenian Mass next Sunday. The "Papal Armenians" (whose Patriarch I know) keep Easter with ourselves; they use their own Liturgy, and are, apparently, little meddled with by the Court of Rome, but the Patriarch's chaplain tells me they are very intolerant. I do not know how it is they are allowed to retain the ancient Armenian Liturgy.

There are three classes of Armenian Christians:—

(1) The orthodox Armenians, as they are called, *i.e.*, those of the ancient church of Armenia, and whose Patriarch resides at Esmiadsin in Armenia. These, although called orthodox, are not so, and, from a long time back, have held heretical opinions as to the personality of our blessed Lord.

(2) Then come the Papal, or Catholic, Armenians, who retain the ancient Liturgy of the original church, amended in the point I have mentioned, and reduced to conformity with the Western Church, including ourselves, at the price, however, of their adhesion to the Church of Rome. Another peculiarity of this class is that their Patriarch, although an archbishop, is named "Patriarch" by the Sultan, and he is, therefore, but a civil officer of the Porte, a course rendered necessary by the constitution of Turkey, which gives judicial power to the ecclesiastical heads of Christian sects.

(3) The Protestant Armenians, result from a good deal of unpleasant work from the Calvinistic American missionaries, who have set father against son, and mother against daughter, and, while believing they are doing God service, have created a great disturbance where none should exist. They are a small body, and poor.

You will be heartily tired of this divinity lecture.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

March 27th, 1856.

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Mrs. Grey has returned, and has given five pounds to our church at Ortaquoi. The Admiral is very friendly, but he works me too hard. I have now to visit the gaol (a horrible place), and he has put me on the committee of the "Sailors' Home." However, it is my duty, and I must work at it. Our church is begun. It is a wee place indeed. Will you make me a present of a Queen's Arms, in gilt, for the chancel arch? It must be sent out at once, if you do. Best love to all.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

March 31st, 1856.

We heard this morning the news that peace was concluded, and a salute in consequence at twelve o'clock. The tidings have very much pleased us all, for we are sick of this inactive life. We have nothing to gain, and much to lose; everything at famine prices, and such heavy taxes. Fancy, out of one hundred and sixty pounds per annum, I have to pay eleven pounds income tax, all but a few shillings.

We have now, it seems, two more wars on our hands, that of Persia and America. I do not think either will trouble us much. The problem is still Russia and Turkey.

Will you send me out all the money you can collect for the "chapel" at Ortaquoi? It can be made payable by a post office order in Constantinople. But you must send it out at once, for we may be away. Most likely we shall have to carry troops home, or to Malta. If you can collect a few pounds for the church, it will relieve me from all anxiety on the subject. I should very much like to be in the Black

Sea now, and have a peep at the north side of Sevastopol. To-day, I have just recollected, is my birthday. What an old fellow I am, to be sure.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

April 7th, 1856.

I have just returned from Ortaquoi, where I went after my duties here yesterday, held my usual service, and, for the first time, administered the Sacrament. I preached a sermon as earnestly as I could to a congregation of 47 people, and had a collection at the Offertory for purchasing church plate, altar chairs, altar cloths and font. For these purposes £57 11s. 8d. was found to have been given after the service. Fancy that for a collection! I have deputed a merchant to order £30 worth of plate from his silversmith in Liverpool. This will buy us a chalice, paten, and alms dish, of good plain pattern. I shall have a white marble font made for £10, and propose to lay out £15 or £16 in two altar chairs and cloth.

Will you tell Mrs. Buckley that an old friend of poor Buckley's gives the plate. I was greatly delighted to pay to the treasurer £10 from you. My connection with the place will cease after the opening, which it is insisted I shall superintend.

There is a grand review at Scutari to-day; all the world there except myself. I hear the guns saluting the Sultan, who reviews the troops. It is one of the World sights that I am really sorry to have to miss.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

April 14th, 1856.

It is now quite decided that we have to stay out here as long as the Admiral remains, for on Saturday night his house and everything it contained was burned to the ground; clothes, books, plate, wine, furniture and so on. These fires are so rapid that there is never any hope of saving a house here when it is once ignited. The catastrophe occurred about 12 o'clock, when everyone was in bed, except the secretary and aide-de-camp. They had been playing chess until very late, and, smelling fire, went to discover what it was. Finding the kitchen in a blaze, and being unwilling to alarm Mrs. Grey,

they at once endeavoured to quench it. Failing in this, they roused some of the servants as quietly as they could, but the fire gained upon them so rapidly that they were obliged to make a signal to us for help. Before our people could be turned out, and the boats and fire engines got away (it taking nearly ten minutes to do all this in the middle of the night), the house was burning like a candle. Mrs. Grey behaved with great courage; she coolly secured her husband's papers, and what she considered most valuable to him, but the consequence was that she had to run at last; and I picked her out of a boat about one in the morning with nothing on but a nightgown, a shawl, and a midshipman's cap. She was very cold, but made a joke of it, and appeared at church yesterday morning, arrayed in a cloak and some ill-fitting garments which Lady Stratford had hastily sent to her. The Admiral, poor man, was searching for his wife, but he made a mess of it, for he secured his own jewels, and forgot her clothes. He came on board soon after, laden; accompanied by his favourite setter (who got in a "funk," and nearly had his tail burned off because he was afraid to stir when the fire overtook him). The Admiral has lost a great deal of property and money, and all his Stars and Orders, which cannot be replaced.

The Greys are now at the Embassy, and are having a cabin fitted up here, so that is settled. They are exceedingly nice people; and make great fun of their own losses, feeling most for the servants, who seem nevertheless, from all I can learn, to have taken the best care of themselves, so that I think the sympathy is unnecessary. Strange to say, that very evening at dinner, the Admiral said he had a presentiment that he should be burned out some day.

Our church is progressing. We have got money enough for the building, and want £40 more for putting a slate roof instead of our asphalt one, and for railing in the churchyard. Some Armenians have come to tell us that the Turks have resolved to burn it, so we have a guard there every night.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

April 24th, 1856.

We shifted berth the day before yesterday, and here we are far out at sea, off Scutari. I am going to Stamboul to-day (quite a journey now), and so just scribble ten lines to let you

know I am well. Yesterday we had a grand regatta, at which the Ambassador was present, and all the "dons." The day was cold and "puffy," so we had no sailing at all. It went off very well, however, and about 300 visitors came on board. I had six or eight of my parishoners from Ortaquoi, who were highly pleased.

To-morrow we start for a cruise, and if I do not go ashore now, I shall not get off again.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

April 28th, 1856.

Thanks for your letter, which came to hand Saturday. I am as usual suffering from a Monday headache, resulting from, I suppose, the little excitement of Sunday's work. Yesterday I had to make my way to Ortaquoi from our then anchorage, about two miles out at sea, below Scutari. This obliged me to go a long way on foot, and then cross over. As the current was running very strong, it took me some time to get there. The journey back was of course rapid enough. I found when I arrived that they had not expected me, and so I had a very small congregation. The church will certainly be opened on Whit Sunday. I am obliged to you, and so will all the people be, for the kindness you have shewn in collecting. I have no list of names, so it all goes down as coming from you. When you send the other £10 pray remit it to me in P. O. Orders. You had perhaps better send what you collect from time to time, as I am anxious that, as far as I am concerned, all may be squared up from week to week, so that I may leave, if necessary, at a moment's notice.

I do not anticipate any difficulty about the bills. They will be repaid next quarter. I have been obliged to lay in a new "kit"; two years of salt water, losses, and a robbery of nearly all my linen when sent to Stamboul to be washed, and of another portmanteau full of clothes sent to England by mistake and lost, have nearly emptied my boxes. I could only supply them at an outlay of 100 per cent. over the price of things at home. As the need was urgent I was obliged to do so. Our cost of living is in the same proportion. Double income tax, and no extra pay. Added to this, personal expenses, which few men can do without unless they stay in bed all day, brings my 8s. 10d. to a small figure indeed.



TO HIS MOTHER.

I am too tired to write. I had a hard day's work yesterday both in church and divers matters, from early morning till late at night, both ashore and afloat.

Lady Stratford came to church at Ortaquoi in the afternoon. This delayed me some time, so that I did not return here till very late, tired out and dinnerless. Her Excellency was greatly pleased with all I showed her, and gave us £5 towards our fund. The church will be quite finished this week.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

May 4th, 1856.

On my return from Ortaquoi, I found your letter awaiting me. I went there this afternoon as usual, and my friend, Whitmarsh, of the *Agamemnon*, preached. Another naval chaplain read the prayers for me, so the church afloat was very strong. I was a listener, an event which but rarely happens to me.

I do, indeed, lose much by being shut out from communion with my kind; and yet if this is urged as a disadvantage to naval chaplains, we are laughed at. My day of probation is a heavy one, and my heart sinks when I think how ill I shall come out of the trial. God help me! I wish to work well. I have often risked my life in my duty, and would never hesitate to do so; but in every-day occurrences, in the little acts of daily business, where the Christian's life is hidden, it is then I fail. I often think in my despair that it would be better for me if God would take me away in some act of hard duty in which all my mind was absorbed; and that before my cup was very full. If I had died in the camp when I worked early and late with little success, and no encouragement, to help me on, doubtless much would not now have to be accounted against me.

The £12 I have not yet drawn out of Hanson's hands, the day appointed for winding up our accounts with the architect being a week hence. Within £20 we have all we want for our contract, but we have so many extras that money, money, money, is still our cry. We also beg now for subscriptions towards a school and minister's house. I thank you much for

your help. We cannot slate our church, the heat of the sun being fatal to slates. The roof is too steep for tiles. Our pitch is that of an equilateral triangle. I insisted upon this proportion. You will be startled when I tell you that I have beguiled the architect into painting the roof *deep blue*. Of course, you never saw a church roof blue, but I have, and it looks very well. Our magpie colours of black and white are very offensive to me after such a long experience of the warm colours of the East. Our roof is wood, covered with asphalt, and that again with strong canvas painted.

We have four services next Sunday, the opening day; the first at 7.30 in the morning. I hope to attend this, Captain Stopford having kindly promised to take my service here. At 10 we have a Te Deum, then the Litany, and Communion Service, with a sermon preached by Mr. Curtis, the first missionary here from the S. P. G. After the sermon a collection at the Offertory. At 3, evening service, the sermon by my friend Blackerton, the Embassy chaplain. At 6, an evening service, and I hope to address my own people as a kind of summing up. I am so out of practice in reading and writing that I could not consent to publish my sermon. The text you propose would not suit me. I am not a builder of the synagogue. My text will be, "Hold fast that thou hast, let no man take thy crown." This will give me ample scope for historical, dogmatical, and practical arguments. I do not think the people there will give me anything. They seem to think they have done all they need, and, indeed, they have given me all support. I know the world quite well enough to be sure that few will recollect me six months after my departure. I was obliged to tell the "churchwardens" yesterday that they must put a horse or boat at my disposal on Sundays and Wednesdays. When the weather was cooler I walked to save my pocket, but now it is out of the question (with my present state of health), and the expenses of four or five miles by boat or horseback, really take up a portion of my income considerably exceeding one-third. I was quite alarmed in looking into my pocket book to see what I had spent at Ortaquoi in subscriptions, boat hire, &c., &c. The people were very glad to offer to assist me, and had been talking it over. I told them frankly I was very poor, and that I would not cost them a penny but I was becoming positively impoverished, as of late I have had to go nearly every day. However, to-day they sent me no caïque, and I have paid 6s. out of my own pocket, leaving me nearly 1s. 6d. to pay

my board and lodging! The weather is fearfully close and hot.

Have you had a letter from me mentioning a chance of doing something at Odessa? Quantities of machinery will be necessary in Russia. The English Government are building a large factory here. It will be let when finished to a naval engineer of the name of Murdoch. He is a man well known in the Service, a Scotchman, a friend of mine, and as honest as the day, besides being an exceedingly clever engineer. I wish George could enter into partnership with him.

I am glad to hear you are going to send out the Queen's arms as soon as possible. The nine o'clock gun has just fired, and, like the school-girls' bell, is the signal to leave off writing. I always read or ruminate for some time before going to bed.

TO HIS MOTHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

Monday Morning, May 12th.

I am only just able to say that I am quite knocked up, owing to the physical exertions, the excitement, and the anxiety of the last two days. All went off well yesterday. The collection amounted to £54 in the church, and £30 has since been promised. We want £500 more to build a good house and school. The day was beautifully fine. We had four or five clergymen present. I hope the little church will spread its influence about on all sides. My sermon was an historical one, shewing the progress of corruption in the Christian Church. How ritual had become more splendid, and doctrines perverted, since the Apostolic days. I sketched rapidly the state of the Church under Constantine—the sire of the Trinitarian controversies—alluding all through to local antiquities and towns which everyone knew. In the midst of it all sudden darkness closed in, and I had to finish. I expressed regret for this, and then addressed them for about ten minutes; I believe acceptably in some respects, for my heart was full. At all events, many were much affected, even to tears. They are warm-hearted folk. My text was from Revelations iii. 12. No official was there except the Admiral (and Mrs. Grey), the former in full uniform. The American Minister sent me 1,000 piastres, about £9. My head aches.

Kindest love.

TO HIS FATHER.

H.M.S. *Queen*,

May 26th, 1856.

You must not trouble yourself about my reports of headache, for I always have them now. The weather is so hot (82° in the shade, and 100° in the sun yesterday) and I have to go about so much that it is impossible to be very well.

Our church, as far as the contract with the builder goes, is out of debt; we want some money for slates and fences, and are desirous of building a parsonage house. We hardly know what to do for a clergyman. By this time you may have seen a full account of the opening in the *Times*. It will give you a better idea, doubtless, than I can give. It was, I think, written by an eye-witness, and will be more trustworthy than my description. Yesterday, we had a large congregation of strangers, as well as most of our own people. We are about to put up a monument to the memory of four assistant surgeons of the Army, who died out here.

I cannot have the home ship I applied for, someone else having got it. Claims are of no use in our Service. I should have liked to have had a ship for one whole year, but it is of little consequence now; lately the Government have altered the scheme for Naval Instructors. I have not yet seen the circulars, but am told it is a course which is attainable by young men just fresh from college, but not by those who have been some years at work in their profession.

I am writing in my cabin by lamplight, with the hot sirocco blowing through my port. Across the Bosphorus is a large ship filled with troops, and so still is everything that I am listening to a flute player at the distance of a mile, crooning through his instrument, some of our sweetest, old, psalm tunes. He may be one of my dear Blue-jackets filled with thoughts of home, and home's softest and holiest memories, now recurring, perhaps after months of hard misery, blasphemy, and blood. Surely there is a soft spot in every man's heart; and even the worst has some little inch of ground wherein good seed may be sown.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

IN 1853 Russian diplomacy had determined that the map of Europe should be re-made; the Treaty of Paris left it almost untouched, but uncertainty was so constant a factor in all the causes, operations, and issues of the struggle, that its truest designation is still the Doubtful Campaign. 1856

“What the Russian war was about nobody knows to this day, but we all felt very much outraged at the time,” wrote one who had ample opportunity for personal observation of its dubious phases and casual developments; \* and other summings-up also resulted in vague and differing verdicts.

As after events proved, the choice of the Crimea for the seat of war was itself doubtful wisdom, while immense strategic benefit might have accrued from a campaign in the Transcaucasian provinces. There, thousands of disaffected Moslems, brave bands of hill tribes, who resolutely held their own against Russian aggression, would have gladly fought on the side of the Allies. Turkish interests might thus have been as well protected; and, in all probability, the Tsar’s road to India effectually barred. But, from first to last, the doubtful policy prevailed; and was never more singularly evidenced than by Pélissier’s grave mistake in the prolonged retention of Omar Pasha in the Crimea, where the besieging army was large enough, for the work still to be done, without the Turkish troops, whose presence

\* Sir Edmund Verney in *Contemporary Review*, November, 1899.

1856 was a bitter necessity to these hill tribes, and to the heroic defender of Kars.

And even when the Treaty of Paris was arranged, diplomatic acumen did not foresee how vital was the insistence of an Article interdicting Russia from again occupying the forts, on the Circassian coasts, which had been captured in the war. When these forts were soon after occupied by Russia, the brave inhabitants of the country could procure neither aid nor ammunition, and, rather than surrender, 200,000 of them emigrated into Turkish territory. They were a wild highland people, who, for years, had lived a hand-to-mouth existence, in constant fear and dread; and, numbers in Bulgaria finding themselves fettered by laws among a race whose tongue and religion were similar to those of their foe, the "atrocities" resulted, but might never have occurred had the Allies fought the Russians in Asia on the side of these very strong and determined tribes. Russia would then have been so far from her supplies that there must have ensued battles on the waters of the Black Sea.

A war has rarely been conducted on more divided counsels. Details and difficulties alike were left to the discretion of the Commanders-in-Chief, though their hands were tied by despatches from London and Paris, totally opposed in aim. Generals, with intense convictions of what ought to be done, were again and again thwarted in their plans, which, though fallible, might still have been considered more practicable, and promising, than instructions from Cabinet Ministers, who had not sufficient imagination to realize the inevitable conditions that had to be encountered 3,000 miles away.

It is conceivable that commanders of strong calibre like Lord Raglan and Marshal Pélissier, must have frequently resolved never in the future to share a responsibility, on such an equivocal basis, which included such grave risks.

Public opinion too—always an incalculable factor—was so variable, that hard-won reputations had little weight, if their owners momentarily failed. One day it lauded certain leaders to the skies, the next, nothing would serve but recall. Even when the end came, incertitude had sway. The British Government desired the destruction of all the forts, docks, and aqueducts of the captured South side of Sevastopol. The Emperor of the French wished to have the maritime establishments conserved,\* and the wisdom of both plans had to be discussed diplomatically, before the engineers set about the work of total demolition.

Had it been convenient to compute all the assets and losses of the campaign, there might have proved less doubt in such a measure than in the summing-up of the causation and results of the conflict, for the reasons that led to the war have always been disputed points; and, notwithstanding the treaty of Paris, and many subsequent astute negotiations, the Eastern question is still an unsolved problem.

Although some authorities had predicted that Sevastopol only needed bombarding for a fortnight to have fallen months before, with ammunition scarce, firing had too often to be discontinued at a vital moment. But Russia's lust for increase of power had at last received a check; and the Allies had justified their temerity in challenging the dictates of a Ruler, who could go to war, and draft thousands of his subjects from one extreme boundary of his vast empire to the other, without having need to refer to any parliament for permission, or for the means required. In pitting themselves against the resources of the Tsar, they had defied an Imperialism upheld by a force, which, when moral supremacy has been the aim of its monarch, even without external troubles,

\* "The War in the Crimea," p. 291.—General Sir E. Hamley.

has always proved a crushing weight of sovereignty. And the Allies had not been worsted ; their enemy, attacked and beaten in his own dominion, had been more anxious than any of the other Powers for peace negotiations.

The great drama, moreover, had not been finished without fulfilment of every humiliating item in the programme of a siege, even to the sacking of the captured town. This practice, being one of the usual results of victory, suggests the question whether conquest or defeat be the more demoralizing to the troops engaged. The ethical lessons forced on the world by the influence and practice of a war, can be ignored no less than its glories, but, as the nations involved often become indifferent regarding the issues of a prolonged conflict, instead of a true, lasting, and deterring significance, dwelling in the public conscience, there remains but a pitifully feeble impression, which time too soon erases.

A celebrated newspaper correspondent, whose exposure of inconvenient truths evoked the opinion that he and others of his profession "should be gagged," pointed out in 1856, how much more mobile the French troops were than the British. This, and sterner lessons of the Crimea, have been bitterly emphasized recently in Britain's first subsequent great war with a white race. Naturally those who are responsible for the retention of the obsolete methods other nations have discarded, would fain always suppress discerning comments, and war correspondents who "see the game" must often feel, when prompted to speak out boldly, though they do not say, *cui bono* ? The ubiquitous journalists who brave the fire of the enemy, in addition to the scowls of inimical generals, though frequently protesting in vain, help the public to form just determinations. But, notwithstanding being bound, as these writers are, to describe every event in brilliant style, points



are often lost in the effort to embellish facts : bleak truth is sometimes the only statement that will tell.

By hereditary obligation, England should always have the most invincible Navy in the world, yet, in the Black Sea, her ships carried men and guns, and bombarded some fortified places, but Russian naval strategy—colossal sacrifice though it was to sink war-ships across the harbour of Sevastopol—frustrated their chance of adequately helping the sister Service on land. The bridge of boats too, constructed to effect the evacuation of the North side, which our ships did not prevent, might rank as a naval manœuvre of a first-class order, unsurpassed in effectiveness by any British naval attempt at that period. These Russian devices were not carried out in the days of staring search lights, and submarine torpedoes. As we read “there was great excitement when the auxiliary screw two-decker H.M.S. *Sanspareil*, 70 guns, steamed into Beicos Bay” . . . though “the *Sanspareil* was fairly eclipsed when the French two-decker *Napoleon* arrived,”\* we recognise the naval power that was then available, while imagination can hardly exaggerate the destructive possibilities of a similar war in this day.

Before the end of the campaign the British troops had learnt to respect the Russian soldier, but familiarity with their own Ally—their ancient and alas, future rival, the French—had engendered few individual friendships. Possibly both sides were to blame, for each possessed traits that were incomprehensible to the other. It, however, had been compensation for much they had to endure in common, to feel that, though their enemies fought “like fiends” behind ramparts, in the open, numbers being equal, they themselves were safe to win ; and perhaps this knowledge made the Allies more tolerant with their prisoners.

Marshal Pélissier chose the name to be appended to

\* Sir Edmund Verney, in *Contemporary Review*, November, 1899.

his new honour : Duc de Malakoff was a high-sounding title, and probably the famous soldier knew nothing of the origin of the name, or knowing, thought the actual word mattered little if it perpetuated a great event. A certain fraudulent purser called Malakoff in the Russian Navy was dismissed the service, and, starting a vodki shop (supplied by smuggling), was patronized by sailors of the lowest class, and the bare hill, whereon the shop was situated, became known by the name of this purveyor of vodki. Before his day it was a burial-place for suicides.\* Doubtless as the fortress afterwards constructed on this mound withstood cannonading for nearly 12 months, and was at last captured by his gallant troops, Pélissier considered the act glorified even the humblest associations. Brave deeds always cancel evil reputations ; and the Marshal by no means lacked the dramatic element in his character that could discern this truth. His renown may well rest on a military career, which culminated in the skill and promptitude displayed by him in the Crimea. He was Ambassador to Great Britain in 1857, and was always heartily received in this country.

History is said to be "a distillation of rumours," and it frequently hides the true reasons for conditions that remain, when well-meaning conjecture—probably wide of the mark—endeavours to supply the lack. Its pages still keep the primitive nature of man alert, and, judging from the present wars and rumours of wars, weird pictures of battle, murder, and sudden death, will no doubt gratify the elemental passions till the end of time.

It may be a foolish confession to make in this enlightened and diplomatic age, but at heart we are all more interested in the war chapters of our nation's history, than in those depicting the most brilliant statesmanship. To the majority, descriptions of contests

\* Related to the writer by Mr. William Simpson.

are irresistibly attractive ; and the reason for this may be the universal, tacit understanding that victory must be assured before a worthy fight can end, whether on the high seas or on a battle-field, where each side is striving for the right to paint a larger portion of the map of the world the colour of the Flag to which it belongs. As the object of all warfare is to kill, or permanently disable, from the ethical point of view, to call one mode civilized and another savage, is a distinction without a difference. But, if war be inevitable, paradoxical though it may seem, it is paramountly the duty of its originators to safeguard the lives of those who have to take its risks. The consequences of "the last crime against humanity" can never be foretold ; the noblest qualities are evolved by struggling armies, and by those countries which have to make the needed sacrifices ; but, in the Crimea, the soldier's worst enemy, disease, had been less prevalent had there been a less inert Administration.

It is curious that, although many of the charges preferred against it now appear to be the outcome of recent experience, they are, in reality, only echoes of those flung at the War Office in the Fifties. The marvel is, that iteration of warnings, about munitions and lack of up-to-date practical knowledge (whether they concern defective range of artillery, ignorance that ensures disaster, inefficient hospital service, or tardy rewards), falling on deaf ears, does not provoke the revolt of the victims. But British Blue-jackets and soldiers do not revolt ; they are always too much concerned about getting through the business they have in hand. And the unthinkable fact remains, that both in the Crimea and South Africa, by endurance, valour, and tenacity, they had to expiate the accumulated sins of a permanent Officialdom. It is obvious that something must be radically wrong with either officers, or men, or the military system, in such endless lists of surprises, and deaths of both leaders and troops, whose long

1856 limbs, straight backs, and alert and healthy countenances, should, and would, ensure their possessors rendering a good account of themselves in attack or defence, however formidable the foe, if adequate training and reasonable conditions were imperative.

All great reformatations come from within ; and the cry of the British people to-day, as it has been, at recurring intervals, since the time of Pitt, is for the strengthening of our Navy and a revolution of our Military System. National prestige being in jeopardy, the country rightly calls for an organization that can fitly grapple with time-worn methods, and hindering authority. We have a heritage of unsurpassed naval and military annals, and to our long, long roll of brave dead each generation in turn owes a debt. The lessons taught by experience at the price of their lives, form the debt, and promptly indeed should it be paid by the survivors : if those who were slain were sacrificed by evils in the system, should not these evils be frankly acknowledged and remedied ? Were this done the Empire might well rejoice in the reflection that, although their best and bravest went forth to their doom, 'twas not in vain they died, now that

“The old order changeth and yieldeth place to new.”

And even in this age of materialism there are men who can touch the imagination of the world with splendid dreams of what might be. It is remarkable that one of these dreams, the proposition for universal disarmament, should have emanated from the descendant of Nicholas I. In some future era the Tsar's purpose may prove to have been the vision of a seer, for are we not all looking for a millennium ? That we are not yet ready for it is no argument against its sure advent in the future ; and, even ere that time shall come, a dream like this may find, in the minds of all men, sympathy instead of mere tolerance. Meanwhile those who regret its impossibly ideal nature

must still hope, although they know he is right who asked: "What would be the fate of the inhabitants of the civilised nations if they were to deprive themselves of all means of defence against the barbarians who outnumber them by many millions?" \*

In the Crimea the effects of the war have not been permanent. Article 12 of the Treaty interdicted the maintenance of a Military Maritime Arsenal, either by the Tsar or the Sultan. No naval haven was to be permitted on the Black Sea; but Russia has her great docks again at Sevastopol, and also her Black Sea Fleet. The Mamelon and the Malakoff are still standing, and new batteries line the coast. True, there is a public park where "*our* batteries called for such terrible sacrifice of human life," † but Sevastopol, fortified afresh, is as great a menace to foreign ships of war as in the Fifties.

A whole generation has lived, and quarrelled, and fought since that time. The accomplished foragers, mendicants, and vagabonds who flitted on the outskirts of the camps, and were probably the only persons materially benefited by the war, no doubt are all dead long ago. The unchartered corporation of Kadikoi quickly dispersed; and vineyards and orchards there, and at Balaklava, are again flourishing. And of "that anomalous class of mortals, those poor hired killers" who swaggered, and strutted, and anon so bravely endured, how few remain; and even the few, who, of them all, deserved so well of their countrymen, the little remnant of the "noble six hundred," do not appear to count in the heroic lists of those whom the Nation delighteth to honour. Yet some of them are busy fighting still—the grim, inglorious enemy men call—Circumstance!

The concluding sentence of his last letter in this

\* Lord Roberts.

† Sir Evelyn Wood.

book embodied one of Kelson Stothert's impelling beliefs, and the result was a life of earnest labour for his fellows. When at length he had to leave the Bosphorus, he took with him the hearts of the Ortaquoi congregation. He was presented with a testimonial from the little flock he had, in addition to his naval duty, voluntarily shepherded. The silver cup was a beautiful bit of workmanship, and the address, which accompanied it, was unique in its simplicity and undoubted sincerity :

“ We, the undersigned inhabitants of Ortaquoi, Constantinople, beg through this means to testify our heartfelt thanks and gratitude to the Rev. Samuel Kelson Stothert, Chaplain to H.M.S. *Queen*, for his indefatigable exertions and unremitting attention in the successful erection of the first English church in Ortaquoi, by which means the inhabitants of the above village have been able to follow their devotions and thanksgivings to Almighty God. It is with deepest sorrow that the undersigned inhabitants learn that the Rev. S. K. Stothert is to leave them, for, during the short season he has been with them, he has, by his urbanity and kindliness of heart, his humility, his unswerving integrity of purpose, so won the affections of all, that his leaving is a source of the deepest regret to his fellow countrymen. As a last tribute of affection and regard, we, the undersigned, beg that the Rev. S. K. Stothert will accept a small token from us, which awaits him upon his arrival in England, as a presentation from his obliged and ever-faithful congregation. May he, on his arrival in England, find all his dear friends in the enjoyment of every blessing that can be bestowed. May he never know sorrow in its slightest form, and may he soon return to his friends in Ortaquoi.”

To the whilom much-loved Chaplain to the Naval Brigade, the fact of having founded the first Christian Church in Turkey was perhaps a truer source of satisfaction than the possession of the Baltic, Turkish, and Crimean medals, for when he wore these decorations at levées and ceremonials, it was with an almost half apologetic concealment, under his gown.



SILVER CUP

. PRESENTED TO KELSON STOTHERT BY THE PEOPLE OF ORTAQUOI, TURKEY.





For a time he was Incumbent at Holy Trinity, Malta, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Gibraltar, and was chosen to accompany a special Embassy under Lord Clarence Paget to Egypt. It is related in his family that his absences from England were of such long duration, that, on the occasion of a gathering at home after his father's death, one of his young sisters coming to meet him, he asked her: "Who are you, dear? I really can't tell which!"

He was regularly initiated at the Zetland Lodge of Freemasons (No. 518), La Valetta, Malta, on the 11th April, 1864, and was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason two months after that date. He served in many of Her Majesty's ships, and went on the retired list in 1870.

His friendship with the late Bishop of Oxford had no interruption till the much-lamented death of Samuel Wilberforce. It was the Bishop who appointed him to fill a vacancy at St. Giles, Camberwell, during a period of friction and unsettlement in that parish, where his tact, and fine preaching, did much to bring opposing factions together.

In 1871 he became Vicar of Northam, but in the following year, when a rector was required for Ordsall, Notts, the gift was offered by Lord Wharnccliffe to Dr. Stothert, and it was accepted. His health was the stumbling-block to further preferment.

He married first, Eliza Margaret, daughter of Mr. Henry Kendall, of Mortlake; his second wife was Anastasia Caroline Alexandrina, daughter of Mr. Henry Baker, Treasurer-General of the Ionian Islands, and she, and his family of sons and daughters, survived him.

His scholarly taste for literature increased as the physical effects of the Crimean hardships became more pronounced.

His aptitude for writing reviews, and critical essays, was a source of much interest, and occupied the hours which he was compelled, through ill-health, to spend in

his study. The following paragraphs from the columns of the *Retford Times*, which, with many similar appreciations, appeared after his death in June, 1892, will best tell of the love and admiration Kelson Stothert inspired in the hearts of the people among whom his last years were spent :—

“With unfeigned regret we record this morning the decease of the Rev. Samuel Kelson Stothert, M.A., LL.D., the Rector of Ordsall, who died at the Rectory on Sunday morning, aged sixty-nine years. As many of the parishioners were aware, he had been in failing health for some years, but, in spite of bodily infirmity, he struggled on manfully, and almost died in harness. With a great deal more courage and fortitude than is possessed by most men, he officiated at the morning service on the very Sunday before he passed from work to rest. He suffered acutely from rheumatic gout. During the week his strength rapidly declined, and the various members of his family were summoned. He was conscious almost to the last. It was evident to all that he was greatly concerned for the welfare and prosperity of the parish in which so large a part of his life had been spent. . . . At his desire he was so placed as to be able to see the church from the window of his room, in order to take a last look of the place wherein he had so loved to minister. Some time after midnight he seemed to lapse into unconsciousness, and at twenty minutes past four quietly passed home to God.

\* \* \* \* \*

At Ordsall the extensive work of church building and restoration, which Dr. Stothert at various times had been instrumental in conceiving and carrying out, was still continued. As most of us are aware, the parish church of All Hallows, Ordsall, was thoroughly restored in 1877 at a cost of something like £3,000. It was a truly great work. Only those who remember the moth-eaten rafters, the misshapen and decrepit pews, the walls crumbling to ruins, can fitly contrast the appearance of the church then with what it is to-day. The undertaking was beset with difficulties, all of which, happily, gave way before Dr. Stothert's dauntless energy and unwearied zeal, and it was yet another proof of his devotion to the church he so strongly loved.

He reformed the service. He neither could nor would tolerate in it anything approaching slovenliness, and he made

it strangely beautiful, solemn, and impressive. As a reader, he probably had no equal in the district. As literary productions, his sermons were little gems; not lengthy, seldom more than a quarter of an hour's duration, but couched in the purest, and the most severely accurate, language, illumined at times by exquisite gleams of poetry—poems in prose, with occasional illustrations, never humorous, but always refined, well chosen, reverent, and appropriate. Prevented by continuous physical weakness from fully discharging the active and arduous duties necessary in a parish of 3,852 souls, and having an area of nearly 2,000 acres, it was a loss to the parishioners and an ever-present cause of regret to himself, yet he did great service both for God and the Church."

\* \* \* \* \*

However interesting such relation, it would have far exceeded the design of this book to have mentioned individually all those gallant officers who took conspicuous parts in the war. Other writers have already told their splendid deeds, and there are not many churches in the kingdom that have not the name *Crimea*, on one, or more, of their memorial stones. But the last word in praise of those who died on Russian and Turkish ground will never be said while the world holds unconquerable valour, and uncomplaining fulfilment of duty, its ideals of human conduct.

Whether the purposes, for which officers and men alike so nobly gave their lives, were achieved or no, had a less shiftless policy prevailed, certain lessons concerning the British military system would have been salutary in the Fifties, instead of the urgently needed reforms being deferred till the beginning of a new Century.

But, among the many doubtful consequences of the Crimean War, the principal rights involved are yet maintained. Although the Sultan's Exchequer no longer excites the envy of European financiers, his prerogative must be reckoned with in the great councils

of the nations. And, notwithstanding that motives of deeper import than mere friendly alliance are indicated by their attitude, the Western Powers still jealously guard the integrity of his dominions when attacked by other Governments. To the Tsar of all the Russias has not yet been accorded the Protectorate of the followers of the Greek Church in Turkey; and to-day still the red flag, with the Star and the Crescent, sacred to millions, waves over the waters of the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, and the Golden Horn.



## APPENDIX No. I.

CAPTAIN S. EARDLEY-WILMOT, R.N., in his "Life of Vice-Admiral Edmund Lord Lyons," states that the Fleet which entered the Black Sea, and the vessels which joined later, comprised the following\* :—

Ship.	Guns.	Sail or Steam.	Officer in Command.
<i>Britannia</i> ...	120	Sail	{ Vice-Admiral Deans Dundas, C.B.
<i>Trafalgar</i> ...	120	Sail	{ Capt. Thomas W. Carter.
<i>Queen</i> ...	116	Sail	{ Capt. H. F. Greville.
<i>Agamemnon</i> ...	91	Screw	{ Capt. Frederick T. Michell.
<i>Albion</i> ...	91	Sail	{ Rear-Admiral Sir E. Lyons, G.C.B.
<i>Rodney</i> ...	90	Sail	{ Capt. T. M. C. Symonds.
<i>London</i> ...	90	Sail	{ Captain Stephen Lushington.
<i>Vengeance</i> ...	84	Sail	{ Capt. Charles Graham.
<i>Bellerophon</i> ...	80	Sail	{ Capt. Charles Eden.
<i>Sanspareil</i> ...	70	Screw	{ Capt. Lord Edward Russell.
<i>Arethusa</i> ...	50	Sail	{ Capt. Lord George Paulet.
<i>Leander</i> ...	50	Sail	{ Capt. Sydney C. Dacres.
<i>Tribune</i> ...	31	Screw	{ Capt. W. R. Mends.
<i>Curacoa</i> ...	31	Screw	{ Capt. George St. Vincent King.
<i>Retribution</i> ...	28	Paddle	{ Capt. Hon. S. Carnegie.
<i>Diamond</i> ...	26	Sail	{ Capt. Hon. G. Hastings.
<i>Terrible</i> ...	21	Paddle	{ Capt. Hon. James Drummond.
<i>Sidon</i> ...	21	Paddle	{ Capt. William Peel.
<i>Highflyer</i> ...	21	Screw	{ Capt. James J. McCleverty.
<i>Furious</i> ...	16	Paddle	{ Capt. George Goldsmith.
<i>Tiger</i> ...	16	Paddle	{ Capt. John Moore.
<i>Niger</i> ...	13	Screw	{ Capt. William Loring.
<i>Sampson</i> ...	6	Paddle	{ Capt. H. Giffard.
<i>Firebrand</i> ...	6	Paddle	{ Commander Leopold Heath.
<i>Wasp</i> ...	6	Screw	{ Capt. L. T. Jones.
<i>Fury</i> ...	6	Paddle	{ Capt. Hyde Parker.
<i>Inflexible</i> ...	6	Paddle	{ Commander Lord John Hay.
<i>Cyclops</i> ...	6	Paddle	{ Commander Edward Tathan.
<i>Vesuvius</i> ...	6	Paddle	{ Commander G. Poppellwell.
<i>Spitfire</i> ...	5	Paddle	{ R. W. Roberts, Master.
<i>Triton</i> ...	3	Paddle	{ Commander Ashmore Powell.
<i>Lynx</i> ...	4	Screw	{ Commander T. A. Spratt.
<i>Simoon</i> ...	—	Troopship	{ Lieutenant H. Lloyd.
<i>Vulcan</i> ...	—	Troopship	{ Lieut. J. P. Luce.
<i>Megara</i> ...	—	Troopship	{ Capt. H. Smith.
			{ Capt. E. P. Von Donop.
			{ Capt. J. O. Johnson.

\* Shortly after the bombardment of Sevastopol, in October 1854, considerable additions were made to the Black Sea Fleet. The line of battle ships were reinforced by *Royal Albert*, *Princess Royal*, and *Algiers*. There were also the *Beagle*, *Arrow*, *Viper*, and *Snake*, sister ships to the *Lynx*. Several small gunboats, too, were hurriedly built for the war, and did good service in the Sea of Azov.

In the same work Captain Eardley-Wilmot also gives the following interesting facts concerning the condition of the Mercantile Marine on which the Government was compelled to rely for aid during the Crimean war:—

“Steam had progressed with greater rapidity in the Mercantile Marine than it had in the State Navy. Dating its entrance from 1820, by 1844 the number of merchant steamers in this country had grown to nearly 1,000, with a total of 125,000 tons. In 1854 they had risen in number to 1,700, and the tonnage to 326,000. The dimensions of merchant steamers were likewise increasing, so that in 1853 the Government were able to acquire that fine vessel the *Himalaya* of 3,500 tons from the P. and O. Company, and which has only recently terminated her useful career as a troopship. Great as had been the advance of steam shipping, this source could not supply all the requirements of such an undertaking, and a number of sailing ships had to be hired, principally to carry stores and ammunition.

“Though the daily hire of a steamer exceeded that of a sailing-ship, owing to the cost of coal on the voyage, it was cheaper because the work could be more expeditiously performed. A steamer of 2,500 tons taken up then at 50s. per ton per month would, with coal, cost about £380 a day. She would carry 1,500 men and 500 tons of stores. At 10 knots the passage to the Black Sea would take about 14 days and the total cost be about £5,000. A sailing-ship of 1,000 tons at 30s. per ton per month would take 60 days to get to the Black Sea, and cost £3,000.”

## APPENDIX No. II.

Kinglake gives the following returns after the battle of the Alma :—

“ In the action the French lost three officers killed ; and on grounds which he deemed, and (privately) stated to be to his mind conclusive, Lord Raglan came to the belief that their whole loss in killed was 60, and the number of wounded 500. The English Army lost 25 officers and 19 sergeants killed, and 81 officers and 102 sergeants wounded, and of rank and file 318 killed and 1,438 wounded ; making, with the 19 who were missing, and who are supposed to have been buried in the ruins of the house in the village, a total loss of 2,002. The loss of the Russians in killed and wounded was officially stated at 5,700,” etc., etc.

In “ Our Veterans,” by Colonel Wilson, we find the following somewhat different list ; doubtless Kinglake’s was written after the matter had been fully sifted : “ The French returns give three officers killed, 54 wounded, 253 non-commissioned officers and soldiers killed, 1,033 wounded.—Total *hors de combat*, 1,343.

“ The British bled more freely, namely, 26 officers — 19 sergeants—two drummers—306 rank and file killed. 73 officers—95 sergeants—17 drummers—1,427 rank and file wounded.—Total casualties, 1,965.

“ Total loss of the Allies, 3,308.”

“ We are more than ever convinced that, without the reduction of this fortress\* and the capture of the Russian Fleet, it will be impossible to conclude an honourable and safe peace.”—Private letter from the Duke of Newcastle to Lord Raglan, June 28th, 1854.

\* Sevastopol.



APPENDIX No. III.

BALAKLAVA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "STANDARD."

SIR,—I heard no trumpet sound that day, but only the verbal order from my place in the ranks of the 11th Hussars—and at such a time you may well believe one is "all eyes and ears"—"The Light Brigade will advance," and almost immediately afterwards "Trot." Lord Tredegar's recent account confirms this. He says there was no order after the word "Trot." Mr. Bird, of the 8th Hussars, L.C.C., informs me that an order had been issued prohibiting "sounding," I assume in view of the impolicy of possibly furnishing the enemy with notification of projected movements. My impression remains indelible that no trumpet ever sounded the "Charge."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. H. PENNINGTON.

Stoke Newington, N., April 5.

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APPENDIX No. IV.

ROYAL PATRIOTIC FUND.

The Reports of the Select Committees appointed to enquire into the administration of the Royal Patriotic Fund have not yet resulted in the much-needed expansion of its methods. Mr. Balfour on the 28th January, in the House, gave assurance that the Royal Commissioners would not think of allowing their Charter to stand in the way of any reforms the Government might desire. But many old Crimean veterans are still without the adequate pensions their services have merited; while Balaklava heroes have meanwhile had to die in the workhouse, where others of their fast-diminishing number, doubtless, expect to find, when age shall have made them, also, helpless, more tender mercy than that shown to them by the Administrators of the Royal Patriotic Fund.

## APPENDIX No. V.

## LORD RAGLAN.

Army of the East, No. 15, General Order.

"Death has suddenly taken away while in full exercise of his command the Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, and has plunged the British in mourning.

"We all share the regret of our brave Allies. Those who knew Lord Raglan, who knew the history of his life—so noble, so pure, so replete with service rendered to his country—those who witnessed his fearless demeanour at Alma and Inkerman, who recall the calm and stoic greatness of his character throughout this rude and memorable campaign, every generous heart indeed will deplore the loss of such a man. The sentiments here expressed by the General-in-Chief are those of the whole army. He has himself been cruelly struck by this unlooked-for blow.

"The public grief only increases his sorrow at being forever separated from a companion-in-arms whose genial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and from whom he has always received the most loyal and hearty co-operation.

(Signed) "A. PELISSIER,  
"Commander-in-Chief.

"Headquarters, before Sevastopol,

"29th June, 1855."

"By Order

(Signed) "E. DE MARTIMPREY,  
"Lieut.-Gen., Chief of the Staff.

## APPENDIX No. VI.

The following paragraph is copied from "Letters from Headquarters," where the statistics are attributed to the *Invalide Russe* :—

"The Russian losses in Sevastopol, from August 17th to September 7th, were as follows :—August 17th, 1,500 men ; from the 18th to the 21st, 1,000 men daily = 4,000 men ; and from the 22nd of August to the 4th of September, from 500 to 600 men every twenty-four hours, say = 7,700 men. Their loss on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of September was 4,000 ; consequently the total number of killed and wounded in the garrison of Sevastopol, from the 17th of August to the 7th of September inclusive, was no less than 17,200 casualties, not including the artillerymen who perished at their guns. This statement is the admission of Prince Gortschakoff, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army."

Sir William Russell gives the following statistics in "The Great War with Russia" :—

"In the month of April, 1854, the number of sick in Lord Raglan's Army quartered in Turkey and in Bulgaria, then an integral portion of the dominions of the Sultan, was 503. In July, when the army was concentrated round Varna, and camp sickness of various sorts became marked before the cholera was thoroughly developed, the number of sick increased to 6,937. In the month of September the sick increased to 11,693. In November the sick number increased to 16,846. In December the number increased to 19,479. In January, 1855, the sick cases reached the appalling figure of 23,076. Under the head 'Died in the East,' the figures are 390 officers, 20,707 men ; invalided home, 1,407 officers, 14,901 men—a total decrease of 3. There were 2,755 killed in action, died of wounds 1,619—total, 4,374. In other words, the loss from the fire and steel of the enemy was less than one-eighth of that which resulted from the hardships of a winter campaign, which were needlessly aggravated by want of care in providing for its exigencies."

From "The War in the Crimea," by General Sir Edward Hamley, K.C.B.

Copious libations of blood marked this final sacrifice. The French lost, in all, 7,567 officers and men ; Generals St. Pol, Marolles, Ponteves, Rivet, and Breton were killed ; Bosquet, Mellinet, Bourbaki, and Trochu were wounded. The English lost 2,271 officers and men ; Generals Warren, Straubensee, and Shirley among the wounded. The Russians lost, on this last day, 12,913 officers and men ; two generals killed and five wounded.

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